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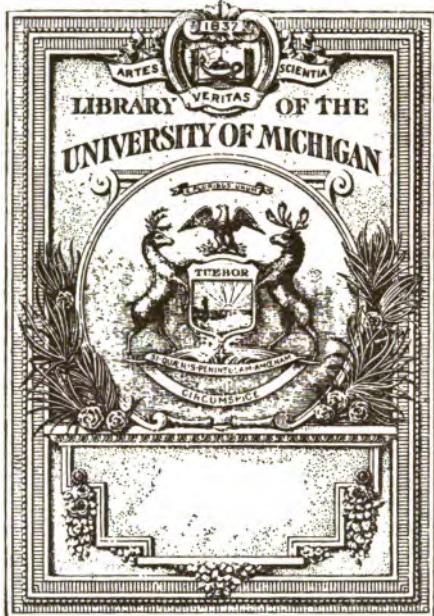
ITALY OLD AND NEW

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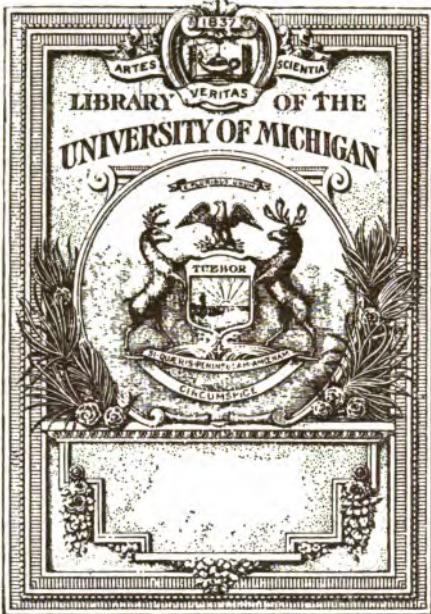
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ITALY OLD AND NEW

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR**

**President of Vassar College
1886-1914**

The Biography of an Educator

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY



SIRMIO

ITALY OLD AND NEW

BY

ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, VASSAR COLLEGE



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ITALY OLD AND NEW

ITALY OLD AND NEW.

I

A PIAZZA IN ROME

ONE of my greatest joys in Rome has been my window. Not that my room boasts fair casement or bright stained glass through which light filters across floor in patterns or in pictures. My window does not shut me in with beauty but leads me out to life. It is a high casement window, for though this study in the Pensione Girardet by strange Italian calculation is said to be on the third floor of the old Palazzo, it is reached by six long, turning flights of stairs and when in the morning I fling open my shutters, I stand face to face with the saints on the roof of Santa Maria Maggiore's choir. Greeting them, I lean out and look eastward to see if Monte Cavo's crested height shows clear against the sky, omen of fair day, and then turning westward I salute the statue of Garibaldi on the Janiculum. So my day starts with all Italy from the Alban Mount to the War of Independence spread out before me.

I would never live anywhere in Rome but on the Piazza dell' Esquilino. Of all those gentle elevations which were once the seven hills of the Eternal City, the Esquiline seems to stand the highest now and the Campanile of Santa Maria Maggiore towers to the stars as once Maecenas' palace on the Esquiline did.

Still from here a Nero could watch Rome burn, and I from my window watch Rome live. This beautiful square, sloping down from the great flight of steps below the choir of the church to the two rows of green trees that line the street of Agostino de Pretis opposite, is an epitome of Rome of the centuries and Rome of today.

Here, as in all Italy, the background of the modern drama is the magnificent past. The Piazza takes my eyes and thoughts not only to the early settlement of Aeneas's son on the distant Alban hill and to Garibaldi, mounted guard forever on the Janiculum in the name of liberty. Thoughts of Roman Empire and of Christian church fly about me as rapidly as the swallows circle overhead. For on the green grass oval in the center of the Piazza stands an obelisk which with its twin, now on the Quirinal, once adorned the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus, the emperor of reconstruction who in an after-war period of factional struggles such as Italy is experiencing today, established a peace that endured for centuries. A cross tops the obelisk now and all day long gay little Italian children, the wealth of Italy, tumble over its sunny base, but the strength of its shaft is a symbol of the Roman genius for empire-building, and makes me recall the message of Augustus' laureate-poet, Vergil:

"Remember, O Roman, to rule the people with thy power (this shall be thy art) and to establish the laws of peace."

The Roman laws last as the basis of our jurisprudence though the peace of the world is often broken in a universe where equity has to depend not solely on statutes but on the varying virtues of human beings.

The view from my window makes me think not only of the wise Augustus but of the wanton Nero, for there is the tower which bears the great egoist's name, that distant, massive, square, brick Torre delle Milizie which popular tradition threw back from its thirteenth century origin and made the height where Nero fiddled while Rome flamed. The corruption of such rulers, the effeminate fashions they set for the populace they enslaved gave to the church her chance and she sought to save the souls of Italy before she attempted to govern her.

That delicate square Campanile above the trees marks one of the earliest meeting-places of the Christians in Rome, for the church of Santa Pudenziana stands (all evidence goes to show) over the house of Pudens, father of Pudenziana and Prassede, where St. Peter is supposed to have lived, the Pudens whom St. Paul mentioned just before his death in his second letter to Timothy. You can prowl down under the church and see where the walls and the bath of a little old Roman house have been excavated. Then you can look at St. Peter and St. Paul done in the fourth century mosaics in the church above and find the quaint figures of Santa Pudenziana and her father over the doorway. No church in Rome takes me nearer to pure apostolic times and the beginnings of the faith. Santa Maria Maggiore to be sure in its interior preserves the fourth century basilica plan, but even the cool magnificence of its gray columns of Hymettus marble suggests the splendor of the church, and the whole edifice, built and rebuilt down to the seventeenth century, is a monument to the development of papal power rather than to early faith. Yet Santa Maria Maggiore is my church from dear familiarity and I have heard angelic music there on

Christmas and on Easter, and on August fifth I have watched the repetition of the miracle of the snow which, falling here on one hot summer day, revealed to two of the faithful the place where a church must be built to our Lady of the Snowflakes. To me all religion being one aspiration towards the divine, though often I give my ear only to sermons in stones, again "I like a church, I like a cowl" and I can understand how here in Italy the beauty of the services gave and gives the church her hold.

My window in Rome encourages many musings but not long ones, for its kaleidoscope shifts too rapidly. Really only in the early morning are my eyes allowed to notice the fixed background of the square, its distant views, the great church with its two domes and pointed tower, the Palazzo opposite, the little oval shrine to the Madonna above the *Strega* sign over the corner shop, the flower-stand bright with roses and carnations, the cabmen waiting contentedly in their carriages under the trees. Soon the "Bar Esquilino" at the corner has its tables and chairs out on the sidewalk and the coffee-sippers gather. In the Piazza, the babies arrive with their Sabine nurse-girls, picturesque in their full gay skirts, lace-edged aprons, white kerchiefs crossed on deep bosoms, bright turbans, coral necklaces and ear-rings. Beggars, halt, blind, ragged, amble past with outstretched hands. Peasant women walk by, carrying on their heads long, flat baskets piled high with vegetables. An aeroplane circles overhead. Crowded street-cars squeak painfully up the hill. And always on the steps of S. Maria Maggiore people are passing or loitering.

The life that goes on upon the steps of the church! Here a woman is selling cherries where in the fall one

roasted chestnuts over tiny charcoal fire. One group of boys is busy with a game of cards. Two urchins are playing *mora*, shouting numbers and waving lively hands. Soldiers take their siestas stretched full length on back or face. Men eat their lunches, spreading eggs, cheese, bread out on the steps before them. In a corner, a shrivelled old rag-picker sorts her motley collections. Even in the evening under the street-light at the corner men sit reading their paper. One rainy day five cold little boys tried to make a bonfire of newspapers in the sheltered doorway. Every day in and out among the priests and the laymen going up the steps to their devotions, the children weave their games.

Then the steps make an excellent rostra for political meetings, the orator standing at the top, the crowd in rows on the steps below. One such *comizio* I attended at the time of the municipal elections in October when a representative of the Partito Popolare appealed for votes. It was a time when all the other parties had united to defeat the clericals and the Socialists and the Partito Popolare (the clerical) had a difficult task to make a strong appeal for votes against the united force of the nationalist block. I was interested to see how first this orator claimed for his party the alliance with law and order for which his opponents stood, by disavowing any affiliation with the Russian Socialism which, he said, had become a new tyranny with a new god, Lenin. The speaker stated frankly that his Party asked votes on no platform, but against revolution and civil war in Italy; that they believed in a future syndicalism which would better the living conditions of the laborer, but that now the people must show that those who worked with their hands had a cherished idealism; so in its name he appealed to them and in the name of liberty

and democracy. There were a few ardent youths on the steps behind the orator who occasionally cried "Viva la Russia," "Viva Lenin," but they were promptly hissed down by the crowd. Off at one side of the church in the Via Manin I suddenly saw two long lines of mounted guards, so perhaps their presence helped maintain decorum, but as I listened, I felt that free speech was the order of the hour and that the speaker was voicing the real ideas of his party.

It was perhaps in answer to that meeting that after dark two or three nights later some sacrilegious person painted on the base of the church wall at the top of the steps in black letters a foot high: "Qui regna il falso," "here reigns the false." When I looked out the next morning, two priests were trying to scrape off the words, but the shadow of them is still there, indelible sign of the political clashes of today in which the church still has its part.

Not only at election times is the Piazza occupied with politics. I called it, indeed, my political barometer, for the security or insecurity of the government has been indicated by the number of guards about the residence of the Minister of the Interior. Giolitti lives at the corner of the Via Cavour and under his windows have occurred demonstrations for all sorts of causes from the price of bread to the independence of Fiume. The royal guard about the Piazza was tripled or quadrupled at times of crises,—the discussion of the Treaty of Rapallo, the obstructionism of the Socialists against the promised increase in the price of bread, the resignation of the President of the Camera, the "white strike" of the postal and telegraph employees. At such a time, when I came back to the Piazza late in the afternoon, I found pairs of resplendent carabinieri on every corner,

the royal guard patrolling the Via Cavour, and in front of this Palazzo a long line of horsemen wearing their steel helmets. In the midst of such a handsome cavalcade, I felt that we were living in epic days. I knew that his Excellency, the Minister of the Interior, behind his curtained windows, was quietly oblivious, for nothing had disturbed his superhuman calm. I pictured him as I saw him once. In the Chamber of Deputies a heated discussion with many interpellations was raging, accompanied by the violent ringing of the president's bell, when at the door facing the house appeared Italy's grand old man. Very tall, very large, very erect and proud, the white-haired minister of seventy-eight moved so quietly that in the mêlée of that excited Socialistic House he seemed a superman. I thought of an old Greek story: "O Iole, when you saw Hercules, how did you know that he was a god?" "I knew because whether he walked or sat or whatever thing he did, he conquered." That is the personal impression that Giolitti makes and explains in part his renewed grip on Italian politics. The Minister of the Interior not only knew his people and their needs, but in the midst of mercurial and ebullient politicians he kept his calm and won his victories. Little demonstrations might go on in the Piazza dell' Esquilino against one unpopular measure or another, but eventually the crowd dispersed, the episode was over, and for a little while quiet settled on the political life of Italy as it does on the Piazza at night.

I sometimes think I love my Piazza best under the stars. The pigeons curl under the cornice of Santa Maria Maggiore. Songs float up from peasants in their wine-carts driving their donkeys home. A gay band of University students gathers on the church steps

and in mock Saturnalia invokes pagan gods: "O Bacco, O Vino, O Venere." A battalion of soldiers marches off from the caserma near to the invigorating strains of the hymn of Mameli. Again the unbelievable sound of tinkling sheep-bells calls me from bed to window and there, crossing the Piazza, is a great, huddling brown flock that seems to creep across the square. The sheep are being driven back from winter pastures in warm Calabria to cool mountain heights, just as they were in Horace's time. I picture the shepherds with their flocks at the end of their journey by some cool brook in the Sabine hills and I know half the strength of Italy lies beyond Rome in her sturdy peasant stock.

I stand at the window as the sound of the sheep-bells grows fainter and once more the Piazza sends up to me thoughts of Alban Kings and Roman emperors, of popes and of liberators, of priests and of soldiers, of parties and of politicians, of children and of contadini. I say to myself: The depth of a tree's roots guarantees its life. Or I reflect in Horace's more Roman figure: This ship of state will weather all storms. Then suddenly I see a gleam from the light-house on the Janiculum, the *Faro* that was given by the Italians of Argentina on September 20, 1921, the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of United Italy, and the flashing of the red, the white and the green brings to me the same message that it carries to the sailors at sea, the glad, abiding certainty "There is Rome."

II.

"DUE CUORI, UNA CAPANNA"

"Aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis."

"Dare, my guest, to despise wealth, shape yourself also
to be worthy of deity and come graciously to my poor
fortune."

Aen. VIII, 364-5.

E VANDER was nearly home. He had ridden in to Terracina to buy a bag of flour and his little donkey was lagging wearily in the warm afternoon sunshine. The trip from Monte Circeo's base to the city and back was more than twenty miles and the morning ride had been doubly hard because of a pouring rain and the mud it caused, but Evander's last backward look before Terracina was out of sight had found a bright rainbow arching over Monte Sant' Angelo; the sandy road through the Pomptine marshes had dried quickly; the trailing white blossoms of the thorn hedges and the dashes of yellow broom by the roadside were all the brighter for their wetting; and Monte Circeo towered up clear and grand against a sunset as bright as the oranges in the grove just ahead. Evander shouted to urge his donkey around the turn in the road. Anna heard his voice and was standing in the door of the *capanna*, their straw-hut, when he first caught sight of it. A slow smile broke over Evander's face. Once more as he rode on, his eyes ran over every detail of

their home and he was proud of the work of his hands. He himself alone had laid the ring of foundation-stones for the hut. A neighbor had helped him erect the framework of young tree-trunks which he had felled and drawn from the wood near. Then on the frame he had placed the straw in many layers and fastened it, leaving that little chimney-hole towards the top for the smoke. The wooden door he had hammered together and fitted carefully in a wooden frame with a strong bar across the inside before he had brought Anna to live with him. It was she, however, who had insisted on having that little cross of twigs on the top for another sort of protection. "Lightning falls and straw burns," she had said. "The cross will help us more than the old cow's horns that you have put up." Who knows? All had certainly gone well with them.

It had been good fortune first that he had secured the spot for his *capanna* where the brook ran clear in front of the door so that Anna could do the washing without carrying the clothes far. The orange tree that he had planted by the door was bright with golden fruit. The prickly pear at the side was half as tall as the hut, and Anna's vines on the back every morning opened the white flowers that she loved. Together they had built the second *capanna*, a rough, oblong shelter for the donkey in time of storm, and now that they had a pig, he too had his little thatched pen where they could secure him at nightfall. They had just finished another small hut with a furnace of stones in it so that Anna would not need to cook in the Neighbor's any longer. So he had gone to Terracina to buy a new bag of flour to celebrate the completion of their stone oven. Tomorrow there would be fresh bread. Perhaps, in time, they could make another large *capanna* for a dining-

room. One of the older men in their village had built one. But what was Anna calling to him?

"There have been strangers here."

"Why did they come?" he asked, as he got down from his donkey.

"They were going to climb Monte Circeo and the rain came upon them."

"Did you ask them into the hut?" questioned Evander anxiously.

"I invited them in by the fire, but," Anna confessed, "I was afraid at first, so I raised my new umbrella and ran out to hunt the pig and drive him into his pen out of the storm."

"Did you not go back into the hut and keep the fire burning?" Again Evander queried. He was inside now and saw that there was a bright fire in the circular stone-hearth in the center of the room. A pot full of savory soup was steaming over it.

"Yes, my husband, I returned and kept putting on more sticks from the dry branches under our beds. The strangers stayed dry and warm until the rain stopped and the sun came back."

"How many were the strangers, Anna? And who were they?"

Evander had seated himself on the stone threshold and Anna handed him a great bowl of soup and a piece of bread before she went on with her story.

"There were only two, man and woman, and they were from across the ocean, from the United States, not our people. She was a signorina, for she had no ring. The man did not look at me; he saw only the American woman, but she looked everywhere. I saw her eyes on the fire and the pot and the chimney-hole, on our two beds by the walls, on the washing on the line,

on the knives and forks stuck in the straw, on my new pan hanging on a nail inside the door, on my copper tub hanging on the tree outside."

"Did they say nothing?" asked Evander. "Or could they not talk our language?"

"The man could not, but the woman could understand me and could talk to me but at first she only looked at me. Then she asked: 'Who lives with you here?' I told her: 'My husband, Evander. He has gone to Terracina on the donkey to buy flour because we have finished our new stone-oven and tomorrow I can bake bread in it.' Then she said to me very softly: 'Are you happy?' 'I am very content, Signorina,' I told her. 'I have my husband and this hut and the orange-tree and the stone-oven and my new umbrella. Did you see the blue stripes in its border?' She smiled, but not for long. She was always sober, the signorina, and the man kept watching her. Then she asked me: 'Is there nothing more that you want?' I thought a long time. Then I said: 'Maria, our Neighbor's wife, has a sewing-machine.' She asked if Maria used it often and I told her, 'Yes. Maria makes nice clothes for her little girls. She has two already.' Then her face was very bright suddenly and she whispered to me: 'I love children,' but she said nothing more, for the sun had come out and they started off to the mountain. They both shook hands with me and the Signorina said that I had warmed both her body and her heart, and she hoped I would always be happy."

"You have done well," commented Evander laconically. "And now I must feed the donkey and we will go to bed, for it is getting dark and cold."

About two months later, one night when Evander came back from work in the fields, he saw Anna wav-



EVANDER'S CAPANNA



MARIA'S CHILDREN



ing her head-kerchief from the door, and her sun-burned face was crimson with excitement as she greeted him.

"Evander, Evander, the strangers have been here again and have brought us a present."

"What strangers do you mean? What have they brought?"

"Only listen! They came in a wagon, the American signor and signorina of the storm. The driver carried a great package across our little bridge over the brook and put it down in front of the door. While he untied it, the lady said to me: 'We have come to thank you again. When I saw how happy you were here in the *capanna*, I went up on top of Monte Circeo and told this man I would marry him. We are married now and this is a wedding-present that we have brought you.' Look Evander! It is a Sewing Machine."

As Evander dropped on his knees in amazement before the shining little hand machine on the earth floor, Anna cried ecstatically: "Maria will teach me to use it and I can make pretty little dresses before the baby comes."

III

THE JOYS OF AN ORARIO

IN an Italian short-story which I read recently, a wife begins a little domestic comedy by saying pettishly to her husband: "There is always an Orario between you and me." For my part, an Orario would be a bond rather than a barrier, for that compact, complete and well-indexed monthly Italian time-table called the Orario Generale is one of my most fascinating and time-consuming companions. I pore over the map, the railroad-schedules, the automobile service, the trolley-lines, the Navigazione Maritima, planning jaunts through Italy and on her lakes and seas. Then, like Alexander, wishing for more worlds to conquer, I only regret that there is as yet no page for "Trasporti con aeroplani," for in these novel geography lessons which I am taking from my Orario I would always begin my study from the air. When I did manage to go up over Rome for twenty minutes, a living, colored map of the city lay below me, clear as none I had ever seen on paper,—the shining Tiber curving around the city, the Colosseum still dwarfing all other buildings, even St. Peter's beautiful pile. Between the excitements of turning in a high wind and being momentarily lost in a cloud, I found the Forum and the squares and the churches, and I saw the lines and the color and the size of all Rome, but the city was not so beautiful as the Campagna from whose daisy-starred grass we arose so lightly. I shall never forget the soft opaline colors

of the plain below and the blue, cloud-hung Sabine and Alban mountains as we flew as a bird to their heights.

But let me drop to my Orario and, as a proof of its fascination, suggest some of the day-trips about Rome which can be made with its help. I plan my trips for walkers because I am one of those who love to poke about *a piedi*—one sees more and hears more—but there are virtually always carriages or donkeys for those who wish to ride, available automobiles save time for the wealthy and hurried, and so many kinds of trips near Rome are possible that all tastes can be suited. Let me plan for you, O Walker.

You will wish to go to the Campagna first, for whether you have never been here or are just returning to beloved Italy, there lie the most Roman mysteries and beauties. I began by the conventional afternoon drive in a little *carrozza* from the Colosseum and the Passeggiata Archeologica through the Porta San Sebastiano to the Scipios' tomb and the catacombs and on to that "great round tower of other days" whose romance Byron wrote for Caecilia Metella. Then I made my driver take the cross-road, the Strada Militare, so that we got nearer the undulating fields of grain and poppies, the white oxen drawing loads of hay, the little rivulet Almo, the Sacred Grove, dark and awful on its mound, and went on to the Via Latina and up along its huge flat paving stones to the two tombs of the Valerii and the Pancratii (rarely visited) that contain in their underground chambers some of the most exquisite of Roman decoration in stucco relief and color.

Such a drive is only the beginning of the acquaintance with the Campagna or the Appian Way. One becomes far more intimate in a day's walk from Albano into Rome. Take an early train from the Termini

(Roma-Velletri line), carry your lunch, and give yourself up to a long day, walking back from Albano along the Via Appia Antica which stretches as straight as the crow flies across the plain to Rome. Take time to be leisurely, for, as Horace wrote, the Appian Way is less difficult for the slow. Old paving-stones are hard on the feet and one wishes time to turn and enjoy the beauty of the hills, to browse with the sheep, to pick pink and white daisies, to read inscriptions on tombs, to let color and light paint indelible pictures on the mind.

Another day one may spend on the Campagna by taking the Rome-Fiuggi-Frosinone line to Pantano and walking back of the station straight across country towards the great golden cella of the Temple of Juno which marks the site of old Gabii. You remember its legends,—how treacherous Sextus Tarquinius took the city, when it had given him refuge and friendship, by beheading all the leading men as his father had whipped off the poppies' heads in his garden. Now you will find only the golden temple walls, a vague, grass-covered street, a great circular basin of a dried lake, and a mediaeval tower, but there will be sheep grazing, flowers blooming, birds flying, and from the level stretches of the green and gold plain, Soracte and the Sabine hills rise blue and clear.

After such a walk, go back to Rome and seek the studio of the artist of the Campagna, Signor Onorato Carlandi, a Garibaldian of seventy-eight years, who paints with the fire of youth in his fine boldness of color, his broad effects and varied moods, and who, singing while he paints, has won from his fellow-artists the name of the Cicala. It is a joy to see his water-colors and oils of many places to which I have walked—Hadrian's Villa with sunlight falling bright on marble ruins

beside dark cypresses, the swirling Anio, the tawny Tiber, a road bordered with almond trees in full, pink blossom—but most of all I adore the pictures of the Campagna: the Sacred Grove towering dark in the mist, or the plain stretching a blaze of color with the scarlet of the poppies, or the lavender of the thistles, or the yellow of the genestra, and in such brilliancy rows of aqueducts, ancient tombs, mediaeval towers, and, beyond, the lines of violet mountains. When I asked Signor Carlandi if he had ever painted in Dalmatia, he said characteristically: "No, Signorina, I rarely leave the Campagna. For me a love is greater when it is life-long and absorbing. Mine leaves room for no other. To be sure, I have painted some little things in England, but those were only slight infidelities."

Many a day-trip from Rome develops the acquaintance begun by these first introductions to the Campagna, for long train rides give new views on the way to the Sabine or the Alban Hills. Rushing tourists "do" Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli in a day, but for real enjoyment one needs a day for each and then another for Horace's Sabine country. A steam tram, starting from the Porta Tiburtina, arrives at the Villa Adriana in an hour. One does not need to be an archaeologist to find pleasure in wandering about Hadrian's great country palace, for ruined walls, broken columns, gnarled olives, aspiring cypresses, distant mountains and Italian sky combine and recombine in pictures of a satisfying beauty even if imagination is not reconstructing and repeopling stadion, theater, library, baths, nymphaeum and all the rest of the imperial labyrinth, or thinking perhaps of the story of handsome, tragic Antinous.

On another day, let the same tram line carry you to Tivoli and start early, for there is much to see. When the trolley stops, take just a look at the Giardino Garibaldi for the sake of the noble inscription, then go at once to the Villa D'Este which is close by, look at the fresco decorations in the Casino and walk all over the park until you have heard the varying strains of all the waterfalls from the great one that feeds the three *bagni* to the little ones that keep the maiden-hair fresh in the walk of a hundred fountains. Then return to the loggia of the villa and sit for a while with the views of the magnificent old cypresses below and the white road that winds across the Campagna straight to St. Peter's dome.

You must not sit too long, for with a glance at two pictures in Tivoli's Santa Maria Maggiore, you should saunter through the town to the street of the Duomo, send some stray child for the custode of the new excavations and get a look at two interesting ancient rooms, one beautifully decorated in marbles, the other with a seated statue of Augustus which is broken, but worth studying. After that, if you are not misled into buying a huge copper water-jar with two handles which you can never carry on your head, as the Sabine women do, to America, follow the main street up to near the Ponte Gregoriano and turning off to the left, go to the Albergo della Sibilla. There you can eat lunch in a garden beside the famous little round temple, listening to the sound of the falls in the deep green gorge below. After dreaming a little to that music, go to the Villa Gregoriano and while it is still hot, visit the charming little Museum for its few treasures of ancient sculpture (ivy-wreathed column, bust of Julius Caesar) and its few choice pictures. The custode's son has made a ter-



AT HADRIAN'S VILLA



A STREET SCENE IN TIVOLI





raced garden behind the Museum over the Anio which you may see for fifty centesimi and he, while picking violets for you, will tell you his experiences as a soldier. Then you will take the green and winding walk down to the cool depths of the gorge, to the foot of the falls and the great cave, and after ascending you can go on to where the "new cascade" has flung its delicate long white veil across the rocks. The day will not be complete without walk or drive across the Anio along the Via delle Cascatelle, for here are beautiful views of Tivoli's two greater falls and here, tradition says, Catullus, Horace and Quintilius Varus all had villas (Thomas Ashby's articles in the "Papers of the British School at Rome" and the "Journal of Roman Studies" will tell you where). Be sure to stop at the little church of Sant' Antonio to see the quaint votive paintings and don't turn back before reaching the farther side of the great platform on which Varus' villa stood, for the sake of the view across the Campagna.

There are three trips in the Alban mountains that you should not miss: to Monte Cavo and Lake Nemi, to the Lago d' Albano, to Frascati and Tusculum. The crested top of Monte Cavo had challenged me for days before I finally said: "I will conquer you" and consulted my Orario as to method of approach. The start is slow, by train from Porta S. Giovanni with three changes at Bivio Grotta Ferrata, at Valle Violata, at Valle Oscura where the funicular starts for Rocca di Papa, but after that the walk is a gradual climb and the descent to Nemi as easy as to Avernus if you have common sense, map and compass. On the way up, there are some of the largest trees I have seen in Italy and the path goes through real woods with an occasional view back across the Campagna to Rome, a white city glisten-

ing rosily from the morning sun in the pale blue distance. We had glimpses too of Lago d'Albano through the trees and finally as we walked up over the great blocks of the old Via Triumphalis, we came to a marvellous view of both Lago d'Albano and Lago Nemi, glistening like gems set in green hills, of distant mountains, of little cities dotting the Campagna, of great Rome and beyond all, the gleaming line of the sea. That view was the treasure of the day, more than the ancient moss-covered wall and the huge tree at the top, but all the walk was its own reward even to the end of the trail. We followed it down through the woods to Nemi, dirty and picturesque over the lake, and then around the lake to the left (by footpath, not high-road) through strawberry gardens and woods festooned with ivy and brightened by rose-pink cyclamen on to Genzano. There we had tea on the vine-covered terrace of the Albergo Belvedere over Diana's haunted and mystic lake.

For a nearer view of Lago d'Albano take the train from the Termini to Castel Gandolfo (an hour's ride) and walk first up the road to the green slope below the Capuchin monastery for the wide view of lake and Monte Cavo across. Here you can eat lunch. Then, retracing your steps, find the gate of the Villa Barberini on the left and try to get permission to see the ruins of Domitian's villa and the enchanting garden where among great ilexes scarlet camelias flame, fountains play, and vistas open to the Campagna. For the venturesome it is worth while after leaving the Villa Barberini to go down by the foot-path at the south end of the village to the edge of the lake and try to find the elusive custode of the Emissario. We arrived at his gypsy looking cave-house near the water only to learn

from a small girl that he was off working in the fields, "molto lontano" and had forgotten to leave the key, so there was nothing for us to do but scale, like human flies, the high and crumbling wall that surrounds the entrance of the famous tunnel which tradition says was built by the Romans during the siege of Veii in 397 B. C. Such early (or earlier) engineering work was interesting to see and so was the new shore-view of the lake glimmering through reeds and darkened by mauve and magenta shadows.

By the time we had climbed back to Castel Gandolfo we were ready for rest and tea at Marroni's "Grottino" and under his trellised grape-vines we enjoyed the lake and read the Italian poems that decorate his walls.

"Allora se capisce quanto vale
quer lago, quer silenzio e quella scena
che in tutto er monno nun ce sta l' uguale."

To Frascati and Tusculum it is only an hour by the train from the Termini and in a day good walkers can see several of the villas and climb Tusculum, but there are carriages in plenty and the drive also is delightful. First of all go into the Cathedral and read the tablet to Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who was buried at Frascati before his body was taken to St. Peter's. Then go to the Villa Aldobrandini, get the aged custode to show you the frescoes, the treasures of the library and afterwards the ornate fountain where Pan plays his pipes to a semi-circle of gods and finally wander out through the superb ilexes and sycamores to the most marvellous of Campagna views.

From the Villa Aldobrandini the road leads up to Tusculum and presently you can find the overgrown

hollow of the amphitheater, and walk up the paved way to that exquisite tree-arched dingle which was once the Forum and which still leads to the beautiful Roman theater on the deserted hillside. You must go on climbing above the theater to the summit of the Arx for the whole circle of the view round about the old city founded by Circe's son. Afterwards, map in hand, you can make your way down to the Villa Mandragone and the Villa Falconieri, to wander through their magnificent gardens.

The lover of hills will not fail to climb another mountain north of Rome. Day after day in your wanderings you have seen rising like an island from the undulating sea of the Campagna

". . . lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid,"

and for the sake of Horace and the mountain's own call, you start. The two hours' train ride from the Piazza Libertà to the station of Sant' Oreste will give you new views of the Tiber Valley. From the station of Sant' Oreste walk up the open road towards the hill town, but turn off up the mountain-trail to the left just before you reach the city itself. Along the road and through the olive-grove we had views of the mountain's long crest, rising like "a wave about to break." The rocky trail up was so gradual that we could talk and enjoy every new picture from the sunlight flickering across the path through the olive grove on the lower slope to the gray monastery of San Silvestro which rises out of the rocks at the summit. The bell at the monastery door will summon a ragged, hermit monk who will point out every mountain, hamlet and lake in the view,

and will unlock to your delighted eyes the fresco treasures of the small church. We enjoyed his entertaining loquacity about the former temple of Apollo and Persephone, San Silvestro's life and the frescoes, even though we were starving for our lunch. Finally left alone, we ate in the blaze of Apollo's golden light and for joy we might have been on Mt. Olympus with the gods. Our nectar was beauty: a circle of mountains around us except to the south where the line of the sea shone; to the left on the horizon, St. Peter's dome; to the right, the quiet limpid blue of Lago di Bracciano; and behind us, winding through striated meadows all green and red, the silver Tiber.

I never can tell whether I love more the mountains or the sea, but fortunately one does not have to choose even at Rome. You can go off for one day and be sailing on the bluest of deep waters. The train ride to Anzio takes only a bit over an hour, so by nine-thirty you can be walking along the sandy shore north to the ruins of Nero's great villa by the water. Here above on the cliffs in a grassy nook we ate our lunch, then back in Anzio we secured the services of a jolly old sailor named Cristoforo and in a boat with a golden sail tipped with red, we sailed for five hours to Astura to see the remains of Cicero's villa, half under the water and to Nettuno where we landed just as an orange sunset was lighting the Tyrrhenian sea and a long line of fishing-boats came in homing like gulls with sails spread.

Another trip that may end with a dip in the surf is a day at Ostia. An auto-bus starts every morning from the Via delle Vite arriving at Ostia Paese at 8:25 and as the return trip is not until evening, you have time to wander all over the excavations, to see the finds in

the Museum of the old Castello, and afterwards walk three miles to the coast, have a plunge and take the bus back from Ostia Mare. Ostia is as fascinating as Pompeii though its life was more commercial, and there is much to see: the colossal and beautiful statue of Minerva-Victoria, the street of tombs, houses, baths, theater, barracks, office building, temples, mithreum, then all the delightful decoration of bright frescoes on walls and magnificent mosaics on floors, also the sculpture in the Museum where a certain round marble plaque with a dancing Bacchante alone would reward a whole day's journey.

I have not mentioned the Etruscan sites because there is so much to say about them that I despair. Yet nothing is more fascinating than to go with Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" in hand (out of date, but still the best interpreter) and visit Veii, Faleri, Corneto, Cerveteri, Orvieto, each possible in a day. If in limited time you have to choose among these for acquaintance with the Etruscans, select Veii, Corneto and Cerveteri. Veii (best reached by automobile) will give you an idea of a typical Etruscan site of high ridge protected by two rivers, a remarkable example of prehistoric engineering in the tunnel cut through the rock, one of the most ancient Etruscan tombs that has been found with beautiful frescoes of horse, rider and dog, then the later Roman city with ruins of road, water channel for sacred spring, and the temple where was found the remarkable archaic statue of Apollo, now in the Villa Papa Giulia, a life-sized painted terra-cotta representing the god running.

At Corneto (reached by train) you must find the custode of the Etruscan tombs, then visit as many of those underground sepulchres as time and strength

allow. Sixteen we entered and in them for the first time I felt the Etruscans as living people, for in those painted chambers which copy the architecture of their houses are no gloomy death-scenes, but a most gallant picturing of every-day life: mounted horsemen, chariots with their drivers, athletes wrestling, musicians playing pipes and lyres, men and women dancing to music or banqueting. The brightness of the robes, the vivacity of their movements, the joy of life that those frescoes preserve!

Cerveteri was to me even more interesting, but perhaps that was because the distinguished excavator, Ingegnere Rainero Mengarelli himself, spent a day showing me all his work on the Etruscan necropolis: the street of tombs of the period after the fifth century, the different types of tombs found, the trench tombs, the tombs above ground, the earlier chamber tombs. The chamber tombs are startlingly picturesque both because the great earth-mounds which originally covered them have been restored and because the chambers themselves display such variety of grouping and decoration from a bedroom with a simple fresco of lions in red and white to a great hall with places for forty-eight persons and walls covered with reliefs of weapons and animals and cooking utensils, a veritable museum of Etruscan every-day life. Signor Mengarelli gave me the thrill of excavation, for he had saved a recently discovered baby's tomb to open while I was there, hoping for a rich harvest of toys and amulets such as he had found in another child's tomb a few days before. I held my breath as the workman lifted off the tufa blocks which covered the tiny oblong box of stone, and carefully removed the accumulated earth with trowel and knife. Signor Mengarelli was most apologetic

when only one small bronze fibula or safety-pin came to light, but I was thinking of the baby's mother who had buried that one little object, and the workman's softly murmured comment chimed in with my mood: "Era povero lui! Una piccola cosa! Così Nostro Signore era un bimbo in una culla, ma egli risuscitò!" "He was poor, had only one little thing! So our Lord was a baby and lay in a cradle, but He arose."

Neither the pathos nor the gloom of the Etruscan dead had much hold upon us in Signor Mengarelli's cheerful presence and I shall never forget him or his black horse, called Bucchero after the black Etruscan pottery, a free horse who has never been in a stall, who feeds himself when he is not working for the excavations and who all that day posed proudly on top of one of the highest *tumuli* as though he were the spirit of one of the painted Etruscan horses escaped from the tomb below.

Orvieto (three hours by train) has so much more than the Etruscan to offer that a stay of two or three days would be far more valuable than one. The town itself is so picturesquely mediaeval, the Cathedral with façade and frescoes of Fra Angelico and Signorelli so rich in interest. There are other towns to the south of Rome which can be seen easily in a day, Palestrina, Cori, Anagni, Ninfa-Norma-Norba, Velletri, even Terracina if time is limited. For Palestrina, the Rome-Fiuggi-Frosinone line arrives in about an hour and a half. One must be an energetic walker to cover the small town from low station to high citadel, for it lies on the hillside so that all the streets are stairs where no automobiles or carriages can ascend, only donkeys and bipeds. Sun-burned, strong-backed women carry up copper water-jars on their heads. Old crones stand



THE THEATER AT TUSCULUM



OPENING THE CHILD'S GRAVE AT CERVETERI



twirling distaffs in doorways. Small donkeys encounter you suddenly around corners. All this picturesqueness we enjoyed as we hunted for ancient Praeneste in the modern town. There was much to find: the city-walls (the great prehistoric one down the hill, a sector of Sulla's time over a carpenter's shop outside the town), the enormous cement-lined, rain-water cisterns of the empire, the old forum and the various visible remains of the Temple of Fortune into which both the Barberini palace and much of the modern town are built, most interesting the room where the oracles were cast and the grotto where they were mysteriously announced through high hole in wall. A little Museum houses sculpture, vases, and even dice from this past splendor. The glory of Palestrina now is the view from the Castel San Pietro, the summit of the Acropolis, and that height explains the city's ancient power, for Praeneste was not the typical Etruscan plateau site protected by gorges, but stood on a high limestone ridge commanding the pass to the sea between the Alban and Volscian mountains. From the site of the Arx opens one of the most magnificent views I have had in Italy. Back of us were gray limestone ridges of which Praeneste's citadel seemed a part. To the west, between the hills stretched meadows of emerald grain, woods turning autumn russet and rose, two long white roads (the Praenestina and the Labicana) winding to Rome; farther north, an island in the misty blue rose majestic Soracte; and to the south between Alban and Volscian mountains we looked straight to the golden sunlight on the sea.

Anagni in the Hernican mountains has less varied reward for a train ride of an hour and fifteen minutes, but it is worth while to have a glimpse of the Herni-

cans and the valley of the Sacco, and when you reach the high little town (a stupid, dusty walk from the station; better drive up) you can lunch at the "Gallo" facing the mountain heights and the swirling clouds. The town's treasure is not the piece of ancient wall, but the eleventh century Cathedral with its beautiful Cosmas pavements, its elegant bishop's throne and, above all, the simple, unspoiled eleventh century crypt with the primitive frescoes of naïve feeling and exquisite colors. (Munoz thinks them the work of the unknown artist who painted the scenes from the life of Constantine in Quattro Coronati in Rome.) Madonna and child are there, the four and twenty elders adoring the lamb, beautiful saints, strange seraphim. The one that pleased me most was a figure of John the Baptist carrying a scroll in his hand, with this Latin below:

"Verbo petit astra Johannes St."
"By word St. John sought the stars,"

a motto for all aspiring writers to take to heart. If you wish to vary your trip back to Rome, drive across country to the Fiuggi station on the Rome-Frosinone line and enjoy from the steam-tram four hours of mountain views in the Volscian, Hernican, Alban and Sabine ranges.

Three towns together you can see by taking an hour and a half train ride to Ninfa-Norma and each one will give you something different. First of all, take bus or carriage up to Norma and walk over to Norba. Superb on the ridge's summit, it has preserved prehistoric walls and gate rivalled only by Mycenae and the ruins stand in all their early glory and isolation, for the later city, never rebuilt after Sulla's destruction, lies low in grass-grown temple foundations and scattered pieces of mar-

ble. The walk to Norba will give you appetite for the gift which unprepossessing Norma can bestow, a beef-steak, tender and juicy, in the little upstairs "Locanda della Fortuna" of Raffaele Tomassini, a genial host. From the heights of the ridge, you will have had the fairest view of Ninfa, the deserted mediaeval village by the railroad, for from Norba you can see all the gray, story-book ruin: the circular town-wall, the moat, the bridge, the castle tower, the church, the houses, but when you descend from Norma in an hour by the donkey-path through the olive-groves, you will wish to walk through the melancholy ivy-draped hamlet and pick as a *ricordo* an ivy leaf, a rosebud and a violet as you listen to the fountain and the birds. Mediaeval Ninfa was more dead to me than prehistoric Norba. I know not why, unless its flatness on the plain which cuts off all views isolates it more from all beauty but its own, and the charm of its gray ivy-draped walls is so completely of the past.

Still I turn the pages of my Orario and think of many other day trips I have taken from Rome; for example, Terracina's fascinating combination of surf and mountain, with Horace's old Appian Way over the ridge and Trajan's new cut through the rocks by the sea, her cathedral in Roman forum, and on the height above the town the great ruins of the temple of Jupiter Anxur through whose arches a small shepherd boy fled shyly from us, piping as he went. But part of the enchantment of the Railroad Guide is the chance to make discoveries and if I have but started you on the quest for walking trips near Rome, I will resign to you my Orario; and afoot and light-hearted once more I will take to the Open Road, confident that it will lead me back to Rome.

IV

THE MADONNA OF POMPEII (A Fantasy)

THE shade of the long green arbor of the Albergo del Sole invited me as I came out on the hot dusty road after my visit to the amphitheater of Pompeii. It was five in the afternoon and I had spent all day seeing the marvellous new part of old Pompeii, the street where walls are bright with signs and election notices, wine-shops display their amphorae, bronze pitchers and drinking-bowls, huge doors studded with great bronze nails swing on old hinges, rooms behind them open vistas of color on mosaic floor and frescoed wall, and dominating the street by her magnificence the Venus of Pompeii, come to life again in this uncovered painting, attended by her divine son, triumphantly drives four elephants before her chariot. The goddess had held my fancy while I walked over the amphitheater for last views of the great gray bowl sunk in the green hollow presided over by distant blue Vesuvius. Strange contrasts were in my mind, for I had just seen the last discovery in the Street of Abundance, five skeletons found under the roof of a house, persons evidently overcome while trying to escape there, each with a little money-bag of copper coins in his hand. There they lay in their pitiful ruin and on the wall down the street the Venus Pompeiana still rode in all her bright power. The triumph of art! Or is it that the gods alone are deathless?

So I had meditated, walking through the amphitheater, and now I was ready for my tea as I sat down at one of the little white tables in the vine-trellised arbor of the Albergo del Sole. A genial white-haired old man, whom I judged to be the host of the Inn, left his work among the flowers, received and delivered my order, then returned to training jasmine and roses over the Inn wall. Presently a sun-burned, large-eyed young woman brought my tray and was turning to leave quietly when my eyes fell upon an unusual amulet which she wore. Its large oval pictured in bright colors a Madonna and child, their heads crowned and surrounded with a circlet of stars and before them San Domenico and Santa Catarina, kneeling in astonished rapture. The Madonna wore a golden rosary.

"Stay a minute with me, please," I said. "What is your name? Carmelita? Tell me about this picture that you wear. What Madonna is it?"

Her placid face instantly flashed a happy response and as she pressed the amulet to her lips, she answered: "Signorina, do you not know the Madonna of Pompeii, the Madonna of the Rosary? Have you not been to her shrine?"

At her amazement over my "No," I begged her, if she had time, to enlighten me while I drank my tea. So, standing where the sunlight flickered down through the grape-vine on her earnest and devout face, Carmelita told me her story.

"Years ago, Signorina, Valle di Pompeii was not a large town as you see it today, but just a little hamlet on the edge of the great estate of the young Count, and the Count's chapel was very, very small, just large enough for the few families in the village to have their little service in, each Sunday. The Count then was

always in Naples, for he is a very great Avvocato, Signorina, and the Countess is a noble lady whose family has lived in Naples for hundreds of years. One year not long ago, the Count was not well and he stayed all winter out on his estate at Valle di Pompeii, and my father says he remembers when it was, for that was the year when they found the picture of the goddess with the elephants in the *scavi* at old Pompeii (my father was one of the workmen digging there) and the year when the new Madonna came to the little chapel. Did you see the picture of the Venus with the elephants? The new *scavi* are not open to the public yet so I have never seen her. But the Madonna! One morning when my father went in to say his prayers, there over the altar was this Madonna with the gold rosary and the stars, and the prayers that he made to her that day were all answered by nightfall, for Giuseppe paid him twenty lire he owed him and my headache stopped for the whole afternoon. I was just a little girl then and always sick, Signorina.

"My father told Giuseppe that his prayer was answered and Giuseppe laughed and laughed. He is a very wicked man and never goes to church, so it is no wonder that he is poor. He told my father terrible lies, making him promise not to repeat them, and I heard, for I was just inside the door, and could not help hearing. He said that this new picture of the Madonna had been for days in the window of an old Antiquarian's shop in Naples which he passed every time he drove the mules in, and then it disappeared from the window, and one day the Count had told him when he brought out the next load of fertilizer to the estate, to stop at the Antiquarian's shop for a package and bring it on top of the load. It was a very, very heavy pack-

age. He took it to the Count's villa and in a few days, there was the Madonna of the Antiquarian's window in Naples in the Count's chapel at Valle di Pompeii. My father told him he was a wicked liar, but Giuseppe just went off laughing.

"Other people besides my father had their prayers to the Madonna answered, and then about a month later, a wonderful thing happened. A friend of the Countess, another great lady in Naples, was very, very ill. She had been thrown out of a carriage in an accident and no one could see where she was hurt, but all the time she cried and cried, and at night she did not sleep, and she had grown so thin that you could see through her hands. The Countess begged her to come out and try praying to the Madonna of the Rosary, so the beautiful, pale young lady came, and she knelt in the little old chapel (I saw her) and promised the Madonna that she would give her a golden crown if she would only make her well. The Madonna heard her prayer and from that moment, Signorina, the queer pains left her, she could sleep, and she did not cry at all. Everyone knew about the miracle because the golden crowns came, two, one for the Madonna and one for the Bambino. All the papers wrote about the cure and the splendid gifts. Then every Sunday people began to come out from Naples to the shrine, especially the sick people and every week someone was healed. Afterwards everyone who was cured was so happy that he sent back or brought back some present to our Lady, and some very rich people who saw that the little chapel had no room for all who came gave money to build the great new church where I was cured.

"You must go and see it tomorrow, Signorina. Do you wish to hear what the Madonna did for me? When

I was fourteen, my father died and I was alone, for my mother had gone long before, and I did not know what I would do. I had no money and no relatives, and I was very sick. I had worked hard to get my father's meals and to help him sometimes in his work for the Padrone in the field. I worked even when my head ached and now it always ached and I was always coughing and very cold. I was in despair when my father died.

"The priest who came to see him before he died said he would get me a place in the *Orfanotrofio* of the Madonna's sanctuary. The church was so rich now that the Count had built this home for orphan girls out of the gifts to our Lady. I was very unhappy and did not wish to leave our two little rooms where we lived and I lay on the bed very sick, crying, the day when my father had been buried, waiting for the Sister to come and get me. The Sisters are very kind to the girls at the Orphanage, but I could not take an interest in anything and I kept feeling more and more ill. I went to the church every day and said the prayers, but I said them only with my lips and they left me cold.

"One day all was different, Signorina. The Cardinal came out from Naples to the *festa* and all the girls from the Orphanage marched in the great procession through the town behind the cross and him. He blessed us all and in the church afterwards he preached a little sermon and told us that our god was a god of love, that the Blessed Virgin understood all women, that faith could remove mountains and the Madonna of the Rosary would answer our prayers. He pointed to the thousands of silver offerings on the panels of the church (you can see them there, Signorina), and said they were a cloud of witnesses to the power of the Ma-

donna of the Rosary and as our faith so would be our strength; we had only to believe and ask what we needed most and our prayers would be answered.

"Signorina, the Cardinal was so big and wonderful in his red robe that I believed at last and I dropped on my knees, looking up to the Madonna's picture and I prayed with all my heart to be cured and to have a little home of my own. It was very ungrateful of me, for the Sisters in the Orphanage were most kind, but the Blessed Madonna understood, and, Signorina, as I prayed and watched her, I saw, I really saw her face turn a little towards me, and she smiled, she smiled at me! I knew then that my prayers were answered and I went out very happy. That night Giovanni who is the *cameriere* here at the Albergo asked me to marry him and I told him I would. I have never been sick since that moment of my prayer, Signorina. Do I not look well? Giovanni and I have given a silver heart to the Madonna and every day I look at it when I go to say my prayers and thank her again. You can see it, for it is the fourth heart in the top row of the third panel from the front on the right of the altar.

"If you are ever ill, Signorina, you have only to go and pray at our Shrine. You should go and buy an amulet now and the little book of prayers that the Count has written for us. He is always working for the church and never goes in to his office in Naples now. He has built little houses on his estate for the priests and for the people who work at the shrine and a little inn for the sick people who come, and he writes a great deal about the shrine and all the blessed work of our Lady. People from all over Italy come to the shrine, just as they go to Santa Rosalia's on Monte Pellegrino in Palermo and to Lourdes in France. No

one comes to see old Pompeii now without coming to see the wonder-working Madonna of Valle di Pompeii.

"Strange people come sometimes, Signorina. There was an English artist who stayed here at the Inn several days to paint and he wished to paint a picture of me. He said I must talk to him while he painted so I would look natural. I told him my story as I have you, and he became very much excited on hearing that the Madonna appeared and began her miracles the same day the fresco of the goddess with the elephants was discovered in old Pompeii. He told me such strange things, —that the goddess of the elephants was a goddess of love with a little winged son, and she could make people do what she wished; that she loved flowers just as our Blessed Virgin does. You will see her painted among lilies and roses on the walls of the church. He said she was always the goddess of Pompeii and that he is sure when she was re-discovered in the Strada dell' Abbondanza, as her picture came to light, her power was freed, and she appeared in just another form in our little chapel to be the goddess of Pompeii again, to work for the people, and to make the new city famous, and because she always was the goddess of love, she cured me by making me marry Giovanni.

"I did not know what to make of the story, so I told Giovanni about it and he said the Englishman was undoubtedly crazy, and we would both go that very night and pray together to the Madonna of the Rosary, and I was never again to think of the English artist or such nonsense. So we went and prayed together for a child, Signorina, and now we have a beautiful baby girl, named Maria for the Blessed Virgin who cured me and gave me Giovanni and my home."

It was time for me to start for the train to Naples,

but as I promised Carmelita, on my way to the station I stopped at the Sanctuary of the Madonna of the Rosary and as I knelt there for a moment with the great throng of devout worshippers and looked up at the beautiful queen of heaven, adorned with jewels, surrounded with flowers, I felt a strange sense of awe at the wonders of worship, of faith and of healing, and at the eternally new-old needs of the human soul for its god. *Venus rediviva?* No! But there remaineth still the mystery of religion, the unexplainable verity, the perennial belief in the miraculous powers of heaven, and it was passing strange to me that here in Pompeii where the Venus Pompeiana once reigned, I was now kneeling in the great church of the wonder-working Madonna of the Rosary.

V

A VISIT TO ANCIENT OSTIA

FOR one who takes delight in harbors, shipping, cargoes, docks, sailors, seafaring and Joseph Conrad's stories, the ruins of Ostia, the old port of Rome, compose a fascinating chapter in the ancient life of Italy. Yet their significance is so little known that, I suppose, for every fifty travellers who go out from Naples to Pompeii, one goes from Rome to Ostia. Now the reward of a day's trip there, easily made by motor-bus or automobile is a glimpse at an ancient city which was very different in character from Pompeii, commercial, full of business men and foreign-born laborers, closely connected with Rome but more dependent on the sea, expressing in its public buildings and private houses, even ruined as they are today, the character of its life and of its inhabitants. Such a human document, written in bricks, stone, marble, stucco and mosaic, is fascinating reading if one understands the language or has, as it were, a translation of its unknown tongue, or a key for its great historical picture. One difficulty for the average visitor to Ostia is that the descriptions of recent excavations are scattered through the Italian publication, the *Notizie degli scavi* or secluded in the Literary Supplement of the *London Times*, or in Thomas Ashby's articles in the "Journal of Roman Studies," and the best guide-book is still the Italian one by Dante Vagliieri published as long ago as 1914. There is, however, a small guide in English by

Tani, the Guards will point out objects of interest, and the ruins themselves tell much. Perhaps I can be of help by jotting down notes from my study of Ostia and from the brilliant interpretation of the ruins which I heard the Director of the Excavations, Doctor Guido Calza, give.

The name Ostia, "mouth," is the keynote to the character of the ancient town which was the harbor of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber, fifteen miles from the city, but today because of the deposits brought down by the river, you have to go two miles beyond the excavations to find the sea. Much story and history are associated with this little town. Tradition says it was founded by an early King, Ancus Martius, but neither excavations nor records bear this out. There are no remains earlier than the third century before Christ and the first mention of Ostia in history is during the second Punic War. Perhaps there was a little early settlement here for the sake of the saltworks. Ostia was always a colony of Rome and was essential to her as a port for two reasons, for her naval supremacy and for her corn supply. Perhaps the foundation of the colony is to be connected with the appointment of the four quaestors of the fleet in 267 B.C., and the assignment of one of them to Ostia. The importance to Rome of the little colony at the mouth of the river was so great that as early as 207 B.C., the citizens (along with those of Antium) received exemption from military service on condition that they be present constantly as a garrison on their own walls. When, however, in 191 B.C., the Ostians tried to secure also exemption from naval service, this was refused.

Of the many picturesque stories connected with Ostia, the most dramatic is that of the arrival of the

Great Mother. When during the second Punic War, Rome was suffering terrible reverses at the hands of Hannibal, the Cumaeian Sibyl and Apollo directed that the *Magna Mater* (a Phrygian goddess, Rhea, or Cybele) should be brought to Rome. When the sacred black stone symbolizing the Great Mother in due time arrived from Pessinus in Phrygia and a great delegation from Rome, led by her noblest citizen, a Scipio, was waiting on the shore at Ostia to receive the sacred object and carry it to Rome, the boat remained fixed on a sandbar and could not be moved by any amount of human effort. When all were finally in despair over the dreadful omen, Claudia Quinta, a noble matron (some say a Vestal Virgin) whose fair name had been slandered by the gossip of the day, stood forth and prayed to the Great Mother to vindicate her honor and if her life had been pure to follow her to Rome. When Claudia laid her hand on the rope, the ship followed her. A marble altar in the Capitoline Museum in Rome is carved with a picture of this story and to make it clearer, the Magna Mater is represented on the boat not by the black stone, but by a statue. The same story is used by D'Annunzio in one of his most beautiful poems, "*A Roma*," a deeply serious appeal which challenges Rome, the eternal, to be again the seat of the Great Mother, the spiritual salvation of the world.

Ostia herself knew the ravages of war, for she was seized by Marius and given over to plunder by his soldiers, and in 67 B.C. as Cicero tells us, in his speech for the Manilian Law, the fleet was attacked here by Cilician pirates and the ships all destroyed or captured. There was need of a real harbor here for the protection both of the navy and of commerce, for as Strabo says, "alluvial deposits continually brought down by the

Tiber compelled the larger class of vessels to ride at anchor in the open roadstead at great risk." Julius Caesar planned to make an artificial port, but it was Claudius who carried out his design and made a harbor two miles north of Ostia, communicating with the river by an artificial channel. Here large boats could unload into smaller craft or into barges which conveyed their cargo to storehouses. Such an operation is represented on a wall-painting from a tomb at Ostia now in the Vatican library. On the boat which is named the *Isis Geminiana* stand the pilot with an oarlike rudder and the owner with a branch perhaps of laurel. Two porters are walking up a plank carrying bags probably of grain, a third is emptying his bag into a recipient which another man holds, and a fourth sits on the deck beside his bag, which is labelled happily *fecī*, 'I have finished.' The picture is typical of the life of Ostia as the great commercial port of Rome after Claudius' harbor was built. Before that all the largest vessels had to put in at Puteoli, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, just as St. Paul did. Nero put on his coins a representation of the harbor and would have it called not *Portus Claudii* but *Portus Augusti*, so that he might share in the honor of the work, and then Trajan enlarged Claudius' harbor by adding an inner hexagonal basin, and another name, *Portus Traiani*, and now around the two grew up a new town, *Portus Ostiensis*, which increased in importance especially in the time of Constantine when it was given the double defence of religion by being made an Episcopal see and of fortifications by the construction of strong walls and towers. Ostia itself, however, flourished through the Empire under Domitian, Hadrian, Severus, and Aurelian; was indeed largely rebuilt in the second century but eventu-

ally Portus Ostiensis being well fortified gained the advantage over Ostia which gradually decayed. Portus Ostiensis too suffered the vicissitudes of war, was sacked by Alaric, King of the Goths in 409 A.D., by Belisarius in 537 and by the Arabs in the eighth century. Little by little as the life of Rome dwindled in importance, the business of Ostia diminished until finally its value was chiefly as a quarry for rich marbles from the ruins. So ancient Ostia in the eleventh century gave up its treasures for the building of the Cathedral of Pisa and in the fourteenth for the Cathedral of Orvieto.

Something more of the life of the people in the city is learned from the inscriptions found there. Perhaps in the flourishing period of the second and third centuries there was a population of 80,000 persons, not counting the transient guests known to every harbor, and this number was largely composed of persons in the middle and lower classes, the men occupied in commerce and industry, and the slaves. There are records of many guilds: of ship-builders and of carpenters, of boatmen and fishermen, of merchants of wine and oil and grain. There must have been, of course, many innkeepers and tavern-keepers to accommodate the floating population. The city had the usual magistrates of colonies, duumvirs, quaestors, aediles and a council of decurions, and besides its officials, Ostia like all small towns had its great, or shall we say, very rich men—Acilius Glabrio whose name is still cut clear in marble block dedicated to the safety of some Caesar, perhaps Domitian, and the two Lucilii Gamale, whose public benefactions are recorded in two long inscriptions. What a strangely modern sound these lists of public services have! Banquets for the citizens of the towns,

rebuilding of public edifices like the baths, the paving of the roads, subscriptions for repairing the temples, generous contributions to war funds. It was something to be a Lucilius Gamale in Ostia! You can imagine how important such a man was on the occasions when distinguished foreigners landed here en route to Rome, or when an emperor came out to inspect the needs of the harbor, or when the city was visited by the wealthy Romans who owned villas along the Via Ostiense or the shore.

Of such visits we have the most human and delightful records. About 200 A. D. a Christian lawyer of Rome, Minutius Felix, wrote a dialogue called the "Octavius," the scene of which is laid here. Minutius himself and his friend Octavius, both Christians, and Caecilius, a pagan, had decided on a delightful autumn day to go to that very pleasant city Ostia for the sea-bathing and after walking on the sand "at the very threshold of the water" and watching some small boys skipping shells on the waves, they sat down on the rocks, to rest and to argue. And there was much to talk about, for as they were walking, Caecilius had kissed his hand, in reverence, to a statue of the Egyptian god Serapis, and now they must talk over the worship of the old gods and the new Christ, the temple not made with hands, the hope of a resurrection of the body and all "those things which it is easier to feel than to say." It would be worth while to take the dialogue "Octavius" out to Ostia and read it by the surf where the three friends talked until Caecilius was conquered and "saw a great light."

Another famous religious conversation took place at Ostia between St. Augustine and his mother Monica before her death there. It is written in the "Confes-

sions" beginning in Book IX at the tenth chapter. (I use William Watts' translation.)

"The day now approaching that she was to depart this life, it fell out . . . that she and I should stand alone leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden within the house where we now lay, at Ostia by Tiber; where being sequestered from company after the wearisomeness of a long journey, we were recruiting ourselves for a sea voyage. There conferred we hand to hand very sweetly; and forgetting those things which are behind, we reached forth unto those things which are before: we did betwixt ourselves seek at that Present Truth in what manner the eternal life of the saints was to be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man. But yet we panted with the mouth of our heart after those upper streams of thy fountain, the fountain of life; that being besprinkled with it according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery."

It was only five days afterwards that Monica fell into a fever and soon realizing that her end was near, bade her sons bury her there, and when they in their distress longed to have her die not in a strange place, but in her own country that there she might be buried, she reassured them saying: "Lay this body anywhere, let not the care for that disquiet you," just as to certain of her friends she had also given words of comfort, saying "Nothing is far from God." No son could write about his mother more tenderly than does Saint Augustine.

The picture of son and mother standing in the window of the inn "looking into the garden within the house" is a beautiful introduction to a study of the style of the houses in Ostia. They are very different from

the houses at Pompeii in which rooms are grouped about a large central hall, the atrium, and a courtyard surrounded by columns, the peristyle; there are few and very small windows; and there is no complete second story, only in some cases groups of upper rooms with their own staircases. Only one example of this Pompeian type of house has been found at Ostia. Instead the typical house is a large apartment house of several stories, with rooms on each floor around a central courtyard without a colonnade and lighted from it quite as in a modern apartment house. These houses have many separate staircases for the different apartments and upper balconies. Ask for "the house of Diana" near the Temple of Vulcan and see its amazing characteristics: from the outside the shops with large doors opening on the street, the arched supports for the third-story balconies, and the second-story windows, then, inside, the central courtyard with the fountain and the little shrine to Diana on the wall, the staircases, the upper rooms arranged in groups for separate apartments. Then after you have seen it, look up in "Art and Archaeology" for November, 1921, Doctor Calza's article on "The Aesthetics of the Antique City" and see the pictures of reconstructions of houses of this type. As you look at the view of a reconstructed tenement house with its courtyard, you will surely think of St. Augustine and his mother leaning out of a window looking down into the garden. Doctor Calza says that one of the most important contributions that the excavations at Ostia have made to our knowledge of ancient life is this new light thrown on the history of house architecture during the Empire, for here in a city near Rome and undoubtedly imaging it, we have a style of house which has no counterpart in Greece and the

Orient, utterly different from the Pompeian type, and clearly the precursor of the modern house.

As you walk about, going in one house after another, you will come upon all sorts of fascinating details : little twin shrines on either side of entrance hall, remarkable frescoes in one large ground-floor room of two orators facing each other and also of two poets, a fresco decoration in a room of another house architectural in style but with the columns converging towards the bottom and the vases on top of the columns not exactly in the center so that the whole effect is asymmetrical, perhaps to suggest perspective.

There are individual touches in the shops, too, especially in the decorations. In front of one, at the barracks of the fire brigade, in mosaic on the sidewalk is a two-handled goblet and an inscription written in both Greek and Latin saying that Proclus made it. In another tiny shop, the floor mosaic shows again a goblet and around it an inscription with the advice of Fortunatus (perhaps the shop-keeper) : "As long as ye are thirsty, drink from the bowl." Another large shop is most elaborately adorned in marbles of every color, has a marble counter on the street with three shelves and two basins for washing the goblets, against the wall a sort of sideboard effect with shelves above, cupboards below and paintings of food on the wall and a marble hat-rack with bronze hooks hanging on the wall.

We can see also some of the public buildings of the people who went to these delicatessen shops and lived in these houses : the barracks of the fire companies, their baths, the building of the corporations trading with Ostia, and the temples of the gods. Of course all these are in ruin, but the remains are always significant, often beautiful. The barracks of the fire companies show,

scratched on two pilasters by the entrance door, names of firemen and an entire alphabet. Inside is a great courtyard and opposite the entrance a sort of alcove chapel of the imperial family, marble columns across the front, a mosaic pavement representing a sacrificial scene with altar, musicians, and bulls, then at the rear, a raised platform bearing five inscribed altars. The barracks show also a *latrina* or closet with elaborate hygienic arrangements and on the wall an exquisite little marble shrine to revered Fortune.

The street in front of these barracks is a curiosity, for the road with its great paving-stones stands above the mosaic floor of an earlier building, probably baths of the first century after Christ, so that you look down on mosaics symbolizing the provinces of Rome, the triquetra or three legs for Sicily, a head with a wreath of olive-leaves for Spain, a head with an elephant head-dress for Africa and another with a crocodile for Egypt, and beside the provinces are heads of winds and groups of weapons. Very strange is this magnificent floor decoration of a room submerged beneath a roadway of a later level of civilization. So Ostia disappeared, not by one stroke of fate like that which ended Pompeii, but by the gradual ruin, and rebuilding, and desertion of the centuries.

The baths, not these under the street, but those of the later empire, show clearly the arrangement of rooms and palestra, the marble bath tubs, the heating arrangements, but their great glory consists in the superb mosaics covering the floors: in one room Neptune driving a chariot of four hippocamps, in another Amphitrite riding through the ocean on a sea-horse and in a third old Triton blowing his sea-wreathed horn.

The theater is disappointing after a view of the two

at Pompeii, and the ones in Syracuse and Segesta, for the seats are nearly all destroyed and there remains only the front of the stage with some of the sculptural decoration, but its outline is clear and its relation to the building of corporations back of it. This to me is one of the most interesting structures in Ostia. Its great open square, 262 by 262 feet, was surrounded by columns and this colonnade was divided into small rooms for the offices of the corporations which had commercial dealings with the city. Their floor mosaics give their history, for here are inscribed the names of the corporations, accompanied by pictures of ships, lighthouses and dolphins. In a room at the southeastern corner of this building was found the altar, now in the National Museum in Rome, with a relief representing the origins of Rome,—Romulus and Remus, nursed by the wolf, the river-god Tiber, the watching shepherds. In the center of the open area of this building, on a platform seven feet high, was a small temple. The superstructure is gone now, but in place where the hall once was is a seated statue of a goddess, headless, without attributes, called Ceres only because so many of the corporations connected with the building had to do with the grain supply.

In the grassy courtyard other marble statues of toga-clad men stand about as though they were the shades of past Ostians and their presence, the vivid mosaics of seafaring, and the murmur of the stone-pines overhead emphasize a certain mournful quality of disuse which Ostia has for me far more than Pompeii. There people seemed more occupied with the art of living than with the business of existence, and many of the little houses are so full of color on wall, floor and column and so adorned with flowers that it seems as



AT ARICCIA, NEAR LAKE NEMI



A FLOOR MOSAIC IN THE BATHS AT OSTIA



though the owners must have just gone out for a few moments.

To study the temples of Ostia is to study the development of Roman religion, for here the evidence of inscriptions shows that there were dedications to the abstract Roman deities of early times like Fortune and Hope, to the great Greek and Roman gods, Jupiter, Venus, Vulcan, to the Roman emperors, to Oriental gods especially Mithras and Cybele, and finally a Christian basilica. But the best way to study the cults of Ostia is to read the interesting book written by Professor Lily Taylor, for the ruins of the temples that you visit have no labels, indeed many are mere stone foundations, vague outlines of former halls and vestibules and bases of columns. A few have more character. The so-called Temple of Vulcan stands high and magnificent on its lofty platform, three sides of the great walls towering up above its long entrance flight of steps. This ruin of the second century after Christ dominates all Ostia and for this reason probably was attributed to Vulcan, the most important god in a city where, from the docks and the storehouses of grain, there was always danger of fire. More probably this was the *Campidoglio* with the forum in front of it and so perhaps should be assigned to Jupiter, or to the goddess Roma and Augustus.

Equally impressive are the underground chapels sacred to the Phrygian god, Mithras. Enter the large one next "the house of Apuleius" near the Corporation building and try to get its atmosphere. It is a long narrow room with a central passage six feet wide and two benches on either side where the votaries knelt. Opposite the entrance is a cast of the original altarpiece, always found in these Mithrea, a relief represent-

ing the victorious young sun-god slaying the bull which symbolizes the powers of darkness in the world. There is an altar in position. In the pavement near the door is a hole for the blood of victims and near it in mosaic is wrought a knife of sacrifice. There are mystic symbols on floor and benches, semicircles, planets, signs of the zodiac and of all these you may read in Professor Franz Cumont's book on this remarkable worship. On either side of the entrance is a figure of a torch-bearer, one with torch raised, the other with torch lowered, and this too had its meaning for the faithful who came to worship the invincible young warrior-god whose cult the Roman soldiers had brought back from eastern lands.

One of the recent discoveries is a Christian basilica between the granary and the main street, at least this group of rooms, often rebuilt, shows clear traces of the rectangular nave ending in elevated choir and two large apses on the sides forming with the nave a cross so that probably it was finally a Christian building. The most surprising find in the church is a colossal group of Mars and Venus, a group made of Parian marble and a replica of a type of the fifth century before Christ, the Venus resembling the Venus of Milo. These great gods have strangely enough the faces of a Roman emperor and his wife, Commodus and Crispina. The group as it stands under one of the tremendous arches of the National Museum in Rome is so magnificent that it seems to belong to those Baths of Diocletian rather than to Ostia, the port.

Yet as I write those words I realize that I am thinking of the ruined Ostia of today, and not of the live city of the second and third century after Christ. Imagination needs to reconstruct this main street with its

magnificent public buildings, its large block houses, its fountains, its statues; and then try to picture some great fête day, the annual January games in honor of Castor and Pollux, here worshipped as gods of the sea, or the spring festival of the launching of the ship dedicated to Isis, if indeed that beautiful ceremony which Apuleius describes did take place at Ostia as we believe. That account in the eleventh book of Apuleius' *Metamorphoses* is another passage to read after you have seen the *scavi* and are resting at *Ostia mare* by the surf. Walter Pater retells in English Apuleius' narrative:

"At the head of the procession, the master of ceremonies, quietly waving back the assistants, made way for a number of women, scattering perfumes. They were succeeded by a company of musicians, piping and twanging, on instruments the strangest Marius had ever beheld, the notes of a hymn, narrating the first origin of this votive rite to a choir of youths, who marched behind them singing it. The tire-women and other personal attendants of the great goddess came next, bearing the instruments of their ministry, and various articles from the sacred wardrobe, wrought of the most precious material; some of them with long ivory combs, plying their hands in wild yet graceful concert of movement as they went, in devout mimicry of the toilet. Placed in their rear were the mirror-bearers of the goddess, carrying large mirrors of beaten brass or silver, turned in such a way as to reflect to the great body of worshippers who followed, the face of the mysterious image, as it moved on its way, and their faces to it, as though they were in fact advancing to meet the heavenly visitor. They comprehended a multitude of both sexes and of all ages, already initiated into the divine secret, clad in fair linen, the females veiled, the

males with shining tonsures, and every one carrying a *sistrum*—the richer sort of silver, a few very dainty persons of fine gold—rattling the reeds, with a noise like the jargon of innumerable birds and insects awakened from torpor and abroad in the spring sun. Then, borne upon a kind of platform, came the goddess herself, undulating above the heads of the multitude as the bearers walked, in mystic robe embroidered with the moon and stars, bordered gracefully with a fringe of real fruit and flowers, and with a glittering crown upon the head. The train of the procession consisted of the priests in long white vestments, close from head to foot, distributed into various groups, each bearing, exposed aloft, one of the sacred symbols of Isis—the corn-fan, the golden asp, the ivory hand of equity, and among them the votive ship itself, carved and gilt, and adorned bravely with flags flying. Last of all walked the high priest, the people kneeling as he passed to kiss his hand.”

The picture of such a religious pageant helps us to recall the past life of Ostia by the sea and perhaps to reconstruct the great central street, the Decumanus, and repeople it. I have not begun to describe all there is to start imagination: the gates to the city, the monuments along the roads, the bazaars, the mills of grain and oil, the so-called imperial palace, the docks, the many temples, and the most beautiful thing in all Ostia I have not yet mentioned, the colossal statue of Minerva-Victoria, which stands near the principal gate of the city on the main street, a statue made in the first or second century after Christ but a type derived from the fourth century before Christ, the goddess of wisdom in full panoply of armor, but given wings. She stands in the open, her old Piazza grass-covered now,



THE STATUE OF MINERVA-VICTORIA AT OSTIA

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her background the sky and passing clouds, a magnificent and dominant goddess.

Usually people enter Ostia by the Street of Tombs. I would see the street of life, the Decumanus, first and then go back to the Via dei Sepolcri, enter the Porta Romana, and walk up the street of death. On either side tower tall, solemn cypresses. Very touching are the small columbaria with the little niches in which stood the urns containing the ashes of the humble. There are also beautiful fragments of individual monuments, here a Cupid supporting a great heavy garland of fruit, there a marble doorway flanked by fasces, and picturing the four seasons in the guise of small winged folk, Psyche and Cupids. How much is represented here,—the symbols of power, the passing year, the door of death! There is another great tomb on the Via Ostiense whose inscription tells the story of young Lucius Domitius Fabius Hermogenes,—how when the young knight was well started in his career, having been a secretary for the aediles at Rome, decurion at Ostia and flamen of the deified Hadrian, he died when he was holding the office of aedile in Ostia and was given a funeral at the expense of the city and an equestrian statue in the forum, and his father in appreciation of these honors made a large contribution to the city treasury. How little the world changes! Office-holding, municipal service, public recognition, father's pride, then the golden bow broken, the mourners by the tomb, then the mourners dead and buried, and no one to care for the monument until even it is buried by nature herself, and at last the excavator's spade for the sake of the knowledge of antiquity brings to light the half-effaced inscription.

But such mortuary musings do not last long in the

sunlight and the open air and the wind, and I shook them off as I stood on the top of the tower of the Castello, La Rocca, gazing at the view of the ruins by the curving Tiber, the great plain, the sacred island, and the gleaming sea. Then I went down to see the little Museum in the Castle and among the fragments of marble statues, portrait busts and heads of gods, I came upon an exquisite round marble plaque suspended so that I could see both sides, on one a satyr playing the double pipes, on the other a Maenad dancing in joyous ecstasy. That beautiful little *oscillum* took me back to the zest for life which makes every passing day worth while, at Ostia, at Rome, at Poughkeepsie, or at Ulubrae if, as Horace wrote, you have a contented spirit. It was, with his pregnant "I have lived" in my thoughts that I then walked the two miles down the sandy road between the green meadow stretches to the invigorating salt air, the rhythm of the waves, and a plunge in the surf,

VI

ITALIAN CROWDS AND THEIR TEMPER

IN the annual art exhibition in Rome this spring one large canvas represented an Italian crowd. A great group of workers was following two men whose upturned faces had a certain fanatic light. Beside the leaders ran a woman carrying her baby. The title of the picture, "The Strike," suggested that the artist had wished to portray a part of the great industrial movements which are signs of Italy's growth today, but as I studied his portrayal, I felt that he had failed signally. His crowd had no character. They were blindly following leaders who were blind also. They all like sheep had gone astray. Not so pitiful have been the Italian crowds that I have seen. I thought I could do better with such a subject. I resolved to try a picture of Italian crowds and their temper.

Of course, the writer has this great advantage over the artist that he can give like a *cinema* not one scene but scores in succession to produce his effect, and I should be at a loss in painting Italian crowds if I had to select only one: I have been in so many and diverse. I think I will begin with children and churches, for in Italy even the babies are gregarious.

Christmas is so peculiarly the children's season that I was not surprised to find part of Rome surrendered to them. They had almost seized the Campidoglio, for on Sunday, December twenty-sixth, the stairs leading

from the Piazza of the Capitol to Santa Maria in Aracoeli was a veritable rag-fair for the Small. Hundreds of persons, every group with a child or with several, were moving up and down the steps around the stands where all sorts of little toys were being sold: tiny cradles with candy *bambini* in them, little jointed marionette figures dressed in every conceivable costume, miniature sets of dishes, Japanese parasols, noisy squawkers, balloons of all colors. The prices were infinitesimal. "Otto soldi per un bambolone" I heard one hawker shout. But the children happily clutched their little purchases and carried them into the church.

For the scene on the steps of Santa Maria in Aracoeli was only a prelude to the real business of the day, the recitations of the children in the church in immemorial Christmas custom. Inside I found the most marvellous Presepio I saw in Rome, for the life-size figures and beautiful effects of lighting gave an almost unearthly beauty to the scene, where all the hosts of heaven, above shining crescent moon and stars, looked down on the manger, in front of which, surrounded by Mary and Joseph, Saint John and the kings, lambs and doves, stood the wonder-working Bambino. His stiffly-bound little figure was ablaze with the jewels and gold of votive gifts, his head wore an ornate golden crown with which a Pope once rewarded his miracles, but I am sure no present ever pleased him more than the Christmas recitations of the little Italians. Opposite the Presepio on a small, high, wooden platform constructed against a tall gray column the children stood and recited their pieces to the sacred Bambino facing them. They were little tots, from five to ten, I should judge, and naturally greatly excited, their cheeks flushed, their eyes sparkling, but their sweet, high voices were clear and

certain, their many little gestures expressive, their mien most earnest. Only one, very small, made a mistake and had to begin over again amid derisive giggles of naughty little boys below her, but the second time she was word perfect. It was an ordeal, for a large crowd stood listening, not only proud parents, but priests, soldiers, foreigners and also little friends. I saw many a Small One lifted up on father's shoulder to see; and up over the crowd floated luminous pink and blue balloons whose strings were clutched below by tiny hands. It was all a Babies' Day, a remarkable public opportunity for the self-expression of infancy, and the crowd that watched and listened was as happy as you would expect it to be in a nation that adores children.

A church festival that was almost another children's day was the blessing of the lambs at Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura on January twenty-first. The little church was crowded long before the ceremony and as we stood listening to preliminary masses, I noticed how many children were there as well as the long row of young girls in white veils kneeling on the steps of the choir for their first communion. It was fitting, for little Saint Agnes suffered martyrdom at thirteen and because the lamb is a symbol of her infant purity, the two lambs whose wool is to be used to make the archbishop's robe are brought to Saint Agnes' church for benediction. The crowd, children included, was quietly devout in the beauty of the church where many candles, burning in high crystal chandeliers, cast their light on the delicate alabaster statue of the Saint, on the mulberry porphyry of the baldachino columns, on the dull gold of the apse mosaics. But when at last the organ began to play and the choir to sing, the excitement was so intense that, most incongruously, two carabinieri had to make a pas-

sage through the crowd for the two beadles of San Giovanni Laterano who bore in the lambs. The beastes lay in their baskets, very white and good, decked with pink and blue ribbons and flowers, and never lifted their voices at the high altar through the archbishop's long prayer, nor indeed in their difficult recessional when the ardent crowd all tried to pat them and the children, touching them with affectionate hands cried shrilly: "Addio, addio." To me the lambs were no more self-controlled than the children in their quiet devotion, and their loving calls. I was glad that friend of children, Kenneth Grahame, was there, for when I saw, above all the Italians, his magnificent head with white hair and moustache, ruddy out-door coloring, intent blue eyes, and the sudden smile of a young god, I felt that he would understand in what a golden age the Italian children live, amid beauty and spontaneity.

The period of adolescence demands more vivacious self-expression than childhood and it is not strange, in this era of world-strikes and group action, to find the students in Italy banding together in public demonstrations which are as innocent as they are lively. In Rome, at some small crisis they gather in the streets, are peaceably dispersed by the Guardie Regie, dash around winding ways to some more obscure Piazza, sing their songs, begin their speeches, again are scattered. I saw the young Fascisti here one afternoon when they believed that national spirit needed exhilaration marching up the Corso Umberto, singing the Hymn of Mameli, and calling to all patriots to display the Tricolor, and from Palazzi, office windows and shops, men looked out tolerantly and with good-humored response unfurled their flags until the Corso was brilliant with the waving red, white and green. A more typical student agitation

occurred in mid-winter when the students protested against the high price of books, declaring in public meetings, with a surprisingly serious ardor, that many of them could not afford to study. There was some glass-breaking in the large and expensive bookstores and a few arrests, but their own orators with extreme good sense exhorted them to show the self-control which their just cause demanded and not to give occasion to anarchists to laugh in their sleeves and point derisive fingers at the outbreaks of those who pretend to be upholders of education, discipline and law. I was especially interested in finding that again and again the students united for joint expression, achieved free speech, and maintained self-control in action.

Besides these crowds of the Very Young there are crowds of Intellectuals, "High-brows" they would be dubbed in America, who gather in overwhelming numbers for music, for classical plays and—more surprising—for lectures. The crowds of men who assemble for band-concerts in every small city as well as on the Pincio in Rome are not amazing, for such music in the open air always has a popular appeal, but it was surprising to find in mid-summer at Verona the old amphitheater packed to the top with thousands who had come from all over Italy to see grand opera. It was thrilling to be a part of that great Italian audience which under the full moon watched the magnificent spectacle of Boïto's "Mefistofele" so breathlessly and at the end, rising, cheered and applauded so madly, a proud people, sensing all the great past which the building represented, responding to all the beauty of their eternally creative genius.

I was not surprised to find the theater largely attended, for the Italians in every-day life are such facile

and expressive actors that this form of art cannot but be highly developed and hugely enjoyed. A novelty for me was the children's theater, that Teatro dei Piccoli where day after day all winter at five the marionettes entertain an audience of little people with such delightful performances as "Guerin Meschino," "Gian-ni da Parigi," "Venti Mila Leghe sotto il Mare," yes and even with "La Tempestà"! For the Teatro dei Piccoli was not to be outdone by the Argentina or the Valle in producing Shakespeare. My greatest theatrical surprise was to find that more Shakespeare is being given in Rome than in New York,—"Othello," "King Lear," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Romeo and Juliet" among the plays of the winter, and the large audiences which evidently justified the productions were as keenly responsive to both the tragedy and the comedy as they were naturally to such Italian plays as "Il Beffardo," "La Cena delle Beffe" and D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" and "La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio." It was natural that "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" should each be "molto simpatico" to Italian hearts, but the very British and very roisterous Falstaff was as quickly understood by the Italian sensitiveness to personality, however new and strange.

Intellectual curiosity is as much a national trait as it was of the Greeks when St. Paul proclaimed that they always wished to see and hear some new thing. Italian curiosity, however, focuses as much on the old as on the new. A nation that must always have a live wolf on the Campidoglio in memory of Romulus' kindly nurse is one that cherishes traditions and monuments even to the point of desiring knowledge about them. Sunday after Sunday you may see in the Forum a great throng of men, women and children, many poorly

dressed, about some lecturer who is explaining the history of some building. The list of announcements in the papers for such Sunday lectures is long. Then there are also the classical trips in or near Rome made under the auspices of some society. One such *gita* which I attended was conducted by Commendatore Tambroni to Frascati and Tusculum and there fifty people from Rome followed him up the long green road to the Roman theater on the hill to sit in the old seats for an hour's lecture on the history of Tusculum. And this was a group not only of scholars, but of artists and professional men with their wives and daughters. In Commendatore Tambroni's talks in the city, in the Michael Angelo cloisters of the National Museum and on the Passeggiata Archeologica beyond the Arch of Constantine, not only such a nucleus of the Really Interested was present, but the Passing Crowd stopped and stayed, small boys wriggling through the audience to the front for a better view, stray soldiers standing attention, priests foregoing prayers, beggars fringing the outskirts of the crowd, all quietly attentive to accounts of some ancient tombstone, mutilated statue, ruined temple. Both the numbers and the interest in such archaeological talks are indicative of the Italian reverence for the past.

This innate sense of reverence in the race is manifested always in the presence of death, no Italian failing to stop with lifted hat when a funeral passes. Such reverence at times projects itself into action, conspicuously in the after-war organization of the Fascisti, groups of young men who in the name of their five hundred thousand brothers dead in the war have banded to try to make realities out of some of those ideals-in-words for which they fought. Such reverence at other

times acts as an inhibitive force to restrain violence. Last summer in Florence when the industrial agitations were at their height and the workmen had assumed control of the operation of the factories, one of the greatest experiments ever countenanced by a government, in the midst of some street excitement, one of the Carabinieri was accidentally killed in the performance of his duty. I saw his funeral *corteo* pass the beautiful façade of the Cathedral while all Florence, hushed and reverent, stood in silent honor to his martyrdom. American newspapers may proclaim such an episode as his death a sign of revolution. One who lives here considers it remarkable that when Italy is making industrial and social experiments with a rapidity hardly paralleled in the world, although feeling runs high and clashes between factions come, so few lives in proportion to the great numbers involved have been lost, such general balance has been preserved, such crucial experiments have been made.

Watching the great game of politics here this winter, I have been impressed with the fact that in the political life as well as the industrial, the temper of the people is shaping its own future through experiment. The Socialist House of Deputies was in itself a great national experiment, the Socialist majority being elected in an after-war reaction when peace and bread were compelling slogans for votes, and the experiment went on until the astute Minister of the Interior, seeing that the nation (no millennium arriving) was tired of constant obstructionism in Parliament and social agitation in public that incited unbalanced anarchists to violence like that in the Milan theater, dismissed the Camera and called for the elections which diminished the Socialist numbers and united most of the other parties in a

Nationalist block. I saw the temper of the Socialist Camera at an ordinary session, extraordinary enough in my eyes, though most of the speeches were as dull as those of the average college faculty meeting. Academic circles, however, manifest no such freedom of expression as found vent there, for Deputies showed their personal reactions to speeches at the moment, hurled invectives, anathematized and howled together while De Nicola in the chair shook continuously a huge bronze bell that was noisy but ineffective. All this was over a censure just reported by a committee of inquiry on the peculations of a certain Socialist member. From this bedlam the House presently dropped into one of those dull and interminable speeches by which the Socialists were obstructing the proposed increase in the price of bread and though certain Deputies of the Center assured the Honorable Zanardi that all his arguments were already before them in a printed statement which they waved, he went droning on until the house was half emptied. Such a session is no fair representation of all that the Socialists are doing for Italy in getting the principles of syndicalism into the national consciousness and in giving publicity to the cause of the workers, but having promised much and accomplished less, they have seen the pendulum swing back and their power truncated by the practical sense of the populace which is determined somehow to have the work of reconstruction go on. Certainly, however, the Socialists had their day in the Camera and enjoyed the greatest freedom of speech.

I had the good fortune to be present also at the Senate on an occasion that was peculiarly significant. The Senate is a very different looking body from the Camera, for the members are veritably "fathers" of the country appointed for life and nominated by the

king on the basis of long service in the Camera, distinguished work in science or scholarship and distinguished service to the state. One sees hoary heads and well-known faces,—General Badoglio and Admiral Millo, Vita Volterra, mathematician, Rodolfo Lanciani, archaeologist, Marconi, inventor, Sonnino, statesman;—and watching one feels that the Senate of today might be the subject of as dignified an historical painting as Maccari's great representation of it at the time of Cicero and Catiline. The first session I attended was for the discussion of the Treaty of Rapallo, that corollary of the Treaty of Versailles, by which Italy's frontiers have been guaranteed by land to the north, but left inadequate by sea to the east, a compromise measure, as treaties are, to secure a *modus vivendi* during a reconstruction period. All knew that the Treaty had to be signed, for the economic recuperation of Italy, but the bitterness of the day was voiced by the new senator from Zara, Ziliotto, who protested in the name of the Italianità of Dalmatia against the sacrifice of Zara's sister-cities on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. The Senate listened gravely until the orator suddenly launching a tremendous encomium of the hero of Fiume declared that Italy could not make peace against or without Gabriele D'Annunzio. That name of poet-aviator-commander, which still so inflames the hearts of young Italy, fired the bald-headed fathers to a vociferous protest almost equal to those of the Camera, but amidst hisses and cries of "Basta, basta," "Enough," Ziliotto calmly continued his praise of the influence, the independence and the patriotism of "the greatest leader of Italy." The Treaty had to be signed and the terrible "five days of Fiume" at Christmas-time had to be endured by the nation which now is sacrificing even its

most passionate hero-worship to its national life. The temper of the Senate as I saw it then and at other times was a grim, sustained resolution to hold the country to recuperation.

National traits appear also in the great public *feste* of anniversary days. Such a one was September 20, the fiftieth birthday of United Italy. I wished to share all the popular celebrations, so the evening before I went up on the Pincio for the illumination. Two great war search-lights or "reflectors" were being operated by soldiers, and first one made a Milky Way of light above the avenue of trees through which we ascended the hill. Soon they sent golden beams filtering down through trees on fountains as if Zeus were descending to Danaë. Then suddenly they would flash on the city below and evoke St. Peter's dome from the dark. Again in a moment they were off to the sky chasing each other in great white balls, a mystic dance of Luna and Endymion. And all the time the band was playing to their madness and the enraptured crowd was watching quietly, proud of the glory that is Rome. On the morning of September twentieth, I stood in the enormous crowd at the foot of the Campidoglio to see the senators and the deputies go up to hear the speeches in the hall of the Horatii and the Curiatii. The most moving part of the morning was not the gorgeous picture made by tricolor and flag of Rome, floating above the Dioscuri at the top of the steps, or the enthusiasms of the crowd as they cried "Viva il Re" when in a great touring-car the king dashed past, but the sight of the Garibaldini some forty of them, old, old men in scarlet shirts and caps, proudly stumping up the slope of the Capitoline, the heroes of the day for the sake of their youth when

they flung lives and fortunes into the cause of the Thousand.

Such days call out the pride of Italy in her history and show her unity. The spirit of the war, that reunion of all forces in a great, common cause, was again evoked on November fourth, the anniversary of the overwhelming defeat of the Austrians at Vittorio Veneto. For five and a half hours in the Piazza Venezia I watched the celebration, unconscious of bodily fatigue in the contagious exaltation of the crowd's spirit. The ceremony which took place before the Altar of the Country on the Monument of Vittorio Emmanuele was the decoration by the king of the flags that had seen service in the war. The Piazza Venezia was gradually surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, conspicuous among them the black Africans in baggy white trousers, red fezzes and red velvet jackets, and the mounted lancers along the bottom of the Piazza, magnificently sitting their great horses and carrying on the tops of their spears small dark-blue banners. With the striking black, red, white, blue of the Carabinieri and the green-gray of the soldiers, the Piazza was already brilliant before the Grand Corteo arrived. Promptly at nine-thirty the resplendent king's guard rode in, men who seemed giants in black and steel with long horse-hair crests flowing from glistening helmets. There followed the royal carriages, coachmen and footmen in scarlet livery, a guard of honor of army and navy in each carriage, in the first the king who was warmly acclaimed by the people, then Queen Margherita and Queen Elena, the crown prince and the young princesses, but far more than by any royalty was I stirred by General Diaz who walked with Admiral de Revel at the head of "the army with banners."

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After that great commander of Vittorio Veneto flowed a stream of men in green-gray and dark blue, carrying the tricolors, and we realized anew what those youths had endured as we saw not only flags rent to mere streamers, but men carrying them who were mutilated in face and body. Through the crowd at last I caught a glimpse of the great white monument thronged with men in uniform and across the top of the steps, before the statue of Roma, the long rows of the flags awaiting the king's recognition. Above, five aeroplanes were circling. Below, the Piazza was now filled with ranks of soldiers. The thoughts of those who were making the speeches and those who watched were with the dead as much as with the living and, as the mothers of the fallen laid a golden wreath upon the altar of the fatherland, Italy in silent reverence seemed to reconsecrate herself to united effort towards those ideals of liberty, democracy and justice for which she had believed she was fighting.

Such attempts to share the experiences of many an Italian crowd have made me, I believe, participate in their feeling so that I can appraise their temper. I do not forget the old Roman proverb "many men, many minds,"

"*quot homines, tot sententiae,*"

and I know that different groups have different spirits and that another person may receive from them different impressions from mine. For myself, I have found certain group traits recurring so often that they seem to me national. One is a warmth of feeling that makes devoted friends and bitter enemies, that easily strengthens into worship for the church, for a hero, or for a cause so that passionate ardor paints the national life

in Titian's colors. Such feeling, easily ebullient, carries its own perils, but because it seeks and attains the outlet of full self-expression, it is not often surcharged or dangerous. The freedom of speech maintained (not always without struggles) in press, open air meetings, public discussions, Camera and Senate is the greatest guarantee of the nation's sanity, for it proves that restricting fear is absent. The Italians, personally and as a nation, so respect the right to be one's self, that self-expression is tolerated alike for individual and group.

Sensitivity to beauty is another part of the national heritage in a country where from childhood men have the aesthetic senses stimulated by nature and by art. There is a true psychology back of Wordsworth's lines,

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face,"

and the eye as well as the ear drinks unconsciously that magic draught. This aesthetic sense of the Italians is evinced not only in the support of various forms of art, but in the cultivated aspect of their public life from the beautifying of the Roman forum and the Palatine with wealth of roses, oleanders, wistaria, to the smart elegance of the military uniforms and all the brilliant pageantry of national celebrations.

Of course, intermingled with such fine sense of form is the reverence for the past that makes part of the national pride, that historical sense which sees not only the present, but looks before and after. "Italy can afford to wait for justice," a statesman remarked, "for she counts time, not by hours, but by centuries." It is an anomaly that hand in hand with such reverence for

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the past goes an intellectual curiosity about the untried that is making the Italians today such experimenters in national problems that now the workmen may try to operate factories, now forty Fascisti, elected deputies on a vague program and with no party affiliations, may dash into the Arena of public life chanting "Ci siamo noi," "We are here," and attempt, like the knights of the round table, "to right all wrong." Perhaps one reason the Italians are not afraid of experiment or of the new is because they know how deep-rooted and vital are their traditions. Also the lightheartedness that starts many a little song floating up from the streets and that makes even beggars often so gay and the good humor which is part of the reward of living much in the open keep the country sanguine in its worst moments.

Moreover, at times of national crisis that which binds is far stronger than that which sunders. In the war, united Italy was reborn, and the memory of that renaissance today forms the subconscious welding of all factions. When D'Annunzio in his last days in Fiume indignant at the "rinunciatori" in the home government, flung off his war decorations and declared himself an outlaw, one of the humorous papers had a skit representing the conversation of two Deputies in Rome.

"What a pity D'Annunzio has given up his country!"

"Don't worry. If any foreign nation attacks Italy, D'Annunzio will be Italian again."

That patriotism which holds the most volatile is deep-rooted in the common soul. Skirmishes between Communists and Fascisti may keep daily life agitated and hot feeling and free speech may create abroad the mirage of an Italian revolution, but here one sees the fundamental patriotism of the individual Italian and

knows that the reverence for past history and the devotion to a growing state are stronger than the fisticuffs of the hour. When again shall come the call "Brothers of Italy, Italy awakes,"

"Fratelli d'Italia
L'Italia s'è desta,"

together all her sons, shoulder to shoulder in one great crowd, will respond with a single devotion,

"Stringiamci a coorte
Siam pronti alla morte:
Italia chiamò."

VII

TEA-DRINKING IN ROME

THE first lesson that many Americans who come to Rome have to learn of the Eternal City is the art of relaxation. Days in Italy are much longer and much more leisurely than in the United States. You may make the morning what you will, for the light breakfast served in your room with your newspaper takes no time and readjusts you to a new day without the strain of liking your fellow beings before you have had your coffee. After lunch you are forced to take a siesta, for all business is suspended from twelve to three, and if you wish to venture out in the warm sunshine, you will find even the cab-drivers waking reluctantly and nothing except the Museums open to you. Dinner will not be served until eight, so by half-past five it is well to rest again and somewhere find a place for table-talk, that delightful exchange of ideas and confidences which whets personality and makes life more scintillating.

The Italians agree so fully with Emerson's dictum, "the law of one to one is necessary for conversation," that the tea-tables are generally small, but if you must be more social, obliging *camerieri* will accommodate you with extra chairs or combine multiples of tables. The Romans will sip hot black coffee while English or Americans linger over tea-cups, but in hot weather all indulge in the famous and fancy ices of the country,

cassata Siciliana, gelati, caffè granita con panna, spumone. How delicious the very names are!

The mood of any day may be satisfied by a special atmosphere for one's tea hour and a little jaunting about soon tells you where to go for the best food, what types of people you see in different tea-rooms, where you may drink to music, where you may loaf and invite your soul out-doors.

English tea, English muffins, Scotch marmalade and the British you will find at "Miss Babington's" in the Piazza di Spagna. A typical habitué was a dear old Scotchman who always sat in a well-sheltered corner opposite the door and responded to my inquiry for his health with a brisk: "Thank you kindly, I'm in my frail usual." All during the war he had knitted mufflers and socks for Italian soldiers and in his devotion to his second country he had even sold his treasured first edition of Keats for funds to give the blinded, and now often of an afternoon after reading an hour or two in the sacred Keats' rooms over the Spanish steps, he would come to "Miss Babington's" for his tea as do so many of the foreigners who live in sight of Bernini's ship fountain. You can go in Miss Wilson's and Piale's circulating libraries in the square and exchange your books or run into Cook's or the American Express for information about your next trip, or buy Christmas presents of Roman scarves and Roman pearls across the street, or get an armful of fresh flowers for five lire on the steps above the fountain, and then having enjoyed the conveniences of the Piazza di Spagna, sit down in Miss Babington's to read your paper or to talk polite nothings, for here tables are too close for confidences or a free getting acquainted.

"Old England" is another tea center for the English

and Americans, especially in winter when for us chilly folk there are two open wood fires. There is music too after five, the tea-pots do not drip, there are comfortable wicker-chairs for those who loathe sitting up straight and after your shopping in the great department store of which this tea-room makes the top floor, you can relax here, watching stout British matrons read Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography by the fire, or, in the outer circle of tables back of the columns, handsome Italian gentlemen talk to their quietly dressed wives or their loudly bejewelled *innamorate*.

A more purely Italian place is La Tour's in the S. S. Apostoli, the upstairs room, that magnificent baroque salon of the old Palazzo Colonna where crystal chandeliers sparkle and marble statues watch the crowd below. Here about six every day in the week, Sunday included, you will find the room crowded with fashionable Italians. More interesting to me is the historic little Caffè Greco just off the Piazza di Spagna on the Via Condotti. Its long narrow space is divided by partitions and pillars into five small rooms each of which has its own character. In the front one, an hexagonal glass case in the center displays autograph letters from famous habitués and pictures of the Caffè in times past, and on this case presiding jauntily and incongruously over the room stands a bronze statuette of Mark Twain. At one end of the room is a small side-board gay with wine-bottles. Along the sides elderly gentlemen solemnly indulge in chess and checkers. In the next two rooms, the light is artificial and dim, and here journeys are apparently ending in lovers' meetings, for smart officers always seem to be greeting their ladies after long absence. How the art of coquetry can be practised under the quizzical and amused eyes of the

Pan-statue facing them I cannot imagine. The two rear rooms are long and narrow. On the right-hand one under the sky-lights you will find writers dictating to secretaries, men with ruffled hair composing, artists making small pencil sketches, ordinary persons reading the last newspaper. In the other long room there is a billiard table, and, beyond, the bar where a very handsome, dark-haired, dark-eyed youth will show you above his head an oil sketch of a beautiful fair baby boy and laughingly tell you "That is myself" while he points out the artist's inscription:

"A Mario Gubinelli
Ottimo fra i bambini
pessimo fra i modelli."

The rooms are all decorated with oil paintings of Italy and Rome, dark old-fashioned paintings of the Campagna, of Soracte, of Tivoli's water-falls, of the Colosseum, the Arch of Titus and the Palatine, and in among these panels are set medallion relief portraits of famous past habitués, Liszt, Wagner, Thorwaldsen, Gogol. You can see them all if you go early in the afternoon. Be sure not to miss the miniatures painted by the proprietor, Signor Gubinelli, that hang in a case at the farthest end of the Caffè, exquisite, artistic work.

For classical atmosphere instead of artistic, seek the Basilica Ulpia and do not be misled by the name to suppose you are going to worship. A humorous paper in reporting a Sunday conversation laughed at just this chance of error.

"Have you been to church today?"

"Yes, I went to the Basilica Ulpia."

"Oh! Then you certainly were in heaven."

You must understand that the Basilica Ulpia is not a

church at all but a very elegant restaurant built in an apse of the old law-court or basilica in Trajan's Forum. You enter from the Piazza of Trajan's Column and drink your tea under the unadorned imperial walls, and you may descend (especially after dinner for coffee) to a lower room of the same old structure where your feet will freeze on the great flat stones of the original pavement and imperial awe or shivers from walls so ancient create a need for more and more *caffè nero*.

The Basilica Ulpia from its classical heritage might well be a modern center of political life, but you will not find it so. To see the Deputies of Rome, you must go to Aragno's, the great *caffè* on the Corso Umberto, and watch the throngs of politicians that pour over there from Montecitorio, to sip coffee and liqueurs and make the politics of Rome over the cups. Men sit out at the tables on the sidewalk, women pass by on the other side and this is a pity because the Aragno ices are delicious.

Both men and women, however, may enter the "Golden Gate," or on warm days sit out in front of that charming tea-room at the top of the Via Veneto, looking at the great Aurelian wall and under its round arches at the green vistas of the Villa Borghese. Half the Roman world drives by, half sits here drinking to dreamy music and watching the passing show.

One can be even cooler in summer on the Terrace of the *Rinascente*. You step into the store from the confusion and noise of the Corso Umberto, take a rapid elevator to the top of the building and walk out on a wide terrace overhung with trailing green of rose-bushes and wistaria, surrounded with gardenias, and set with wicker chairs and tables covered with gay cloths in blue and white, red and white, yellow and white patterns. The chief attraction is not the "specialty" of the

Rinascente, a marvellous concoction of strawberry ice, fresh wild strawberries and whipped cream, but the views all over Rome, of roof-tops, spires, campanili, of the green Pincian, and the Janiculum. My favorite table is one where I can look down on the column of Marcus Aurelius and the bubbling fountain below it and the busy crowd passing so rapidly and so quietly. Up here one is far from

“the noise and fret and fume of town,”
fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

But the most beautiful and thoroughly Roman spot for tea or for dinner outdoors is the Castello dei Cesari on the Aventine. On your way up, driving or walking, you will go to the Franciscan church of Santa Sabina for its peaceful beauty of gray columns and marble chancel and to the Villa of the Knights of Malta for the glimpse of Saint Peter's through the key-hole at the end of the long green way. Then at sunset time you will arrive at the Castello dei Cesari and taking a hurried look at the busts of the emperors in the great red hall inside, you will seek the terrace for tea with the sunset shedding orange and violet lights on the Palatine's massive imperial ruins and stately cypresses.

At any and all of these places, you may hear, if your ears are attuned to the beautiful Italian language and if you are not talking too rapidly yourself, the chit-chat of the hour. Bits of conversation wafted to your ears show what is in Rome's mind from the eternal newspaper to last night's opera. What is the exchange today? Will the ministry fall? Are England's domestic difficulties greater than Italy's? Who drew the successful number in the Tombola? Is Dina Galli or Emma Grammatica the more artistic actress? Where

is D'Annunzio now? How is it that the ex-Kaiser still owns the Villa Falconieri at Frascati? Who is operating the Fiat works at present? Can the steamship lines continue service to the United States under the new immigration laws?

Suddenly you cease to hear the stray questions of the talk of others and your mind instead of following two lines of thought is absorbed in one as your companion grows more interesting. I shall never forget one talk up at the Castello dei Cesari this spring or what a young Sicilian Lieutenant told me.

It does not matter how we utter strangers came to be there together at tea-time. The stupid details of preliminary introductions I will forego and only state that we had never seen each other before and probably never would again, and that sense of detachment perhaps made him talk more freely to me. The men who have fought say so little about their war experiences that certain stray sentences stick in my mind. Not long before a Captain had remarked to me: "I would never tell you what war at the front was like, but just imagine a river running red with blood, with blood!" An Alpino had emphasized another aspect. "It was different for us up in the mountains," he said. "We didn't have the vermin of the trenches, and when our officers died we covered them with the bright Alpine flowers and buried them in the mountains where the beauty made it a little easier." A few words may say so much, but the young Sicilian officer told me more, in fact a little story, which might be called

"A Bottle of Strega."

"Yes, it is my right arm that is limp, Signorina. It was paralyzed and doesn't work yet, so the doctors sent

me back to Sicily for a rest and now they are going to try electricity on it. I get on very well with my left hand as you see, and I'm here."

He was the picture of life with his high Sicilian coloring, all bronzed and crimson-cheeked, his dark eyes glowing.

"I was up at Monte Grappa. I was there for months and months. It was very dangerous, and little by little life became different. Our minds were all right and we thought about everything, but we did not feel any more. I don't know why it was unless we gradually returned to a kind of wood life like the animals because we were always in danger and our minds were bent just on keeping alive. An officer would be killed, some man with whom I had served two years, who was more to me than a brother and I'd just say 'È morto, poverino,' 'He's dead, poor man!' and there it was! I knew it, but I didn't feel it at all. One night the Colonel told me that the next day we were to take the peak ahead from the Austrians. It was a very dangerous assault and there wasn't much chance of coming back. At such a time I thought of my father and mother and home, but I didn't *feel* anything. That night I had one hundred lire. I said to myself: 'If the Austrians take me prisoner tomorrow, they will get the one hundred lire, and if I am killed, there it is!' So I decided to buy a bottle of Strega and I treated the men and we were sipping it and laughing over it when the old, long-faced Colonel came by and called me.

"How can you go on so to-night?" he said. "Don't you know the danger you are going into tomorrow? I will carry the important papers because I shall be in less peril than you will."

"Well, we finished my bottle of Strega, and the next

day we took the peak. The old Colonel was killed and I only had my right arm hurt and here I am. But it still all seems so strange, Signorina. I often wonder about it and try to think why I was so different, why I felt nothing, and I cannot explain it. I think that my heart was paralyzed then and now it is only my arm, so it is all very well. But I always think about that night when I have a little glass of *Strega* like this."

For me too now the word *Strega* has an association and I never see the golden 'witch' liqueur without remembering that vivid young Sicilian officer, so intensely alive though partly broken, so merry and so sober, so simple and so brave.

VIII

THE ASPIRATIONS OF ITALIAN WOMEN

“**Y**OU are going to write something about the aspirations of Italian women, Signorina? But every Italian woman has one and the same aspiration—husband and home.” This was the declaration made to me only a few days ago by a very intelligent young Italian lady who had taken the degree of letters from the University of Bologna and has now entered on a professional career in America. There was merriment in her eyes, but sincerity in her tone as we went on to discuss the position of women in Italy before and after the war. And her frankness like that of many other Italian women in Italy with whom I have talked helped me to shape these impressions. I call them “impressions” designedly, for on such a subject statistical evidence is naturally not available and daily contact and patient observation must combine for personal conclusions. I had a chance to talk with types of women as different as a peasant living in a straw-hut and the philanthropic daughter of the head of the Ministry. But even after all such exchange of ideas, I feel that my “impressions” are so personal that in the beginning I must emphasize that they are just my own.

When I keep hearing people repeat the truism, “the war has made such a difference in the position of women in Italy,” I wonder if they realize that these new steps towards freedom are only a return to the prestige and

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power which the *matronae Romanae* enjoyed in the Republic and the Empire. There are two illuminating and delightful essays by Frank Frost Abbott in his book "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome," which assemble some of the striking facts about women in public affairs in the time of the Republic and in trades and professions during the early Empire. It is amusing to read how in 195 B. C., the women of Rome were tired of war-time regulations about expensive clothing and joy-rides in their chariots and to secure a repeal of the law passed after the battle of Cannae did some peaceable picketing around the forum, and assailed the doors of certain high officials opposed to them until their opposition was withdrawn. A nobler cause for the feminist movement came in 43 B. C., when before the menace of war with Brutus and Cassius after Caesar's death, the Triumvirs demanded that the richest women evaluate their property and make large contributions to the state. It was then that the women, led by Hortensia, appeared in the forum before the Triumvirs' Tribunal and declared that they would contribute to a war against a foreign enemy, but never to a civil war; and moreover that they should not be asked to pay taxes when they had no share in the government. We do not wonder when we hear of such concerted action of women, that individuals played a great part in politics through political marriages and brilliant salons, or that the hands of a Cornelia, a Clodia, a Julia, an Octavia, a Scribonia, a Servilia, a Fulvia could for a time shape the affairs of the world.

Moreover political prestige was supplemented or perhaps founded on the economic independence which many women achieved by the middle of the first century B. C. For the old strict control which the head of a

house exercised over life and possessions of the family, the *patria potestas*, became virtually a dead letter so that a woman of wealth under the nominal control of husband or guardian held her own property and with it the prestige which possession of wealth gives.

With such new economic freedom of the Roman *matronae*, went along a beginning of aspiration for work, so that we find women attempting to practise medicine and law even when they had to disguise themselves as men or be called "Men-women," securing emotional satisfaction in orgiastic religious rites, expressing themselves occasionally in literature and on the stage, in the mimes, and even entering into the trades and controlling such a large business as that of the making of bricks.

Now through the vicissitudes of the ages it seems that women in Italy have not advanced tremendously beyond the freedom which they held in the late republic and early empire. As for property-owning, now after marriage the husband holds all his wife's property under his own name so that before the law the Italian *matrona* is not economically independent. Moreover, to an observer during a winter in Rome, it did not seem that individual women were playing a part in politics by indirect influence. Of course recently a law has been passed extending the suffrage to women but it is necessary to have another decree before it can become operative, so that as yet the women have not exercised their right or been tested as citizens.

In the professions, there are some women doctors and more nurses, some lawyers and many in office work. Women are finding self-expression by acting in both comedy and tragedy and by singing in grand opera, and there are writers of such distinction as Grazia Deledda,

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Matilde Serao and Ada Negri. But the greatest opportunity for Italian women at present is in the field of education; and in this many are engaged, one even holding a professorship in Law in the University of Rome.

Aspiration is not, however, measured by attainment and in the after-war Italian world perhaps the greatest advance for women is in the forward look. Of course we must remember that in general the progressive women are in the city centers and that in the country districts, especially in the south, there is much general illiteracy, and the position of women is unaltered in attainment or vision. Yet as I visited a village of *capanne* or straw-huts near Monte Circeo and as I watched in different country regions the peasants working in the fields or gathering the olives or working on the vintage, I was impressed by their vigorous healthy bodies and by the way in which men and women shared their work, shoulder to shoulder, and still I hear across the meadows the soft responsive strains of the *stornello*, the song of peasant to peasant made out of their joint labors.

So in the little story I have told under the proverb, "Due cuori, una capanna," I have tried to show the normal happiness of "the sun-burned wife of the industrious Apulian." And for all classes of society in Italy I believe that the family is still the center of the woman's life. At the other end of the social scale from life in the *capanne*, the young women of rank are passing through a transitional period now, for after the new freedom that they gained in war work, many as nurses, they find it difficult to tolerate arranged marriages, or marriages in which husbands may have the old conventional ideas of the woman's sphere being limited by the home. They wish to go on with some of

the lines of work in which they became interested and they wish to see a door of escape open by divorce from marriage which proves disastrous. But the difficulties of a love marriage for the highborn Italian girl are many: she must think of rank and parentage, of religion and convention. And she must realize that whatever the aspiration of thinking Italian women towards greater freedom in matrimony, the Church has planted its foot so firmly against divorce that there cannot now be experiments in the bonds of wedlock.

Some young women of the upper and middle classes are happily and tactfully solving their desires for both homes and for a more active life by continuing after marriage their social service work for the ex-soldiers, for the blind, for the children of dead soldiers or of the poor and for women who need to be taught industrial arts. All the handiwork under the patronage of great ladies from stencilled gowns to the lace-making of Burano has its fine place in economic reconstruction of women's work. The work for the *mutilati* and the tubercular and the blind soldiers is a sacred national duty. But most important of all work for the future to which women can turn their hands is the work for the children.

I talked with a woman doctor, herself glowing with life and the mother of a family, who was the director of an open-air school for children just outside of Milan and saw her photographs of instruction in care of the silk-worm, of the raising of grain, of horticulture, of the care of animals. In Florence, I visited the Dispensary of San Domenico where under an Italian doctor, Italian and American women are working together for better health conditions in a rural district and are sending a visiting nurse out to the homes where there

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is need. In Rome, I talked with Mr. John Gray, treasurer of the Italian-American Committee for Assistance to Children and learned the details of their work in maintaining in country districts those *Asili Infantili* or Kindergarten Schools where little children are looked after and fed during the day while their parents are working in the fields. Only one who has visited the little towns in the Abruzzi Mountains or the Pompentine Marshes can appreciate the conditions in which the Italian babies have to live without such care. In Rome also Donna Enrichetta Chiaraviglio-Giolitti told me of the ideals and work of the Italian "Scuola pratica di assistenza all' Infanzia" on the Via S. Gregorio al Celio. Founded in 1911 the school has maintained from the first the aims of diminishing infant mortality and raising health standards for children by actual care of destitute babies, by clinics for poor mothers and by instruction in the care of infants. At present the work of the Scuola includes a laboratory, a school for instruction in the care of children and in domestic economy, an asylum for children, clinics for mothers and children, visiting of homes. Two special features of interest are the courses for "little Mothers," in which simple instruction in infant hygiene is given to the little girls from the upper classes of the elementary schools so that they can help their mothers at home more intelligently and the courses for visiting nurses and rural school-teachers. When I talked with Donna Chiaraviglio-Giolitti of the work of our Children's Bureau in America, she said to me with tears in her eyes: "We know all that you have done in America for the children, and as yet we are only making a beginning here, but we hope to do much more as time goes on. We know the need."

Working along the same lines is the unique School for Visiting Nurses on the Via Manin in Rome. These organizations I have mentioned are simply illustrations of the sort of work for children that has been started in Italy and a proof of the growing field here opening to women. So conscious indeed are the Italian women themselves of the importance of the children in a nation's life that in the pages of "Il Giornale della Donna" I read a proposition that just as the government demands eighteen months' military service of men, there should be a conscription of all women for education in care of children.

Not only such educational work has developed apace since the war, but there has been a great increase in the numbers of women demanding the best possible education and flocking to the Universities. [Italy may well be proud of the fact that her Universities have never been closed to women and that through all her history, she has thus recognized the intellectual equality of women, while in a democracy like America, we have the peculiar anomaly that the political status of woman as a citizen has been established before her right to the same educational opportunities as men has been demonstrated by the opening to her of all higher institutions of learning.] In Italy in elementary education there are separate schools for girls and boys but after this there are mixed schools for secondary and advanced education. A notable exception to this has been the special college to prepare women for teaching, the "Istituto Superiore di Magistero Femminile." For this a preparation of ten years is necessary (four in the elementary school, three in the *complementare*, three in the *normale*) and the course in the *Magistero* demands four years more. The diploma of these institutions gives

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the right to teach in the *scuole elementari*, *complementari* and *normali*, but preference even here is given to those women who hold the *laurea* (or doctor's degree) from the Universities and the graduates of these *Istituti* may not teach in the *ginnasi* or the *licei* and it is recognized that the work of the *Magistero* is not so advanced as that of the Universities. For these reasons a number of the women with whom I talked think that these special institutions for the separate education of women will not be continued much longer since women more and more prefer to attend the universities. Other women and some men told me that the conservatism of many Italian parents will still prefer to have separate education for their adolescent daughters.

For preparation for the Universities two kinds of training are possible according to the courses to be pursued. To enter the faculties of Law, Philosophy, Belles-Lettres and Medicine in the Universities a candidate must attend a *ginnasio* for five years, a *liceo* for three, and have an education which includes the study of Greek and Latin; to enter the Faculty of Sciences in the Universities and the schools of engineering, a candidate may go to *ginnasio* and *liceo* (with the classical training) or to a *scuola tecnica* for three years and an *istituto tecnico* for four years and omitting the Classics devote more time to modern languages. There is also a well organized commercial course with two secondary schools with terms of three and four years and an advanced course corresponding to university work, and there are industrial schools and schools of agriculture.

It is natural to find more women in the Universities taking the literary course than any other, but some are studying engineering, medicine, and law, and many are working in chemistry, especially in applied chemistry.

It is interesting to learn that in the University of Rome there are several women acting as assistants in physics and chemistry and one woman professor who teaches philosophy of law. Italian women taught in the Universities in the Rinascimento and continue to do so today.

The greatest lack in the education of Italian women today seems to be in physical education. Italian men receive physical training in their period of required military service, but in the system of education there is virtually no account taken of the health side. The majority of Italian schools have no garden even, and there are no study-halls, only recitation rooms, so that space for exercise is lacking. In Rome there were last year three trained nurses working in the schools and the School for Visiting Nurses on the Via Manin, started during the war by the American Red Cross, is planned to promote just such work. Certain industries in Milan and Turin have gymnasiums for women employees and crèches for children, but Rome has done nothing yet along this line, in which a tremendous field of pioneer work lies open to Italian women.

Personally, I am inclined to think that along these lines of work for children and in education lie the greatest satisfactions at present for the aspirations of Italian women. The suffrage is too new and untried an asset to make the political world as yet a great opportunity. In the field of literature, writing is so poorly recompensed and the reading public for Italian books so limited, that rarely can any Italian man or woman make a living by the pen. In the so-called learned professions as in every country the numbers of women are still bound to be comparatively small. But in the field of the care of children and the education of the young,

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Italian women have a great tradition and a great future. America has out-distanced Italy in child hygiene and physical education for women. Italy anticipated America in her national recognition of the fact that "woman having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development." [It is beautifully fitting that in the pioneer American college for women, founded by Matthew Vassar, who wrote these words, a great stained-glass window in the library opposite the entrance door should depict the conferring of the Doctorate by the University of Padua in the seventeenth century upon a distinguished young Venetian woman. As the rays of the setting sun slant through this noble memorial to the Lady Elena Lucrezia Cornaro-Piscopia, may the gay, young American girls passing below from book-shelves to reading-tables lift their eyes to a thought of the beauty of learning and the honor due it, and may they across seas share with the women of Italy one of their immemorial aspirations.

IX

"LA BELLA ZARA"

ACROSS the Adriatic is a tiny city so historic and fair that it is peculiarly precious to the Italian people to have it now a part of Italy. "Zara nostra," "our Zara," the King called it affectionately in the address of the Crown on the opening of Parliament June the twelfth, 1921, "a new lighthouse of civilization and of culture on the other shore of the Adriatic." Now, once more Italian, Zara becomes the goal of a pilgrimage for crusaders who wish to see where lies the heart of new Italy.

I went over in steamer from Ancona, finding that port of sailing a joy in itself through all its fine architecture and picturesque ways: the Cathedral crowning hill high over curved bay, adorned within by ten Corinthian columns from the old Temple of Venus, the Palazzo del Comune with the fifteenth century Adam and Eve sculptured naked and unabashed on the façade, the magnificent Gothic portal of the hospital church of San Francesco and the perfect little cortile of the Prefettura, the Loggia dei Mercanti with a Gothic façade by the same Giorgio da Sebenico who made San Francesco, old narrow stairways, palace doors framing views of bay, picturesque iron lamps hanging at the top of steep, winding streets, the great arch of Trajan on the north pier.

Then there was the sea, a glorious day of it, and the



THE CATHEDRAL AT ANCONA, STRUCK BY AN AUSTRIAN
BOMB THE DAY AFTER WAR WAS DECLARED



THE GATE AT ZARA

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unforgettable beauty of the approach to Zara. For the land which we first sighted dissolved, as we approached, into dozens of islands, gray rocks with a low, sparse, green growth over them, and in among these we coursed towards the green strip of shore backed by distant mountains, mountains so bare, so blue and white, that they seemed at first a cloud-mirage rather than Velebit Alps. Finally there was the tiny, peninsula city, stretching out like Sermione, gem of all almost-island places, into the violet-blue water. Zara is a veritable jewel set in aquamarine and carved in towers and belfries, and one needs the skill of a maker of cameos or a painter of miniatures to picture so exquisite a possession. From my window at the top of the Hotel Bristol, as I looked across the blue canal to the long ridge of the island Ugliano and its high Venetian fortress, then outlined against an orange sunset, I fell in love with Zara.

The history in which the tiny city had a share! Here in northern Dalmatia early Liburnian vikings ruled and ranged the sea as pirates, fought with rival Celts, were involved in struggles between Greeks and Romans, were conquered with the other Illyrians by the Romans and made a province, shared the turmoil of the civil war between Caesar and Pompey, and finally had to be visited in two campaigns by both Agrippa and Octavianus before the Pax Augusta settled on the Adriatic's eastern coast and the first public libraries in Rome were founded from Dalmation spoils. Brunelli's scholarly history of Zara records what part Jader or Zara played in all Dalmatia's history and gives among the illustrations a picture of the beautifully carved stone which honors Augustus as parent of the Roman colony. Zara was involved too in the reorganization of the Illy-

rian province made by Diocletian under the menace of barbarian enemies, but we do not know how much she endured of later devastations from Visigoths, Huns, Ostrogoths and Slavs. The dark curtain lifts from her past with the beginning of her sacred story when martyr's blood flowed and the Archbishop Donatus and the Gonfalone Grisogonus gave her new and individual history. Then for her loveliness the city itself became a martyr like her saints and after a pacific occupation by the Venetians was seized by the Hungarians, was sacked by the French, was tossed back and forth between Venice and Hungary and finally bestowed on Austria.

Out of so turbulent a life such beauty flowered. The ages have left their marks and you will find in the Museum of San Donato even Liburnian tombstones, weapons and jewelry. But the Roman ruins and the Venetian architecture give the town its character. There are fragments of a Roman arch built into the Porta Marina and two superb Roman columns dominate tiny Piazzas. There are pieces of old Roman wall and outside the town on the way to the little Albanian village of Borgo Erizzo a mile distant are traces of Trajan's aqueduct. But the most impressive Roman ruins are those under the Museum of San Donato, the ninth century church which was built above the old Roman forum. The form of the building is unique, round, of two stories, each with six pillars and two ancient columns, but the first floor is the interesting part, for here, when excavations were made down to the Forum pavement, the buried bases of the columns and the lower part of the wall were uncovered and found to be composed of all sorts of fragments of Roman buildings, drums of fluted columns set up on edge, in-

scriptions with fine floral borders. The Museum is rich in Roman ivories and glass and in Venetian material of every sort, all arranged with beautiful care by the thirty years' work of the distinguished Curator, Signor Bersa.

In the city library, Professor Brunelli, the historian of Zara, displayed to me some of its treasures, an early diploma for a Laureate from the University of Padua, richly illuminated, an old French history of Dalmatia illustrated with steel engravings, and a most curious old dictionary written by hand in the eighteenth century with illustrations drawn for each word. It was an interesting psychological study to see what words the writer had listed and what were his pictorial reactions to his words. Some of his pictures which were unconventional he had neatly screened with little blank squares of paper, veils that could be lifted.

The churches of Zara have their treasures which have been sacredly guarded. At San Francesco a genial frate in brown cowl, while he displayed their ten priceless missals, told me the story of a senator who coming to Zara on a visit and seeing the poverty of the Franciscans jokingly asked them why they did not sell their books for American dollars, rebuild their church and live in comfort. The frate told him that after they had saved their treasures from the Austrians during all the years of occupation, they would starve now before they would sell them and the senator replied: "You are right and if need comes, we will protect them for you with our arms." The Franciscans showed me also their touching wooden crucifix of the ninth century and the magnificent carved choir stalls. The Cathedral has nothing more beautiful than those in its rich carving, and marble altar. At San Simeone the four angels were

a delight, those that bear the Reliquary of the Saint at the high altar, so strangely created, two of marble, two wrought at Venice from Turkish cannon.

We kept coming on Venetian joys as we walked about, the Clock Tower, the rare little cortile which had been plastered up in a modern house by the Austrians, but has been restored by the Italians to all the beauty of delicate columns and rounded arches. Then there was the market to see in the Piazza dell' Erbe. Here were crowds of peasants, Morlaks and Slavs, in the picturesque native costumes, the men with tiny round scarlet caps perched on one side of the head, loose jackets with the fronts embroidered in bright wool and adorned with silver filigree buttons, the women with white head kerchiefs bordered with colored tassels, embroidered jackets and aprons, belts covered with silver disks, full skirts, heavy woolen stockings. Many of the people were too poor for such good clothes and wore cheap, dark, cotton garments. One touching little old man in a red cap who had a live hen under each arm, with a few grains of corn in his hands under their beaks to keep them content until they were sold, asked me not to take his picture because his shoes were so tattered. And I had thought only to photograph his affection for his pets.

On one side, women were selling wine and oil, pouring them out of great cans into little flasks. Potatoes, corn, tomatoes and greens were weighed. Some tables were piled high with fruit, grapes, figs, pears, plums; others were as beautiful with flowers, especially single asters, pink, white, lavender. On another side of the Piazza were tables of shoes. Over there was a butcher's shop, the slaughtered sheep dripping in front. Women walked about, carrying country produce in



MARKET-DAY AT ZARA



great baskets on their heads. Others were stuffing purchases into gay woolen bags. Patient little donkeys stood waiting for burdens. Good-natured Italian policemen were arbitrating disputes between sellers and buyers. Back of the surging crowd around the stalls, at one corner of the Piazza towered the antique Corinthian column, a sort of symbol of Rome's protection of these simple contadini whose lives in the barren limestone region of Dalmatia are so undeveloped and so hard.

Little Zara was fortunate in having come to her to reëstablish her Italianità such a man of parts as Vice-Admiral Enrico Millo, the Governor of Dalmatia during the Italian occupation. As I talked with his Excellency, in the Governor's Palace, I felt that in this distinguished and cultured Admiral the best traditions of the old Roman ideals for provincial government were perpetuated. Every aspect of public health, education, religious freedom, freedom of the press, and development of the country made part of his constructive plan for Italian rule. I should like to drink his health again in the sparkling colorless Maraschino liqueur, made at Zara, which he named for me so humorously "aqua americana."

A country excursion from Zara takes you north, walking or in automobile, to the tiny hamlet of Nona, once Roman Aenona, to see the place where most of the Museum's treasures were found and to get an idea of the barrenness of the land as it lies, stony, unshaded under the mighty mountains, pasture ground for stunted herds of sheep and goats, shepherded by stunted children. The beauty of Zara herself is more poignant after such a trip among the poor peasants of the hinterland. With her mountains, her canal, and her islands,

she lies sea-girt, adorned with the beautiful gifts of ancient Rome and of Venice, an Italian jewel, no, better in the King's metaphor, an Italian lighthouse, flashing from Dalmatia to Italy alike at sunset, through the dark, into the dawn.

X

EPIC DAYS

NEVER had I expected in the twentieth century to be plunged into an heroic situation and live in epic days. For many years when I became over-tired with the high pressure of American life and worn with trying to understand the subtleties of surrounding persons trained by conventional society to think one thing in their heart and say another with their lips, I had taken down my Homer and reading aloud the beautiful hexameters had seemed again to hear

"The surge and thunder of the Odyssey,"

had seemed to

*"See the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,"*

and

*"Athwart the sunrise of our western day
The form of great Achilles, high and clear."*

And the sights and sounds of Homeric times had invariably made that heroic life in its close contact with nature, its simple expression of feeling and its ready action seem larger and grander. So it was with such preparation of recurrent mood that I visited Mycenae and Fiume.

Memorable is the twenty-first of April when at dusk a party of Americans came riding down the valley to

Mycenae. In a golden sunset lurid under dark clouds, Mount Arachnaeon's gray ridge had looked high enough for the flashing of the signal to the watchman on the top of Agamemnon's palace which announced that the Trojan war was over. Now in the twilight down all the roads into the valley the flocks of sheep were tinkling home and high over Mycenae's rock between the two gray peaks of Mount Elias and Mount Szara arose a full white moon. Here at the foot of the mountains we were welcomed at the "Hôtel la belle Elene de Menelas," a little two-story, rose-pink house with green shutters set in the shade of feathery pepper-trees, and here our host Demetrius assisted by his two sons, Agamemnon and Oreste, and a charming young daughter with two long brown braids, Helen herself, served us as delicious a dinner as though Mycenae were still rich in gold. The unbelievable event of sleeping there was made more Homeric by our having to divide the tiny hotel into men's quarters and women's quarters, and by Helen spreading the fair purple blankets and coverlets above for some of us in the portico and trying to assist at our ablutions, standing solemnly by basin, holding towel in hand.

Then in the early morning there was the walk up to the Treasury of Atreus and to the old citadel on the hill. Only one who has been there can imagine the sense of splendor that falls as one enters that huge beehive tomb with its perfect dome, or passes through the great gate where the two rampant lions guard the stronghold of the king of men, or stands in the sacred circle of the royal shaft-graves, or views the strength of the Cyclopean city-walls, or peers down into the secret subterranean well which gave water in time of siege, or passes over the stone threshold into the palace

to the central hearth, surrounded by columns, where some Clytemnestra may have sat plotting the death of her returning Victor-Lord. The glamour of the heroic civilization hangs over those stone ruins on the mountain's side and it is very fitting that the only occupants of ancient Mycenae today are the eagles who have built their nests on top of the ramparts above the sheer gorge between the mountain-peaks.

Very remote though real, seemed Mycenae, the city of fourteen hundred years before Christ. Very near, but unreal seemed the city of Fiume which I visited before the occupation of D'Annunzio was over. Or shall I say that Fiume seemed not unreal, but incredible? As I look back at my five October days there and at the five days which two months later ended the epic of the Fiumani, I have still the sense of amazement that in the twentieth century there could have been events so Homeric in character, so unrelated to realities,—an expedition led by a poet, an army of boys worshipping their Commandante, a tiny city defying the world. Though the facts of the history of Fiume are an old story now, feeling still runs so high at the mention of D'Annunzio's name and the issues though believed dead by those far away are still so lively a subject of controversy, that I will not concern myself with them here. Suffice it to say that the tiny town at the head of the Adriatic when it was abandoned by the Hungarians after the great Italian victory at Vittorio Veneto, believed itself in danger of being swallowed up by neighbors, enemies or allies, and unable to maintain its cherished and historic *corpus separatum* and its Italianità. This I say was the belief of the city and the tragic calls which it sent to the outer world caught the ear not of statesmen, or of assembled nations, or of philanthro-

pists, but of a poet fed on that strange mixture of classicism and romanticism which sometimes produces action. Just what was in the complex, subtle mind of the Aviator-Commandante when he adopted the cause of Fiume, no other can declare, but the call of the holocaust city somehow appealed to him as it did later to the writer of these youthful verses:

TO FIUME

"Blockaded, starved and bartered, this fair Maid
Had still maintained her 'body separate'
And stood against her hill inviolate
Her poignard in her hand, but undismayed.

"Now chained to the lone rock, the unfailing streams
Denied her thirst, her plight is desperate.
Yet lift your eyes, Andromeda, and wait!
Lo! In the sky unconquered Perseus gleams."

So Perseus flew down to fair maiden-in-distress, the incredible march of D'Annunzio upon Fiume took place, and from that "night of Ronchi," September the twelfth, 1919, to the terrible "five days" at Christmas time in 1920 which ended the D'Annunzian occupation, the epic days of Fiume lasted.

It was in the midst of the Epic that, in spite of the blockade, the unpopularity of American passports, and the presence of the Bubonic plague, I was given safe conduct into the city and had a chance to see its small, but beautiful personality: the caerulean bay, girt by high hills, the city climbing the rocks, the Frangipani castle guarding the river which gave name to town and legend "Indeficienter," "never failing" to the city's crest, the little bridge across which the Italian regulars



in Susak and D'Annunzio's legionaries in Fiume touched hands, the little harbor divided by a mole into Porto Baross and the inner bay, in short, the diminutive loveliness of all that fed so high a flame. And it was while I was in Fiume, talking day after day to boys of seventeen and eighteen in D'Annunzio's army, that I sensed that their amazing deeds could be fittingly recorded only in Homeric strains. With apologies to certain distinguished translators, let me try to begin in English an Homeric version of an Italian epyllion.¹

Sing, I pray, ye muses who inhabit Olympian dwellings, sing of the march of the Hero, the little man of the winged words, and the winged service, who marshalled a band of youths to seize a beleaguered city. Youngsters they, but valiant, many were sons of the mighty, yea, and perhaps better the sons than the weary and home-staying fathers. Dark was the night and quiet when the silver-tongued orator of the rocky Abruzzi bethought himself of impetuous valor. Suddenly he leapt in his armor from the earth where he stood to his chariot; terribly flashed the words from the poet's lips as he darted. "Italy and Life," he cried, and at the sound joy came upon all the Young-hearted. And as many as the birds that flee from the coming of winter and sudden rain, or as many as the tribes of thronging bees that issue from some hollow rock, ever in fresh procession and fly clustering among the flowers of spring, or as many as the tearless phantoms that flit about the shore of the river of forgetfulness, even so many were the stalwart young heroes who mounted on their chariots or marched in serried ranks after the

¹I have used freely the translations of the "Iliad" by Lang, Leaf and Myers, and of the "Odyssey" by Butcher and Lang.

flying captain, and as they rushed onward, there was heard a strange sound of singing,—“Eia, eia, alalà! To the holocaust city!”

So might the march to Fiume be recorded. And there were other later events as “irregular” that, set down in cold newspaper reports, would be dubbed acts of brigandage or highway robbery, or sentimental twaddle, but which slip strangely into Homeric phraseology. Let us try the seizure of the ship, the taking of the horses, the conversation at the Susak bridge.

Now so long as the legions of the Fiumani still had corn and red wine, they refrained them from seeking for vessels laden with food upon the high seas, for they were fain of life. But when the corn was now all spent, and hunger gnawed at the belly, then secretly in the dark they loosed the hawsers of a decked ship and climbed on board themselves. Then laid they hands on the tackling, and they raised the mast of pine tree and set it in the hole of the cross plank, and made it fast with forestays and hauled up the white sails with twisted ropes of oxhide and gray-eyed Athene sent them a favorable gale, a fresh North wind singing over the wine-dark sea. The wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark wave seethed loudly round the stem of the running ship and she fleeted over the wave accomplishing her path. And right soon before the sun arose and left the lovely mere, they came in sight of another vessel and quickly they spied her cargo, many kine that she bear, fair kine of shambling gait and broad of brow. And the Fiumani quietly hove their curved ship to beside the vessel which carried the cattle and leaping on board more quickly than nimble thought

darts from mind to mind, they began slaying on this side and on that, until the sailors begged them to take the precious cattle, sparing so their lives for to each man his own is precious. And all the company consented thereto, and quietly in the cover of the darkness both the seafaring ships sped back into the harbor for well did their pilots guide them. Then they stayed their well-builded ships in the hollow harbor, and the company went forth from out the ship and deftly got ready supper. Forthwith they drove off the best of the kine, and the Fiumani gathered in throngs on the seashore, rejoicing greatly, for they knew that soon they would satisfy their gnawing hunger.

Now there was need also of horses for the soldiers in the little city, for all their horses had sickened and died and since the city lay on a hillside, there was need of beasts of burden to carry the guns up the hill, and to bear their scanty provisions. So to the Commandante spake a youth of the loud war-cry: "Commandante, my heart and manful spirit urge me to enter a town of the foemen hard by, even of the enemy; but and if some other man will follow with me, more comfort and more courage will there be." Then him again answered the volatile, brilliant commander: "Ah, ye sons of Fiume, how shall I speak my thanks to you! *Volentes*, O willing ones, ye bear in your hearts our motto 'the next thing always.' One for all, all for one, shoulder to shoulder, go forth for the night is waning. Near is the dawn, and the stars have gone onward. If the spirit is for us, who can be against us?"

So spake he, and up started two stalwart young heroes and when they had prayed to San Vito, they went forth on their way, like two lions through the dark night, to find the steeds that were needed. And



quickly they came to the city of the enemy. Now they were slumbering, foredone with toil, but near each man were his steeds. And the Fiumani spied them from afar and spake one to the other: "Here are our men and here are the horses. Come now, put forth thy great strength. Do thou slay the men, and of the horses will I take heed."

And like as a lion cometh on flock without a herdsman, on goats or sheep, and leaps upon them with evil will, so set one Fuman on the enemy and slew the guardians of the horses. Meanwhile his hardy companion loosed the whole-hooved horses and bound them together with thongs and drove them out of the press, smiting them with a green branch since he had no shining whip to smite them. And when they stole secretly out of the crowded press of the enemy, swiftly they sprang upon the steeds and sped to the city of life. And in the palace of the Commandante the sentinel at the door listened and said to himself softly: "Shall I be wrong or speak sooth? for my heart bids me speak. The sound of swift-footed horses strikes upon mine ears. Would to god our two brave soldiers may even instantly be driving the whole-hooved horses from among the enemy." Not yet was his whole word spoken when they came themselves and leaped down to earth, and gladly the others welcomed them with hand-clasping, and with honeyed words. But they lifting their eyes hoped only to hear the praise of the Commandante.

Now Italian regular soldier and legionary Fuman met in the mid-space of the bridge that crossed the river between Fiume and Susak, and there where the strange barrier of a barbed wire kept them asunder, the twain were come nigh in guard duty to each other.



THE FIUMANI ON DUTY AT D'ANNUNZIO'S PALACE



THE FIUME-SUSAK BRIDGE

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To the Italian Regular first spake the Fiuman of the loud war-cry: "Who art thou noble sir, of mortal men? For never have I beheld thee on guard duty ere this, yet now hast thou far outstripped all men in thy hardihood, seeing that thou approachest the poignard of an Ardito."

Then the glorious son of the regular army made answer to him: "Great-hearted Fiuman, why enquirest thou of my generation? Even as are the generations of leaves such are those likewise of heroes. You and I and all our dear comrades tomorrow may be scattered on the earth in the battle. For a bitter order has come and brother is fighting with brother. Know, O Fiuman, that I like you am Italian. I too have sworn an oath, to my King and my country. And you I hear have sworn to make Fiume Italian,—haye pledged your word in blood to your great-hearted Commander."

So said he and straightway answered the youthful Fiuman: "Surely thou art to me a guest-friend of old time, for our fathers both have served the same king, the same country. Yet, O my brother-in-arms, how can we shun each other's spears in the conflict? For you stand on the wrong side of the bridge and I on the other side with Fiume. And here we shall remain." Just then there sounded a terrible breaking of timber, a crashing explosion, thudding things hitting the water, booming from ships in the harbor. Presently all was quiet, but there was no bridge over the river.

So I might go on with the amazing story, but I hope I have written enough to show how easily the episodes of the life in Fiume drop into epic narrative. Whatever your opinion of the abstract "Fiume question," whatever your Anglo-Saxon condemnation of the social



standards of D'Annunzio, I would have challenged any man or woman with red blood to talk with the young legionaries of Fiume and not believe that they, the rank and file, were of the stuff of the heroic age. Their flaming worship of their leader, their passionate belief that they were fighting for the liberty of a little Italian city, their disregard of their impuissance and their sublime faith in the truth of D'Annunzio's motto:

"If the spirit is for us, who can be against us?" led many to fight to the death. Why, anyone who had been to Fiume and seen the legionaries' small numbers, their slight equipment, their isolation, their poverty, knew at once that they could not resist any regular army for a day, but to the last those boys believed in their cause and in their power.

Think of the foolhardy things they did! Now, hearing a rumor that little Zara on the Dalmatian coast might lose her Italian identity in the final treaties manoeuvred by the Allies, they manned a boat, dashed out of the harbor and arrived before Zara to assist the Governor of Dalmatia, were gravely and courteously received by his Excellency, given barracks in Zara, and the freedom of the city as honored guests, and kept there until the end of D'Annunzio's command. Then when in the night the little company first tried to tunnel its way out, then seized a boat in the harbor and were about to start northward, they were of course easily made prisoners.

Or think of the little bands that escaped the blockade of Fiume and seized the tiny, jewel-like islands of Veglia and Arbe, summoned by appeals from the Italians there. And when the end of the life of the legions in Fiume came, and the regular army ordered them to withdraw from Veglia and Arbe, few though they were

and mighty the warships before them, they refused to stir until a command in D'Annunzio's own hand was brought to them and their lives were mercifully spared by the indulgence of the desired letter from their Hero. Then at the beginning of their last fatal "five days," think how on the outskirts of the town the Fiumani put up placards of appeal to the Italian regulars, believing those would disarm the cannon:

"Brothers! If you wish to avoid the great misfortune, do not pass this limit.

"If your leaders blind you, may the God of Italy give you light."

Such simple faith in the possibility of superhuman deeds, such spirit, such dash, such courage, and such dying are the qualities of epic heroes, and seem to belong in an age when the world was younger. Even as I write of them in this after-war time of disillusion and self-seeking normality, I catch my breath and think that those young intellectuals who so ardently dared all for the magic word "Liberty" had their great day. In the height of their adventures, a young Florentine lawyer, just married, said to me nonchalantly after speculating on the industrial and financial crisis of his country: "Oh well! If there is a revolution in Italy, my wife and I will go to live under D'Annunzio's constitution in Fiume!" Such a stronghold of the spirit did the little city seem to many devotees. There will be, however, no revolution in Italy, as all who live there are aware. D'Annunzio is no longer in Fiume. And the epic days of the world are perhaps over.

XI

SPRING IN SICILY AND THE CARRYING OFF OF THE MAID

ISLANDS have always had for me a magic charm. As I have cruised among them along the coast of Maine and the shore of Dalmatia and in the Ionian Sea, often I have wished to stop at some beckoning sea-girt place, sure of latent adventures there. Islands seem more individual than great continents, more full of personality in their isolation, more certain to have had the past that makes romance. Think of the islands that have been the settings for great stories: Cythera whither came Venus born of the foam and blown by the winds; Delos, the wandering, tethered by Zeus's chains to become a stable birthplace for another great deity; Scyros where Achilles, in the garb of a girl was hidden by his war-dreading mother among the daughters of the king until Odysseus discovered him and carried him off to Troy; Lemnos with tragic Philoctetes left alone and sick, to eat his heart and talk to rocks and woods; all the enchanted Homeric isles,—Circe's *Ææa* with the singing of the goddess and the grunting of her victims, Calypso's fair close, the Phaeacian Scheria where exquisite Nausicaä gave the uncouth, shipwrecked Odysseus royal hospitality, rocky Ithaca where faithful Penelope spun and unravelled and waited for her lord, and then other isles of Greece—Lesbos, where burning Sappho lived and sung, or Salamis over against which the king sat on the rocky brow counting by thousands his ships soon to be de-

stroyed. Scores of these famous islands press their claim on memory, and above all rise the Islands of the Blessed with their beautiful mystic Elysium. The stories throw a glamour over geography and make the word 'island' a magician's wand to summon delight.

Some such spell I felt cast over me when I took boat for Sicily in the spring and my mood of eager anticipation was crystallized by lines from a great poem I had been reading, an ode in which Pindar writing for a Syracusan who had won a chariot-race paid high tribute to Sicily and the goddess of the spring:

"Sow then some seed of splendid words in honour of this isle, which Zeus, the lord of Olympus, gave unto Persephone, and bowed his head toward her in sign that this teeming Sicily he would exalt to be the best land in the fruitful earth, with gorgeous crown of citadels. And the son of Kronos gave unto her a people that wooeth mailed war, a people of the horse and of the spear, and knowing well the touch of Olympia's golden olive-leaves" (Nem. 1, Myers' translation).

As the boat from Naples neared Palermo in the early morning and I saw in the light of dawn the shell of gold, that rounded valley girt by mountains, yellow with fruit, in which Palermo lies, I could see why Pindar called Sicily "best land in the fruitful earth." Over the Concha d'Oro towered too one of her great citadels, for the huge rock at the right was the height that Hamilcar Barca held and Pyrrhus stormed, and that hour as I saw Monte Pellegrino all rose, gray and green in the golden haze of early sunshine, I determined that before I left Sicily, I too would scale the height of Ercte.

I felt like Pippa with her one day as I faced only three weeks in Sicily. I wished at the moment that my luggage was a library instead of a portmanteau and

that I was going to live there instead of to travel. Books on Sicily all seemed so bulky and heavy that I could not carry those I had looked over; E. A. Freeman's scholarly histories, Pitre's "Feste Patronali in Sicilia," Paton's "Picturesque Sicily," Louise Caico's "Sicilian Ways and Days," Crawford's "Rulers of the South," Cecilia Waern's "Mediaeval Sicily," H. Festing Jones's "Diversions in Sicily," and the beautifully illustrated "Sicily" of Alberto Pisa and Spencer C. Musson. I was carrying with me a few indispensables, the remarkable 1919 *Guida* of the Touring Club Italiano, Hare's "Sicily," Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand," Thucydides, Pindar, Theocritus and Vergil. I thought that those would serve to lead my feet, refresh my memory, and give me joy.

Memory needs special aid in Sicily. So many civilizations have claimed the island and left their stamp. What an historical pageant the procession of occupants would make! Legendary Cyclopes and Laestrigonians first, then those mysterious early peoples, the Sicanians, the Elymi, and the Sicilians, bearing the long bronze lances now exhibited in the Syracuse Museum, magnificent Greek tyrants, crowned with the laurels of victories in the great athletic contests of Greece, swarthy Phoenician traders, Roman empire-builders, hordes of barbarian Goths, then Byzantine captains, Christian missionaries, Saracen conquerors, Norman kings and Germans, rulers from Provence and from Aragon, English generals and last Garibaldi and the Thousand, marching by in their red shirts. No wonder that after such a history, Sicily is bewildering in the multitudinous and overwhelming impressions she makes. You will see the purest of Greek Doric columns from the fifth century before Christ and the most gorgeous of brilliant

mosaic chapels from the twelfth century after Christ. You will pass from Museum rooms filled with classic sculpture to street-scenes of gay carts decorated with Saracen stories. You may look at the beautiful little coins adorned with four-horse chariots which were struck by Greek tyrants and at the mammoth porphyry sarcophagi where Norman kings were entombed. At noon you may stand alone on the top seats of the Greek theater at Segesta looking off to the sea, and in the evening you may listen to Grand Opera in the Teatro Vittorio Emmanuele of modern Palermo. From the heights of Epipolae you can see how the Greek fort Euryalus protected the great ancient city of Syracuse and from the Gibilrossa Pass you can look down the road by which the Thousand descended to capture Palermo. And in the quiet of the siesta hour you will be reading the Homeric Hymn to Demeter or the chant of the Garibaldini.

Palermo, the first city I visited, had all this bewilderment and fascination. I stayed a week and hardly began to know the city and the treasures near. I will confess at once that I selected the Hôtel des Palmes because it was near the Museum, wishing to get daily a little time with the sculpture from Selinunte, but I found myself very comfortable with a window opening to green palm-trees, delicious food and a most courteous Italian proprietor. I made the mistake of following my usual habit of walking about the city first to get orientated, but Palermo is too large and too much a business city. The Via Maqueda and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele did not please me, nor did the octagonal piazza where they cross, the Quattro Canti, with its heavy baroque façades of Seasons and Holy Maidens interspersed among homely Spanish kings. I found

myself looking in shop windows for bargains in Sicilian drawn work, counting the number of banks I passed and studying Palermitan millinery. So I gave up walking, hailed a small *carrozza* whose horse had a peculiarly high feather waving from the top of his head and whose driver had the richest of Sicilian coloring and directed that I should be taken to the Cathedral, the Palazzo Reale and San Giovanni degli Eremiti.

The Cathedral is as strangely composite as Palermo itself for little is left on the outside of the twelfth century foundation and century after century of additions have made a curious medley with an excrescence of a dome topping it all, but I liked its brown color, its length, its delicate towers and its entrance portal. I understood better the simplicity of the crypt, with its cool granite columns, unadorned walls and early sarcophagi, one that of Walter of the Mill, the English Archbishop who founded the church for William the Good. But the tombs of the Kings are by far the most impressive part of the Cathedral, those great porphyry sarcophagi where lie five great monarchs and two queens. Such magnificent sepulchres ought to insure repose yet in 1781 the sarcophagi were opened and you may see now in the treasure room of the Cathedral the precious objects taken from them,—the jewelled crown of Constance of Aragon, a bit of the rich robe of Henry VI, and a magnificent Spanish pallium. Verily after death divinity does not hedge a king.

From the tomb of Roger II I went to two of the beautiful creations of his reign, the Cappella Palatina in the Palazzo Reale and San Giovanni degli Eremiti. No room ever seemed to me more gorgeous than the Cappella Palatina, but in its Arab-Norman style, it is Oriental and remote from me, not so much in the lines

of nave and aisles and pointed arches and cupola, but in the blaze of color of the golden mosaics and their rich splendor. It is not a room in which I could pray. It made me excited and eager to study the mosaic pictures that caught my fancy,—Jacob's ladder, Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark, Abraham wrestling with the angel, all the stories of my childhood wrought on gold. A room as perfect and more sympathetic to me is the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, where golden light filters through alabaster windows on mosaics of a dark blue ground instead of gold.

These older mosaic pictures on blue like those of S. Prassede in Rome appeal to me more, yet, when I think of St. Mark's in Venice and its subdued golden harmony, I am not sure. The larger interior seems better suited to such magnificence or perhaps one's mood determines one's taste. In Palermo, I know I found more satisfaction in Roger's other beautiful structure, San Giovanni degli Eremiti. It may have been because I wanted air and sunlight and was so content to look at two rose-red domes under pointed arches of a little cloister where a trailing rose flung its saffron blossoms over a stone well. A black cat rolled happily in the sunshine though she was tied by a cruel rope. The Custode's grave, thirteen-year-old son explained that the *gatta* if allowed to roam at will, ate lizards, and this food made her very ill so she could not have her freedom. Alas! When I returned to Palermo three months later, *la gatta* had broken loose, eaten her prey and died, and two black and white offspring, who had inherited their mother's tastes, were languishing resignedly at the ends of their chains in the exquisite fourteenth century cloisters while the lizards darted safely by. Even in a garden as beautiful

as Eden life may have its cares and the Custode had his rheumatism and the Son his English exercise to write for school and the cats their cords, but my sympathy for them all could not darken my joy there in golden fruit of lemon and orange trees, peach-trees in pink blossom, trailing white roses and ground covered with freesia, mignonette and violets.

After such a morning I chose to loaf and invite my soul through a long siesta time, then later went to the Piazza Marina and walked out under the Porta Felice, the great sixteenth century gate, to the sea, a pleasant place in which to dream if Palermo gave one time. I started to dream about how the high car of S. Rosalia must have looked as on her *festa* it passed through the Porta Felice left open at the top for it, but my feet were aquiver to be off and soon I was investigating famous inns in this old quarter and finding with delight the beautiful Renaissance portal of Santa Maria della Catena, the tiny church named from the chain which once, it is said, was fastened here to close the mouth of the harbor. Tea in the English tea-room in the Piazza Marina gave refreshment with a look over the Giardino Garibaldi and then later a chance of seeing the treasures of the gift-shop,—ancient Byzantine ikons, Assisi embroidery, book-racks made of parts of painted carts, conversation-beads of flame-colored amber.

I have no intention of chronicling stupidly all my itineraries or all my teas, but perhaps a few of my first experiences will speed the introduction of others to Palermo. Another morning I went over to the Piazza Bellini to see La Martorana and San Cataldo. Incidentally on the way I was lured into the church of Santa Catarina on the Piazza Pretoria to see Jonah. Santa Catarina is so magnificently baroque that one

gasps for breath in the oppression of such heavy gorgeousness, takes a hurried look at Antonello Gagini's statue of the saint, and then finds on the first pilaster at the right the joyful Jonah story, the capsized ship, the floundering prophet, the gaping whale, all wrought in high relief and brilliant color. Such use of baroque bordering on the humorous treatment of the sacred seems to me the most pleasing, for beauty I have not yet seen in that style of decoration in spite of the fact that a delightful young architect tried to educate me to it during one whole half day in southern Greece. I remember as we walked up the flowery hills towards Messene's old stronghold how eloquently he maintained that the baroque style which had made most of the great palaces in Rome and the villas near must be judged by its best and not its worst and in the light of the truth that it had saved for us the Renaissance.

I admit my narrowness of architectural sympathy and confess that La Martorana's beauty was sadly marred for me by the baroque additions and the gaudy little chapel opening out of the apse, with its priceless lapis lazuli altar. One has to hunt in La Martorana for the original lines of the building and the few old mosaics remaining, but one mosaic picture in the vestibule is worth a morning's stay,—the severe spiritual Christ in his simple robes, crowning Roger the gorgeously apparelled little earthly monarch. There is a delightful mosaic of the nativity also, two happy animals peering into the manger, the Child ready for his bath, but with golden aura about his head, the saint pouring a tentative hand into tub to test heat of water. How naïve and blithe are some of these early Christian pictures! The most beautiful architectural part of the church now is the delicate campanile and I stood looking at

it long before entering S. Cataldo. This little Norman church has been restored to all its original beauty of line. Three rose domes, pointed windows, an Arabic inscription for a frieze, rectangular plan, it shows without; within three apses, six ancient columns, the old mosaic floor giving the only color and under the cool severity of unadorned walls, the lovely old marble altar carved with the symbols of the evangelists about the Lamb.

It is wiser to see La Martorana, S. Cataldo and the Palatine Chapel before going out to the perfection of Monreale. Tram 9 from the Piazza Bologni takes you up and up for an hour or more, past hedges of gray-green cactus and scarlet geraniums over the Conca d'Oro to the lovely height where Monreale's cathedral flowers. One needs a day to begin to enjoy this most perfect Norman monument in all Sicily, and after that day, one will return. What is the charm? Partly the natural beauty of the setting on the hill over the golden plain and the sea; partly the proportions of the structure outside and in,—the basilica with three apses, the Byzantine sanctuary, the great rectangular cloister; partly the joy of the mosaics which paint on the walls all the story of the life of Christ; and the sculptured capitals of the columns from some of which pagan Ceres and Proserpina look out; partly the varied fascination of the cloister's carvings and the delight of hunting for such personal touches as the capital whereon William II the Founder offers the Duomo to the Madonna, or that other where a Roman marble-cutter inscribed his own name. Then you may climb about the roof for one view after another of the adorable island, and you may sit in the cloister listening to the water falling from the

exquisite column of the fountain, and all day you drink deep of beauty until you are fairly weary of your senses.

Then it is time to go down the hill and relax in café or tea-room and here I have a merry warning: remember if you are making engagements that there are three cafés called Cafisch. I shall never forget how a distinguished English lady and I in an attempt to have tea together "at Cafisch's" chased each other from one place to another like kittens in a circle until I finally sat down at one on the Via Maqueda, ordered cakes and cups and let her catch up with me.

You will wish to go out to Cefalù soon after seeing Monreale for the sake of comparisons and new impressions of mosaic decoration from the great cathedral there. We had a great disappointment on entering the Duomo, for the apse was entirely hidden from view by a network of wooden scaffolding that had been erected for the restoration of the famous mosaics. My spirits sagged until I conceived the idea of this being a great opportunity for studying the technique of the mosaics at close range and was able to convince a reluctant priest that I was steady of head and foot. Then guided by a little lame Custode with large gold rings in his ears, I ascended shaky ladders and walked around six unsteady stories of scaffolding. It was absorbingly interesting to see the details of these Greek-Byzantine mosaics and in spite of my nearness to them, I was greatly impressed by their simplicity and dignity, the remote face of the ascetic Christ, the gentle Madonna in mauve, the angels of the six folded wings, the glorious company of the Apostles. Here I seemed to sense real religious feeling, and the effect on me was like that of the Russian church music.

Later with a small-boy guide I climbed to the top of

the gray promontory on which ancient Cephaloedium stood and saw on the crest of the hill the most remarkable prehistoric ruin,—temple or tomb or private house, Phoenician, Sikel, or Pelasgic, who knows? But there it stands, high, broken wall gray on the green hill, its lower part of magnificent polygonal blocks and in them a huge entrance door with sculptured portal, leading into vestibule from which two other similar doors open. Here is that familiar motif of drama which might be called "the mystery of the door," for the magnificent door in polygonal wall stands unexplained, compelling study and conjecture.

I have left what meant most to me in Palermo until the last, yet there was nothing to which I went so often as the Museum, for in the peculiarly beautiful setting of the old monastery with its two courtyards green with palms, ivy, and papyrus under the fountain are assembled great treasures. I did not have time to get any idea of the Saracenic art from the Arabian Room, nor much feeling for Sicilian painting from the pinacoteca although I went upstairs twice to see the famous Flemish triptych with its exquisite miniature fineness. I often walked about the well-arranged rooms of the Greek vases and the room of the bronzes where are the little Pompeian group of Hercules and the stag and the amazingly lifelike ram which once lay over the great entrance door of Castello Maniace in Syracuse. The mosaic room too demanded a classical glance at the great floor picture of Orpheus charming the animals, but the room where I sat for many a half hour was the room of the sculpture from Selinunte. It was a disappointment that I could not get to the site of Selinunte itself to see the chaotic ruins from which these great reliefs came, yet I knew the best of Selinunte to-

day was here. The fascination of the hall is the chance to study the development of decorative relief sculpture from such primitive work as the grotesque Hercules killing the Gorgon and stiff, timid Europa riding her bull to the four fifth century metopes where rectangular spaces are filled with such varied and beautiful compositions. As I sat before them, I became absorbed in studying details of technique, the red paint still visible on Athena's robe in the Medusa metope, the attempts at foreshortening in the primitive quadriga group, and the varied arrangement of two figures in the later metopes and the way in which the heads, hands and feet of the female figures are made of a finely worked, white marble, very different from the porous stone of the rest of the reliefs. The art of Greek sculpture seems to be developing before one's eyes in that room; and leads one's thoughts to the next stage, the final triumph of Attic art on the Parthenon.

I did not leave Palermo without fulfilling the vow I made on my approach,—to ascend Monte Pellegrino. Hamilcar Barca was in my mind, the great Carthaginian commander of the first Punic war with Rome, fought so largely on Sicilian soil, and I kept thinking of Sir Roger Casement's sonnet to the "Eagle of Eryx,"

"Thou that didst mark from Hercle's spacious hill
The Roman spears, like mist, uprise each morn,
Yet held, with Hesper's shining point of scorn,
Thy sword unsheathed above Panormus still."

But when I climbed old Hercle I found that the mountain brow is given over to the memory of a Christian saint instead of a Punic conqueror. From the sea, ships entering the harbor see the colossal statue of

Santa Rosalia on the northeast side of the mountain, but the sacred cave where this niece of the Norman King, William Second, was metamorphosed from noble maid to hermit lies on the back side of Monte Pellegrino and the ascent is long for the pilgrims, especially on rainy days like the one on which I walked up. Yet I saw a very heavy, lame woman painfully walking back down the slippery road and a young father and mother laboriously pulling a carriage containing a tiny crying child. So efficacious is believed to be a visit to the shrine. The cave where Santa Rosalia lived and died has been transformed into a little chapel and here service is held three times a day, the priest told me, near the beautiful recumbent marble statue of the young saint, clad in stiff golden robe and crowned with gold. A little Museum full of magnificent gold and silver votive offerings testifies to the devotion of pilgrims who believe they have been healed here.

I kept thinking of the miracles of religion and of war as I walked down the mountain, and almost equally strange seemed the freshness of the path worn by pilgrim feet, and the boldness of the venture by which Pyrrhus once stormed this bare gray limestone ridge. Then I forgot all history, as stopping in a rocky pasture, overgrown with sparse low cedar and golden genestra, I saw the silver-gray, misty-green view of the harbor encircled by Cape Zaffarano, and at the edge of the Conca d'Oro the low red city of Palermo on the shining bay.

Even a pilgrim may have tea and I found the Villa Igiae very conveniently near the base of the mountain and in its flowery garden above the ships riding at anchor I planned how on my next visit I should go to Selinunte, Segesta and Solunto. Segesta only have I

yet achieved and that shall be the end of my Sicilian story.

I had hardly found spring in Sicily in my city life in Palermo so the long day on the train from Palermo to Taormina was joyful in giving me a sight of the country. It was a rainy day, of mists and clouds and leaden sea, but through its grayness the gold fruit of the lemon groves shone all along the northern and the eastern shores. The north of the island seemed very fertile, an irrigated country of vegetable gardens, olive orchards, peach trees all abloom in deep rose, high hedges of prickly pear or pink geraniums. At my left was the sea, on my right green wooded heights, row after row, cloud-wrapped, and in the valleys between them the dry, pebbly beds of torrents. I read history as the train stopped at one station after another. Here at Terminii-Imerese are the hot springs which a nymph showed Hercules for his refreshment on his trip with Geryon's cattle, but I saw from the train no *bagni*, their modern successors. Neither could I see any trace of Himera, home of the poet Stesichorus, and site of the terrible revenge that Hannibal, son of Gisco, took here for the death of his grandfather,—the destruction of the town and the sacrifice of three thousand citizens to his grandfather's shade. Soon I saw again picturesque Cefalù, a warm, brown city stretching out on a point into the sea, the golden brown cathedral with its two towers rising high above the houses, and on the great towering mountain above, the proud prehistoric ruin. Later the Lipari islands rose, dim-blue silhouettes from a silver ocean, only a remote line for the home of Aeolus, god of the winds, but looming nearer "close to the Sicanian coast and Aeolian Lipare, a lofty island, with smoking rocks," where is heard a mighty anvil chorus on the

forges of the Cyclopes, "the home of Vulcan and the land by name Vulcania" (*Aen.* 8, 415-22). Then all the afternoon there were tunnels, tunnels, tunnels as we ran under the mountains that descend close to the sea. Perhaps the intermittent view of hills and water seemed more picturesque in their sudden beauty after the dark.

Milazzo's long slender promontory brought to mind together Agrippa who won the battle of Naulochus off the coast and Garibaldi's advance. Finally there was one long tunnel and we came out upon Messina, lying low in her curved sickle line by the sea between two ridges of hills, all her houses looking very new, from the rebuilding after the earthquake. As the train rounded one ridge and ran out into the town, I saw the shore of Calabria across and realized that I was facing Scylla and Charybdis tamely and safely from the land.

Here at Messina one changes to the train for the south and presently we were passing through more fragrant lemon-groves, and by pebbly torrent beds, and along green hills, and always on the left was beating the sea. It was dark when we reached Taormina and I saw nothing as we drove up, up, up to the city on the rock, but I was out early the next morning and had an hour alone in the most beautiful ruin I had ever seen. I say this in retrospect, for I was bitterly disappointed in the theater when I entered it in the orchestra: it seemed so small, insignificant, colorless. I felt the mistake of my position and went at once up the stairs at the left to the very top and there had a view that held me for an hour. I realized as I lingered that the ruin is probably more beautiful than the original theater, for the back of the stage, broken as it now is, frames a view with stiff cypresses in the foreground,

then far below the turquoise sea, and the white surf, and beyond in the distance Mount Etna's snow-capped peak. All this magic setting intensifies the color of the ruin, the dull red of old bricks, the gray of the Corinthian columns of the *scena*. My eyes wandered off to the craggy hills over the town, Mola with its Castello, Monte Venere, Monte Ziretto, and then I turned to the north and had another sea view, the coast to Cape Alessio and its fort and across the water Calabria's long point. All my precious hour I heard the surf below and against its music now and then the song of a blackbird.

When other *forestieri* began to arrive, I descended to explore every part of the theater, trying to trace Hellenistic structure and Roman additions. Back of the *scena* part of the Greek wall remains, massive marble blocks, and some marble columns are embedded in the later Roman brick-work. Details to notice are the niches for statues back of the gray columns of the *scena*, the reservoirs for water under the stage, the entrance doors to stage and to orchestra, the excavated seats cut in the native rock, the large room at the left of the stage as one enters the orchestra. There is a tiny one-room Museum above the theater but there is not much of interest, architectural fragments found in the theater, a headless torso of an ephebus, Hellenistic work, a Roman sarcophagus with a Bacchic scene. I enjoyed more the genial Custode who while he sold me a coin of Tauromenium told me that the reason why the *stemma* of the city is the minotaur is because the first colonists thought that the three hills back of the city had the shape of a bull-man.

All the rest of the day I roamed about the little town, looking for its Roman and its mediaeval treasures.

The one central street, the Corso Umberto, is not long from the Porta Messina to the Torre Mediaevale so one can be leisurely. I hunted up the Palazzo Corvaia with the picturesque entrance gateway, court-yard and staircase with the delicious fourteenth century reliefs of the Creation, the fig-tree, Eve spinning and Adam delving, the Odeon, a little Roman theater, half excavated, the Duomo with one beauty, its entrance portal, the diverting fountain where various beasties spout water, and atop sits the Minotaur crudely restored as a maiden queen or saint, crowned, San Domenico's lovely cloister where the convent bell now summons not monks but hotel guests to dinner, the Badia Vecchia, a ruined Gothic tower with exquisitely delicate pointed windows traced against the sky, the chiesa del Carmine with its nice Latin couplet over the door:

Ingredimur veluti portam nos virgo sacelli
Te porta caelos ingrediamur ita.

“As we enter the door of your shrine, maiden,
so by you as a door may we enter heaven.”

I do not wonder that Taormina is a haunt of artists for besides the beauties of site and theater, there are many picturesque street scenes: a group of old men sitting in the Piazza weaving chair bottoms; a woman in a green skirt, lavender apron, pink waist and yellow kerchief, leading her goat; a gray stone archway with a mass of orange-honeysuckle above and under it an old wrinkled crone with a red kerchief over her head. But much as my eye was caught by all this, I had the feeling that there were too many picture postcards in little shop windows to make these effects unsophisticated. Taormina is too full of English-speaking artists and tourists to let it keep a real simplicity that would

befit its rock. Yet its charm and its accessibility make exploitation almost unavoidable and I with the other Anglo-Saxons long to return for the blooming of the almond blossoms and for the flush of dawn on Etna's white face.

Theocritus and Ovid, the Odyssey and the Aeneid are the proper companions for the train between Taormina and Syracuse for they best tell the stories of the Cyclops which haunt this shore. The tale of the uncouth Polyphemus in love with the delicate nymph, Galatea, you will find in two charming idyls (Theoc. 6 and 11) and then as you near Acireale you may read in Ovid (Met. 13, 750-897) how here Acis, the young lover of Galatea was transformed into a stream that he might escape the jealous vengeance of his giant rival. Near Aci Castello you will see off shore the Rocks of the Cyclops, those great missiles which the blinded Polyphemus hurled after Ulysses when he escaped him so craftily, and in the ninth book of the Odyssey and the third of the Aeneid you may read the story of Polyphemus in anger. Then as you near the end of the four hours' train-ride, you will forget the Cyclops' Idyls and Epics for Pindar's greeting to Siracusa.

"O resting-place of Alpheos, Ortygia, scion of famous Syracuse, thou that art a couch of Artemis and a sister of Delos, from thee goeth forth a song of sweet words" (Nem. 1, 1 sq.).

Taormina is superlatively charming, Siracusa is superlatively splendid. Yet something of the exquisite haunts too this historic harbor where so much of ancient history was made, and it is well to begin a stay in Ortygia, that fourth of the ancient city which is now modern Syracuse, with a visit to the spring of Arethusa

and a thought of the story culled from Vergil, Ovid and Shelley,—how amorous river-god Alpheus pursued shy nymph Arethusa through Greece even under the sea to this island and when she at last was transformed into a spring, here their waters mingled in happiness. The Syracusans with the Italian sense of beauty have made the fountain of Arethusa, in the very heart of the city, a lovely thing. The great, clear, bubbling pool lies deep below the city streets surrounded with high ivy-covered walls. Feathery papyrus grows thick in half of it through which white ducks swim in and out, and through the clear water pearly-gray fish dart. It is the head of Arethusa surrounded by dolphins that graces many of the beautiful coins of Syracuse, those artistic monuments, miniature but magnificent, of her splendor.

To study the coins of Syracuse is to study her history, for one great Greek tyrant after another struck pieces of money to commemorate his power and his victories. Here is the silver Damareteion struck by Gelo after his defeat of the Carthaginians in 480. For the victory of Hiero I over the Etruscans at Cumae we should see the famous inscribed votive helmet in the British Museum. This Hiero is one of the monarchs who proved that peace has her victories no less renowned than war by gathering to his court the great literary geniuses of his time, Aeschylus, Pindar, Simonides, Bacchylides. The defeat of the Athenians in 413 B. C. is signalized by another great silver medallion with a suit of Athenian armor under the victorious quadriga. Timoleon's altruistic restoration of the free life of the city 343 is symbolized in a coin bearing the head of Zeus the Liberator. Pyrrhus' victories over Sicily 278-5 B. C. produced a gold coin with the head

of Athena on the obverse and a victory on the reverse. We know the face of Theocritus' patron, Hiero II, from his coin-portrait; we know too the likeness of his wife Philistis, whose name is carved on the theater. Another coin gives us the profile of Hieronymus who by allying himself with the Carthaginians, brought on the Romans' siege of Syracuse and Marcellus' victory. Then the glorious days of the city were over and it was the prey of the vandalism of a Verres and of the conquests of Byzantines, Arabs and Normans.

All this tremendous history is recorded in great monuments and one needs days to visit Ortygia, Neapolis, Epipolae and Achradina. I began with Ortygia and after visiting Arethusa hunted next the ruins of the so-called "Temple of Diana," more probably of a Temple of Apollo as a dedicatory inscription carved on the stylobate shows. When I wished to enter the iron gate which barred my study here, a small girl of about ten informed me that she was the Custode and as proof for my incredulity produced a huge key and maintained a pompous air of oversight during my investigations. Yet she allowed two playmates to set out tiny doll's furniture and play house-keeping on the marble steps while I looked at the two mighty Doric columns remaining from this most archaic of Doric temples on the island.

Next I sought the temple of Athena. Never was Doric more strangely metamorphosed than here into this baroque Duomo. Zosimus, the bishop of the seventh century after Christ was the one who embedded the magnificent old columns in the church walls where his own resplendent portrait now hangs. Athena has given way to a silver Santa Lucia who does not scorn wearing a beautiful Greek cameo upon her bosom, and to the

loveliest of girlish madonnas by Gagini who stands timidly under the tremendous Doric columns near the font, which is an ancient vase of marble. The Duomo in spite of all changes retains something of the magnificence of the temple which Cicero celebrated, and is a hall where one feels the worship of centuries.

The Museum of Syracuse is a delight both in its wealth of treasures and in the excellent arrangement of them made by the care of Professor Orsi, the Director. It is due to his scholarship that here may be studied the prehellenic antiquities which reveal four periods of the hitherto little known Sicilian civilization. Here too are well-arranged collections of pottery, terra-cottas, and coins, architectural fragments from the old temple of Athena and part of a great red altar that stood before it. Then there are magnificent terra-cotta sarcophagi from Gela, of the sixth and fifth centuries, with the inside beautifully decorated in relief and color, one with exquisite little Ionic columns in the four corners. The halls of sculpture aroused that wild desire for possession which comes over me when I see the perfection of small works of ancient art. Intellectually I disapprove severely of private ownership of any great works of art; aesthetically I covet beautiful little statues, and here the small ones were marvels: a little niche relief of a seated Cybele, two small reliefs of horsemen, and above all, a marble statuette of Hercules with even the exquisite head perfect. This appealed to me more than did the magnificent bust of Zeus or Poseidon. Of course, the most famous statue here is the Venus Landolina and she is very beautiful, but no goddess at all though posed in the conventional Anadyomene way, just a very individual woman, tall, long-waisted, broad-hipped, two dimples at the base of



THE TRANSFORMED TEMPLE OF ATHENA AT SYRACUSE





her back, tiny hollow at the base of her throat, and long slender fingers on one exquisite remaining hand.

Another afternoon I drove to see the sights of Neapolis: theater, street of tombs, Ear of Dionysius, amphitheater and altar. Leave the theater till last for the sunset there and disregarding chronology go first to the great Roman amphitheater of Augustus' time. The building seemed as large as the Colosseum as I looked down into it but it is far from that though larger than those of Pola and Pompeii and only a little smaller than Verona's. It is very beautiful, for the arena is carpeted with emerald grass and overgrown with flowers so that I carried away a great bunch of nameless darlings in pink, purple, white, yellow, as well as some dear familiars like white clover, mignonette and a sprig of spearmint. The plan is much like that of the Colosseum, but it is a sunken bowl and one looks down into it all, seeing it first from above. There is a great entrance passage and portal, and opposite that another gate to the city, a little side door too for the carrying away of the dead. In the center is a cistern, in which end two canals, perhaps to be used in flooding the arena for naumachiae, around the arena a parapet and underneath a crypto-corridor with doors on the arena for the entrance of men and animals. The whole ruin is most impressive and so is the "altar of Hieron II," near. The great platform up to which three steps lead is clearly large enough for the sacrifice of four hundred and fifty bulls offered to Zeus the Liberator who had freed Syracuse from the tyranny of Thrasybulus. Opposite the altar is the Latomia del Paradiso, an immense quarry over a hundred feet high, curiously named when one thinks of the slavery of labor which must have gone on there. The collapse of the

rock-roof makes it a great cavity with only one tall, rock-pillar standing and over these fallen rocks and walls and floors run riot masses of trailing green vines and bright flowers. The most interesting part is the grotto called "the ear of Dionysius" because of the tradition that at the little aperture at the top Dionysius could hear even the whispers of his captives imprisoned there. Its curving shape makes it a megaphone so that the low words of the Custode reverberated in the depths, and his blow on the iron lock of the door was increased to the noise of artillery. As quarry and prison, the Latomia del Paradiso has its horror and I was glad to go on to see the Nymphaeum and its water-course back of the theater and the street of tombs with the huge wagon-ruts in the road and the rock-hewn chambers on either side. Then I went to the theater and sat down on the upper seats for the great view over the city, the plain and the harbor. The theater itself is one of the largest of the Greek world and once had sixty-one tiers of seats though now only the forty-six lower remain. They are cut in the rock of the hill, divided by two *praecinctiones* around the wider of which runs a rock-wall with inscriptions of the names of Hiero II, his queen Philistis, Nereide, daughter of Pyrrhus and wife of Gelo II, and Olympian Jupiter, names apparently used to mark the different sections of seats. I could not see the ancient stage, for workmen were busy preparing the setting for a performance of Aeschylus' "Choephoroi," putting up a small temple and Agamemnon's tomb, but I sat long with thoughts of the great ancients whom those seats had held, Aeschylus, Pindar, Aristippus and Plato; and of how Timoleon, old and blind, spoke here to his

fellow-citizens; and how here perhaps was given the *Persians* of Aeschylus after the victory of Himera.

Another great day at Syracuse took me to Epipolae and Achradina with Thucydides. The Sicilian expedition is almost too terrible a narrative to read upon the scene of its enactment, the horror becomes so manifest. Yet on "that long high ridge back of the city," I had new thoughts of the significance of the facts. Perhaps it was because it was spring and Persephone returning to the upper air had brought with her a wealth of yellow daisies and white thistles that starred the hill-side and the sense of her recurrent power made me muse on the part that Alcibiades' travesty of the Ceres-Proserpina mysteries played in his recall. A certain terrible divine nemesis seemed to have pursued his countrymen for his imputed sacrilege. More than that, not only did the tragic drama of the expedition seem to have worked to its logical religious conclusion, but here on the ridge overlooking all the magnificent plain which ancient Syracuse occupied, I asked myself what right greater nations like Athens and Sparta had to make this coast the battleground of their ambitions. On Epipolae, the sympathy which had always gone before to the Athenians shifted in the balance.

That was the effect of the scene,—not of the Greek historian. Even without the great fort Euryalus, this height commanded the plain and from it one can see why the Athenians rushed to take it and one can trace the lines of the walls and counter walls which they and the Syracusans built. Below too lies the harbor with the projecting-points within which the ships of the second Athenian expedition were imprisoned by the chain of their enemy's vessels. And there back inland must have begun the sad retreat of the defeated army

which was to end in capture. Thucydides' narrative is too poignant for rehashing.

Well, Syracuse with the help of Sparta, saved her independence and learned wisdom about her own defense for the next wars, and when the struggle with Carthage came, Dionysius was ready with this magnificent fortress of Euryalus which today crowns the old hill of Epipolae. The walls converging here he built also in an amazingly short space of time, 30 stadia of them in 20 days by the use of 60,000 men and 6,000 pairs of oxen. The Fort of Euryalus is an amazing example of the strength of a Greek fortress. The Custode took me all over it with careful explanations so that I saw the three fossae, the piles of masonry on which the drawbridge over the third rested, the towers which supported the catapults, the staircase cut in the rock for exit towards the city and how it was protected by windows for archers opposite its entrance, the complicated system of corridors and galleries, some with trap-doors for speedy exit, the courtyard for the cavalry, the rings to which to tie the horses, the four underground storerooms. The position and the strength of the walls even now make the Castello seem impregnable.

I was glad to get absorbed in the Italian Custode's technical descriptions of methods of defense to relieve for a while the tragedy of the Athenians, but worse moments came on my drive back when I went to the Latomia dei Cappuccini, the quarry-prison of the seven thousand captive Athenians. The ravishing beauty of the garden at the bottom of those sheer stone walls did not lessen the horror of Thucydides' story (Thuc. VII, 37, Crawley's translation). "The prisoners in the quarries were at first hardly treated by the Syracusans. Crowded in a narrow hole, without any roof to cover

them, the heat of the sun and the stifling closeness of the air tormented them during the day, and then the nights, which came on autumnal and chilly, made them ill by the violence of the change; besides, as they had to do everything in the same place for want of room, and the bodies of those who died of their wounds or from the variation in the temperature, or from similar causes, were left heaped together one upon another, intolerable stenches arose; while hunger and thirst never ceased to afflict them, each man during eight months having only half a pint of water and a pint of corn given him daily. In short, no single suffering to be apprehended by men thrust into such a place was spared them. For some seventy days they thus lived all together, after which all, except the Athenians and any Siceliots or Italiots who had joined in the expedition, were sold." The Athenians were left there for six months longer. Then those who survived were sold as slaves or put to work in the public prisons. Tradition says that a few gained their freedom by reciting to the aesthetic Syracusans the plays of Euripides, and of this story Browning has made a great poem in "Balauston's Adventure."

In the quarries, my sympathy went back to the Athenians and I would have been most terribly depressed in the midst of the fragrance of the flowers and the singing of the birds had it not been for a very sprightly Custode. Italian-like he could not bear the menace of tears and, a Sicilian, perhaps he did not wish me moved by the fate of an enemy. In any case, he first attempted to divert me by a most idyllic description of the love-making of nightingales with imitations of the bird-notes and then he tried a story, his own innocuous version of the rape of the Sabine women. "You are going to

Greece, Signorina? I should like to go there because I hear the Greek women are the most beautiful in the world. Oh! Yes! Of course, some Italian women are handsome, at least in Rome. That is because the Roman women are descended from the early Sabines. Rome had no women at first and at a *festa* the Romans said to the Sabine men: 'Go away, go away. Your mother and your sister shall remain here.' And the Romans were much larger and stronger than the Sabines so the Sabines had to run away leaving their handsome female-relatives for the Romans. So whenever you see a very beautiful woman in Rome, Signorina, you know she is descended from the early Sabines!" The Custode appeared much pleased with his success when he saw me smiling. Perhaps he did help restore my judgment, for I said severely to my emotion: "Such brutalities as this quarry-prison are the remnants of barbarism that war evokes. Think of the conduct of the Athenians at Melos." Yet I was glad to leave the beauty of the Latomia and I would never stay in the Villa Politi near its haunting gloom.

As I had begun my days at Syracuse under the auspices of the water-nymph Arethusa, I had hoped to finish them with a visit to another, and to see Cyane's famous pool, but I had to postpone the trip up the Anapus through the feathery papyrus. I should like to see the place where the nymph boldly rose from the water and with waving arms tried to stop Pluto in his carrying off of Persephone. I was thinking much of that Sicilian story on the long day's journey from Syracuse to Girgenti, perhaps because the train passed near the vale of Enna and Castrogiovanni's long ridge. I had decided not to stop, for there are no traces of the temples of Demeter and Persephone, and sulphur mines

have laid waste the flowery meads, yet, perversely when we passed the station, I was disappointed not to alight and ascend the hill for the magnificent view from this *umbilicus* of Sicily and for a sight of Lake Pergusa where Proserpina one day was gathering flowers when in a moment Pluto saw her, fell in love and carried her away. But it was not only Castrogiovanni-Enna that reminded me of Demeter and Persephone. I was leaving Syracuse, a city where many men like Hiero had done "honour to Demeter whose footsteps make red the corn, and to the feast of her daughter with white steeds" (Pindar, Olym. 6) and I was going to Girgenti, "lover of splendour, most beautiful among the cities of men, haunt of Persephone, who by the banks of Akragas' stream that nourisheth the flocks, inhabitest a citadel builded pleasantly" (Pindar Pyth. 12). I opened my Theocritus and read bit after bit about the goddesses: the shepherd's prayer to Demeter of the threshing-flour: "Ah, once again may I plant the great fan on her corn-heap, while she stands smiling by, with sheaves and poppies in her hands" (Idyl 7, Andrew Lang's translation); the Lityerxes song of the reapers, beginning: "Demeter, rich in fruit, and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win, and fruitful exceedingly!"; and then the prayer that Hiero may drive the Carthaginians from Sicily a passage most Sicilian: "O thou Maiden that with the Mother dost possess the great burg of the rich Ephyreans, by the water of Lusimeleia, would that dire necessity may drive our foemen from the isle, along the Sardinian wave, to tell the doom of their friends to children and to wives—messengers easy to number out of so many warriors! But as for our cities may they again be held by their ancient masters—all the cities that hostile hands have utterly spoiled.

May our people till the flowering fields, and may thousands of sheep unnumbered fatten 'mid the herbage, and bleat along the plain, while the kine as they come in droves to the stalls warn the belated traveller to hasten on his way. May the fallows be broken for the seed-time, while the cicala, watching the shepherds as they toil in the sun, in the shade of the trees doth sing on the topmost sprays. May spiders weave their delicate webs over martial gear, may none any more so much as name the cry of onset!" (Idyl 16.) Once more I took out of my hand-bag a new treasure, a silver coin with the head of Persephone on it, and all the postcards I had found of representations of Demeter and Persephone in art. It was the familiar relief of Demeter, Triptolemus and Persephone in the Athens Museum that started my mind to Eleusis near Athens and to the mysteries that went on there in the great temple. From the little that is known of them we can understand their appeal and their comfort, for the great nature myth of Demeter and Persephone, which grew out of the succession of the seasons, the return of the spring after winter's gloom, came to have a larger significance of the immortality for which man craves, and the mysteries seem to have presented to the votaries a blessed assurance of life continuing. I never shall forget my day at Eleusis and how as I sat on the steps in the ruins of the great temple I pictured the ceremonies connected with the shrine: the procession out from Athens along the Sacred Way, and the baptism in the pools, the night of mourning for the lost Persephone, the day of joy over her return, then the sacred drama of the story and the mystic words of explanation uttered by the hierophant. It was not only the road on which I had walked as far as Daphni that seemed to me sacred, but

all the stones of the great temple and the sculpture from it in the little Museum above. And as if to make a memorable day more significant I witnessed in the town a modern Carrying Off of the Maid.

The drama was set in front of a little house painted sky-blue, with a huge pink geranium flowering over the door. A group of maidens in holiday dress, white kerchiefs draped around dark faces, stood at the right in the shade of another house, eagerly waiting. Soon we heard the sound of music and three men playing guitars and mandolins strolled down the road ahead of a mule which drew a long wagon, a sort of hay-rick, painted like the house, light-blue. The mule too was decorated with silk handkerchiefs pendant from his ears, topped by little bouquets of pink flowers. The cart stopped in front of the house and then the ceremony began for out of the house was borne by young girls all the equipment for a bridal bed, each article held sacredly aloft on upstretched arms: first four square pillows with elegant covers of linen and lace, two over blue silk, two over pink; then two long bolsters also thus elegantly decked; next linen sheets, woven wool blankets in brilliant colors, and spreads of white and old rose. Meanwhile a huge chest of drawers and a great trunk were laden on the cart and then the Maid (I knew her at once for Persephone) herself got in and with her husband, blue-eyed and blind, and the help of three of his war-mates, two sailors and a soldier, arranged all her beautiful bedding on the cart, and saw it tied securely with the pillows atop. Persephone was in spring yellow, a saffron-colored silk slip over full skirt of pale gold; her stiff outer jacket was black embroidered in silver daisies, and over her head was a tiny creamy scarf, bordered with fine old lace. Under it her eyes

shone very dark, her hair very black, her olive-skin very pale. Strangely, it seemed to me, her mother was there helping her, but it was surely Demeter for she was all in corn color and russet and gold. When the ceremony of the cart-loading was finished, the procession started down the road, the musicians ahead playing, a sailor leading the mule, all the townspeople escorting the cart, the husband following and last of all, just behind her girl-friends, on foot on the dusty highway, walked little, slim Persephone turning back one wistful, friendly smile to me as she was carried off to her new home.

The old grandparents who stayed by the little blue house, now invited me in, for the old man spoke a little English, having been in Chicago many years before. So there in a bare room where the only decorations were two long white candles, white bridal wreath and veil on the table, I was gravely given candy and mastika and drank the health of Persephone, praying that Pluto might be kind. Then the old grandfather told me that her real name was Sophia Moira 'Wisdom' and 'Destiny'! It was as if for me the Hierophant had spoken the sacred words that explained the drama of spring and of love and of the modern carrying off of the maid.

Now I must return to Girgenti. The trip from my hotel in Syracuse to the Hôtel des Temples lasted from 9:45 A. M. to 11:45 P. M. although I was on a through train, and perhaps the length of that journey was the reason why in my one day I never ascended the Rupe Atenea or visited the modern town, even though I did wish to see the Roman sarcophagus decorated with the Phaedra-Hippolytus story. I think I must confess though that what really kept me away from the city was the intoxicating beauty of the country. I had break-



THE PREHISTORIC RUIN AT CEFALU



ELEUSIS—THE CARRYING OFF OF THE MAID



fast and tea in the hotel's terraced garden under pepper and mimosa trees, by a wall festooned with saffron roses, and amid beds of calla lilies and white stock, orange wall-flowers, freesia, crimson anemones, pink-tipped daisies, snapdragons, nasturtiums and geraniums and roses of all colors. From the midst of this wealth of flowers I looked down and across to a green ridge crowned with two golden Doric temples and beyond to the shining blue sea. Sitting in that loveliness I thought again of Pindar's apostrophe to Acragas—"lover of splendour, most beautiful among the cities of men."

So intoxicated by beauty I went off for a day alone with Doric temples. A foot-path winds down from the hotel garden to the Church of S. Nicola, and after entering it to see a curious marble font and some quaint little votive paintings, I found in the garden back of the church the "Oratorio of Phalaris," a characterless little ruin which had nothing but the name to suggest the cruel sixth century tyrant and the brazen bull in which he roasted human sacrifices. More attractive is the fragment near of a beautiful rounding section of carved marble cornice above a brown wall. A vigorous little old woman, with the nicest weather-beaten face showed me these ruins and while her eight-year-old grand-daughter picked lavender blossoms for me, she told me about her son lost in the war, "non mai trovato, vivo o morto."

Then I went to the wonder of the temples. The facts about them are so fully given in the Touring Club Guida that I jotted down only little details and my emotions. (You remember the story of the little girl who wished to have in her diary two pages for each day, one for events and the other for "Feelin's"?)

The Temple of Zeus, once the largest Greek temple of antiquity, seems at first an inchoate mass of huge ruins, then becomes sublime from the great dimensions, from the size of one capital lying in two great fragments, and from the Caryatid giant prostrate in the center of the whole as though he were the fallen Titan—Spirit of the building. A courteous old Custode showed me a book of architects' drawings of plan and possible restorations (with the giants inside the nave, supporting the roof) but more—he voiced in eloquent Italian the greatness of the Greek genius that conceived the building, the labor of the Carthaginian prisoners who built and the pity of the vast destruction.

The Temple of Castor and Pollux was especially beautiful to me because for years I had lived with a photograph of it in my study and now I was face to face with the original, a golden corner of four columns and architrave, exquisite from every point. I was sorry to learn that the corner had been set up, reconstructed from the pile of ruin, for that fact made it somehow less real, and yet I rejoiced inconsistently that it stood there, so perfect amid the olive trees. I sat a long time with it looking at the traces of white stucco on the columns and the rich color of the steps all black and white with a yellow incrustation.

When I went on, a horribly ragged and unkempt woman enticed me to pass by her miserable home and through a ploughed field under olive-trees to look down into the vast basin of the *piscina* and across to the two columns that mark the site of the Temple of Hephaestus. I did not take the long walk to that ruin or to the so-called "Tomb of Theron" which I saw below in the plain though I would have gone had I believed the high, heavy structure to be the tomb of the great tyrant who

with Gelon's aid defeated the Carthaginians in the battle of Himera and gave his city such new power that Pindar called him "the pillar of Acragas." In the Temple of Heracles I photographed the one standing column and while tracing the plans thought of Cicero's dramatic story of how Verres' men when they tried to carry off the statue of the god were indignantly repulsed by the Acragantini.

The dusty road led me now to the Temple of Concord, but wishing to have its most perfect beauty last after one deep draught of the joy of it I went on to the Temple of Hera Lacinia. The site is the most magnificent of all, more isolated and high on the ridge than Concord's and its more utter ruin makes its golden columns a frame for pictures of the Temple of Concord against green hills above turquoise sea and of modern Girgenti on the hillside below the Rupe Atenea. The temple is massive in length and height, yet delicate because in its ruin it is so open to sunshine and wide vistas. The color is a deep ochre. Everywhere little flowers were growing in the crevices, candytuft, dandelions, star of Bethlehem, and the whole hillside under the olives was covered with such a wealth of starry blossoms that again I thought of rapt Persephone and how it was no wonder that gathering Sicilian flowers, she was easily stolen.

Going back towards the Temple of Concord, I decided to eat my lunch facing the view of it, so camped on a bed of fragrant white clover, in hot sunshine and cool sea-breeze. It is a more perfect Doric wonder than anything I have seen except at Paestum and more magnificently placed. The perfection of it made me reverent so that when I entered later I felt like kneeling in spite of a talkative little old vendor of post-cards on

the front steps. The Christians had altered and metamorphosed it into the church of S. Gregorio delle Rape (so unpoetic!) and traces of their work are visible in rounded arches cut through cella wall, but I could not be bitter since undoubtedly it had been saved by the Saint of the Turnips from being carried off block by block to build the port of Empedocles. I went up one of the old winding stairways in the wall to the superb view at the top, then walked over the cella and the colonnade before dropping down between two columns just to sit a while facing the sea and here I thought of all the history of the city: its tyrants, bad and good, its sixty years of democratic government, its famous philosopher Empedocles, its strict neutrality during the Athenian expedition, the terrible sack by the Carthaginians, Timoleon's restoration, its fate of capture and recapture in the first Punic War and its final prosperity under the Romans. The crowning beauty of the day came when I had climbed the hill to the hotel-garden, for suddenly a rainbow arched over the green ridge with the temples to the blue sea.

And now for the last day in Sicily which I wish to record. Sometimes I think that day in Segesta was the best of all the spring. I went out from Palermo (having returned from Girgenti in a six hour trip in a through train) and it had taken courage to start at five-thirty in a pouring rain alone. But the adventurous spirit finds its own reward and mine was a day of brilliant sunshine, blowing clouds and marvellous effects of light and shade. One leaves the train at Segesta station, takes auto-bus to a bridge below the old Acropolis, then walks or rides a donkey, getting back for the return bus at the bridge at one. I chose to walk in spite of deep mud that sucked my rubbers off and so much

water in the Scamander that I had to ford the tiny stream on the Custode's horse, but even in spite of his horror I insisted then on having the day to myself.

Of old Egesta there is nothing left but a Doric temple and a Greek theater, but that 'nothing' is much: so marvellously are these ruins placed on the mountains. The temple lies gold in a circle of a green hill, and is lovelier and lovelier as one gets nearer views. It has a certain lightness of aspect though Doric from never having been finished, is a mere shell without a cella, four sides and pediments, the columns unfluted, the great stone steps still showing projections used to tie ropes for hauling the blocks in place. Close at hand the color of the travertine shows a variation from rich ochre at the top to gray at the bottom. The interior was peculiarly beautiful, all carpeted with green turf, across which slanted long shadows of the columns and between the columns were framed glorious views of the mountains round about and of the Acropolis hill!

That old Acropolis ridge lies opposite the hill of the temple and the theater is on the very top, built with a high retaining wall though the hillside too was utilized for the cavea. What views there are from the top of the seats! The bowl of the theater itself as I looked down seemed small with very steep sides and the orchestra's arc nearly a circle. There ahead to the north I saw between two promontories the blue sea at Castellamare, at the right a hillside of red-brown ploughed fields, to the west the green hill with the golden temple and beyond a dim suggestion of Monte San Giuliano, old Eryx, to the south a hint of Calatafimi.

Here on the highest seats of the theater, I reviewed the story of Segesta, first of all the Aeneid coming to my mind. If I had had a yacht, I would have rounded

the island as Aeneas did. You may remember his ship's course from Ortygia to the harbor of Drepanum (*Aen.* 3, 692-708), and how coming down from a high hill-top Acestes, born of a Trojan mother to the river-god, Crinus, welcomed the strangers with rustic wealth. Near this shore Anchises died; here a year later the funeral games were celebrated in his memory; and here when the weary women had burned part of the ships, Aeneas left with Acestes part of his followers to found a city called from his name Acesta (*Aen.* 5).

So the Romans in later days proudly claimed the Trojan origin for the Segestans, but another tradition spoke of the prehistoric Elymi as the original inhabitants. Whatever their origin, the Egestans early and long were rivals of their neighbors, the Selinuntines, and their appeal to the Athenians for aid against them caused the fateful Sicilian expedition. After its failure Egesta looked to Carthage for aid and found it, but remained for many years a dependent of its new protector. Next it sought an ally in Agathocles of Syracuse but was destroyed by his treachery when he was a guest, and had to be repopulated. During the first Punic War it was on the side of the Romans who changed its name to Segesta since the connection of Egesta with poverty seemed a bad omen. Scipio Africanus restored to it the bronze statue of Diana which had been removed to Carthage, but later the corrupt Verres carried it off again.

A rather weak and unheroic history, these struggles of Egesta, I thought as I sat there in the theater, perhaps such as to justify the tradition of the founding from the faint hearts of Aeneas' gallant band, "those who have grown weary of thy great emprise and of thy fortunes" Nautes bade him leave, "the old men full

of years and sea-worn matrons, and all of thy company who are weak and fearful of peril, and grant that the wearied find their city in this land" (Aen. 5, 712-717, Fairclough's translation). But such romantic judgment was stayed by the visible beauty of the Segestans' monuments that have survived them and which attest achievement in art, whatever their political dependencies and struggles. Then by one of the mind's kaleidoscopic turns, I suddenly left Trojan legend and ancient history and thought how Garibaldi and the Thousand won their first great Sicilian victory storming the hills of Calatafimi near, and how on the next day after that terrible fighting "many of the Thousand tired as they were with battle," Freeman records, "went three miles out of their way into the wilderness" to admire the lovely temple of Segesta on the hillside. In the face of such Italian reverence for beauty, I too was ready to honor the Segestans for their monuments.

It was springtime at Segesta again as it was when Garibaldi passed. The Acropolis hill was covered with thousands of orange marigolds under the fennel's feathery green leaves. A lark was singing in the air. I took one last look at the gray bowl of the theater, the golden columns of the temple, the distant green hills, the blue sea. Came rushing over me all the history of Sicily from Aeneas to Garibaldi and the high coloring of it, all the epic quality, the springtime freshness made me repeat once more Pindar's song:

"Sow then some seed of splendid words in honour of this isle, which Zeus, the Lord of Olympus, gave unto Persephone."

XII

RE-READING CATULLUS AT SIRMIO

THE place which smiles at me beyond all others when I long to rest is a simple fisherman's town on the Lago di Garda, Catullus's Sirmio. Once when I was spending a night there, the summer before the war, mountains and lake, sky and air, olive-trees and ruins, and the friendly folk so appealed to my imagination that I cherished a dream of return and this year I caught my dream and for a week held it captive. It seemed almost impossible that I could really have arrived when I found myself sitting on the little balcony of my room in the Grand Hotel Regie Terme, almost in the tops of tall firs and palm-trees, with a glimpse down in the garden of rose-pink oleanders and out between tree-tops to the blue and smiling lake. "What did you do for a week at Sermione?" I hear some amazed tourist query, and then I can hardly answer the question as memory slips off into the vague golden leisure of those slowly gliding, beautiful days.

After the noise and rush of Milan and the hundreds of gay people promenading by the cafés, the peace of this tiny town seemed blessed. During my week, I heard no language spoken but Italian. The other guests at the hotel were Italians who were there to take the famous baths, and as my maid said when she wished to reassure me because my door would not lock, "All sick and polite people," "tutti ammalati e gentili." At



CATULLUS' SIRMIO

first the inhabitants of the little town as I walked about, seemed to be all children and fishermen, but gradually a few hard-working mothers and maids emerged. The picturesqueness of it all! Between the castle of the Scaligers at the southern end of Sermione and the Roman ruins at the northern point of the peninsula there were always scenes to stay my feet and open my camera: by the moat of the castle, four bronzed young fishermen piling a great brown seine in their lorry; in the castle courtyard, a group of women in black drawing water from the old well to fill great copper jars; on the dock, a woman carrying two water-pails at the ends of a wooden yoke over her neck; a family of children and baby-ducks scrambling indiscriminately over the door-steps of a house; a pretty *cameriera* in the door-way of the Albergo Catullo; an old crone driving three goats down the main street; fruit venders offering from large flat baskets yellow plums and red cherries; a glimpse through an open door-way into a kitchen with hearth and oven almost identical with those at Pompeii; suddenly, O horror! an automobile tooting through the town, fairly grazing both sides of the street, dashing out apparently for a glimpse at "the grotta of Catullus!"

It was out there at the end of the point under the olives above the lake, that I spent my most restful hours, but there were many other diversions. One morning, having persuaded the Custode of the Castle of the Scaligers to let me roam about by myself I crossed the drawbridge over the moat to a fascinating half-day in the thirteenth century, walking on the ramparts, peering out of small windows as though looking for an enemy, glancing down from dizzying heights at the courtyard with the well, the moat, the two draw-

bridges, and then at last at the top of the tower enjoying matchless views of the lake, framed in six Gothic doorways. This was too enchanting a tower to leave so I sat down and began mulling over the history of the Castello in a tiny Italian *guida* based on notes by the noble Count Girolamo Ortì Manara, how in the year 1276 Mastino I della Scala sent to Sermione two companies of soldiers to chase out the heretic Patarini who were harrying this district, and for their success the della Scalas received from the Pope the rights over the Castle; how in the next century (as legend has it) Dante was a guest in the Castello and standing here on this tower thought of the verses

“Suso in Italia bella giace un laco
A pie' dell' Alpe che serra Lamagna
Sopra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco.”

It was startling in the midst of such thoughts of past history to hear the lightest of footfalls coming up the tower-stairs. There are one hundred and forty-six steps by stair and ladder and I could hear all the way that unearthly tread. I realized that I was all alone in the castle and was fairly holding my breath when up out of the trap-door came a kitten's head! He was just as terrified as I was, every hair on end, eyes dilated, but curiosity had sent him to the top and somehow steadied him safely down again. And I quickly followed!

One evening after dinner, when I had gone out on the pier to see all the sunset, a fisherman asked if I did not wish a ride in his row-boat. To my “*quanto?*” (“How much?”) he gave the usual Sermione answer: “*Faccia Lei*” (“Anything you wish”), so after mild bargaining, I embarked and got him to let me try row-

ing the boat standing as he did. When I could not move the monster at all, he was very much pleased with himself and proud of his strength as he threw his weight on the oars and pushed off and was all for having me go entirely around the point to see *la Boiola*, the chloride of sulphur spring which bubbles up in the lake and has been piped to the baths, but I having heard that the odor recalled chemical laboratories or bad eggs convinced him that I foolishly preferred the sunset to scientific observations.

A little steamboat makes a day's trip around the whole lake and twice I went off on that in the early morning, once forgetting Touring Club Guida and Baedeker just to enjoy sheer beauty, another time with books, maps, and resolution for knowledge. In either mood the lake is adorable. Kaleidoscopic pictures turn quickly: lemon trees with golden fruit in white arbors on terraced hills; lake-side towns with hotels and villas in pale browns, rose-color, yellow, blue with rows of white and pink oleanders in front of them and about them green gardens with ivy-covered walls; at one landing, a picturesque group of people, bare-footed friar in brown cowl, several Alpini with their jaunty hats and feathers, two resplendent Bersaglieri in red and black with cocked hats, an old man selling bunches of lemons hanging in their long green leaves, a company of ragged little dirt-color boys around a small girl in a scarlet dress, women washing clothes, kneeling on slanting boards at the water's edge; views of the lake itself,—a fairy island with towering villa and long narrow stretch of garden pointing upward in cypresses; a long white waterfall rushing down in cascades through deep gorge; tiny churches perched on incredible heights; an island fortress shaped like a great battleship; and then

shifting tones on water and mountains. During the day, the colors were very brilliant, the lake the deepest of blues, changing to emerald near the shore, the mountains, some bright green with verdure, others clear gray crags, others blue heights that seemed less rock than air as they dissolved into masses of white clouds. Then as we returned in the hot sun of afternoon, the eastern bank was all iridescent blues and lavenders in a warm golden mist and I could not bear to look at the mountains long, for a certain ecstasy hanging over them. No Elysian plains for me! My Paradise must be made of heights and water.

The other end of the lake was particularly thrilling to one who had been there in 1913, for Riva with the upper point of the Lago di Garda was then Austrian and now part of the Italia Redenta of the Trentino. The beautiful little city of Riva during the whole war was subjected to such violent bombardment that it was almost entirely destroyed. Yet the Italian troops about Riva during the final battle of Vittorio Veneto were able to hold the enemy locked in their position and by hindering the transfer of the reserves to help the rapid and effective action of the troops that coming up the Val Lagarina and descending from Tonale hurled themselves on Trento cutting off completely the retreat of the Austrian troops of the Trentino so that almost all of them were made prisoners. The town showed its war-scars. The old Hôtel Riva where I stayed in 1913 had no window-glass left, was full of holes from the bombardment, was only a shell of a building with the beautiful garden dead. Other structures were being repaired. Italian soldiers were on guard in front of La Rocca. Above, the Tricolor floated. Lake Benacus seemed rippling on the shore

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in endless laughter because all its waves are now Italian.

Besides such quiet lake trips, I had the excitement of hearing Grand Opera while I was at Sermione! It was passing strange to go with a company of gay, young Italians on the long automobile ride by Vergil's little Mincius river, to the great Roman amphitheater at Verona and there to witness Boito's "Mefistofele" presented magnificently under the full moon to thousands of Italians who were wild with enthusiasm over beauty of setting and music and dancing. I suppose it was partly the theme of the opera, partly its lyric quality, partly the fact that I had come over from Sermione that made me wish in the midst of the dance of slender girls before a Greek temple in honor of the divine Helen and her eternal beauty, that Catullus could have seen the Opera!

The next day was one of those I spent with the poet on the point of the peninsula. The first time I had gone out there, on the dear familiar walk past the view of the white villa on the Cortine hill and the tiny church of S. Pietro, gray in the silver olives, and along the footpath on the eastern ledge above the cerulean lake, I had received a great shock, for while I was thinking intently of Catullus, suddenly at the end of the peninsula on the very top of the cliffs I came upon two great circular cement foundations for anti-aeroplane guns, the instrument for directing their operations, and piles of earthworks and when I descended into the Roman ruins, I found in "Lesbia's bower" an officers' hut so constructed of gray stones that it seemed a part of these fourth century remains. As I stood in amazement on the top again looking at these traces of the Great War, two of the town men joined me and the younger one began to

talk of the fighting, pointing out the direction in which Trento, the Corso and the Piave lay and describing eloquently how near the Austrians came. Indeed it was only great Monte Baldo stretching there its Titan length that protected Sermione,

“Baldo, paterno monte, protegge la bella da l’alto
Co’l sopracciglio torbido.”

So when I was left alone at last, it was with a very poignant realization of the Great War, intermingled with reminiscences of Catullus, Vergil and Carducci, that I flung myself down under an olive-tree facing the lake and the mountains. Here one inevitably, first of all, rereads three poems, Catullus’s

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle,
“Half-islet Sirmio, the gem of all
The isles,”

Tennyson’s

“Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!”

and Carducci’s

“Ecco: la verde Sirmio nel lucido lago sorride,
fiore de le penisole.”

And with their soothing restraint I left for the time the thoughts of the anti-aeroplane guns and went back to Catullus’ life here in the first century before Christ, and the reading his poetry among Italians in the setting of his own Sirmio seemed to give me a new sense of its values and his personality.

The events of his life are so slight that a few sen-

tences compass them. Born at Verona, educated in Rome, he fell in love with a notorious beauty, married and much his senior, who was the subject of his verse until disillusion annihilated passion. Then the sharpness of death in the loss of an only brother intensified loneliness, and his musings, doubly melancholy, were broken only by a trip to Bithynia in the suite of Memmius which did not bring him great wealth but enabled him to lay pious offerings on his brother's mound in the Troiad. In the east, homesickness awoke ardor for Italy and he returned to console himself with the country and with a friendship for a beautiful boy, and to have a slight hand in politics by flinging virulent lampoons at Julius Caesar's unworthy minions until somehow a reconciliation was effected between the young poet and the great general, perhaps by Catullus Senior who was Julius Caesar's friend. Certainly invectives ceased, and honor was paid to Caesar in one poem. Then hints of illness began and suddenly there were no more lyrics even, for after thirty or thirty-three years* Catullus' life flared out.

How vivid a personality is painted by lyric poetry against the simple background of these few happenings! What a boyish and gay spirit dashes across these pages! Now in mock-seriousness Catullus begs Pollio to send back the napkin which he had carried off from a dinner-party; now he upbraids his dearest Calvus for presenting him with a book of second-rate poetry; now he urges Fabullus to come to dinner bringing along a lady and the wine and the salt and the joy, for the purse of his Catullus is full of cobwebs; now he teases Calvus about being a great lawyer when he's such a tiny per-

* The dates of his death and birth are uncertain, but this is the consensus of the best authorities.

son; and again he satirizes Arrius who would be elegant, for the way in which he adds and drops his h's. Such light-hearted teasing and gay humor make us wonder if the boy ever had a serious moment.

For answer there is the great sequence of the love-poems to Lesbia, more complete and more subtle an inner history than the Shakespeare or the Rossetti sonnets. Sappho he must take for the model of his declaration of passion and for once translation, forged from such white-hot metal, assumes perfect shape. Daring taunts follow about that stupid mule, the husband, who does not see that Lesbia's constant criticisms of Catullus show her absorbing interest. Then, love acknowledged, the boy breaks forth into the maddest arithmetic of multitudinous kisses and discounting all serious reflections of old age chants in the face of swift-coming death,

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
"Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love."*

Out of this early happiness come the two dainty trifles for Lesbia's sparrow, full of the tenderness for little feathery pets that can be such a comfort in their playfulness and such a sorrow in their loss. Then it is not very long before the time comes when Catullus begins wretchedly to look back at those bright suns when there were many jests flying between the lovers and their one grief was the death of the little bird! For now he knows that Lesbia's favors do not go to him alone. Yet her sudden appearance can still lift him from darkness to midday sunshine and he worships again at the shrine of his goddess until her repeated acts of faithlessness make him vacillate between jealousy and adoration. "Odi et amo," 'I hate and I love,' he exclaims

in his torture, and then writes his grief in tenderness rather than in bitterness:

"Once you said, Lesbia, you knew only Catullus, once you said you would not prefer Jove himself as a lover. Then I cherished you not as common men do their mistresses but as a father cherishes his sons and his sons-in-law. Now I know you. So though I love thee more, you are to me much cheaper and much lighter. 'How can it be?' you ask. Because such injury compels a lover to love more, but to honor less."

That conflict of emotions shortly becomes its own destruction and all the idealism of the poet and the vigor of the youth revolt against the torpor that is creeping over all his senses, expelling joy from his heart, and he prays in the name of his own honor and his own purity that he may cast off the shameful disease which his passion has become. He has seen his Lesbia now as Cicero saw her, "the Medea of the Palatine," as the world saw her, the notorious Clodia, her price a copper coin, and in horror at her true character he hurls to his friend Caelius his recognition of the brutal facts:

"Caelius, my Lesbia, that Lesbia, that Lesbia whom alone Catullus loved more than himself and all his dear ones, now at the crossroads and in the alley-ways debauches the descendants of the great-souled Remus."

After such clear sight, a poet could not again succumb and when after his return from the east, two friends tried to act as Lesbia's go-betweens for new reconciliation, the message that he sends her is uncompromisingly stern though ironically set in that Sapphic strophe in which he first declared his love, but never again used:

"Carry a few words, not pleasant, to 'my lady.' Let

her live and flourish with her adulterers, the hundreds whom she embraces and rules together, loving no one truly, ruining all. Let her not look for my love, as before, for through her sin, it has fallen dead like a flower on the edge of a meadow, cut down by the passing plough."

At the end of the love-story how well we have come to know boy and lover! The longer poems add little to our acquaintance with Catullus' personality for they only play variations on the love-motif,—the gay youthful love-making of Acme and Septimius, young love consummated in the wedding-hymn for two friends, Julia and Manlius, the ugliness of lust in the famous poem where the House-Door narrates the amours of its mistress, the long mythological epyllion on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. All these show the technique of the poet more than himself. Yet there is one touch of new feeling in a passage which suggests that Catullus had thought of the joys of fatherhood, the wish that Julia and Manlius may have a little Torquatus, the image of his sire, who with a smile will stretch out from his mother's breast his tiny hands to his father. Only one who loved children could have written those strophes.

I was inclined to dally with this thought and with the tragedy of the Lesbia poems, reflecting on what Catullus had missed, but he is not one to evoke pity. He found too much in life and lived with too much ardor for any vain regrets. Friendship was to him as intense a feeling as love to many so that he could go wild with excitement over Veranius' coming home or over the cleverness and charm of Calvus' verses. Such was his devotion to his brother that the loss of him buried all his home, wrecked all joys, and banished

love's sweet-bitterness. He knew Libitina, that two-faced goddess of life and death whom the Romans served and in proportion as life was intense to him was death bitter. No religion consoled him, for his two marvellous hymns, the chorus to Diana, the goddess of mountains, green woods, hidden glades and singing streams, and the orgiastic threnody of the self-mutilated Attis, priest of Cybele, are but vicarious experience, not the personal aspiration of a soul to the divine. And when the poet himself falls sick, he does not offer prayers or vows, but wants a friend and a letter in the most human way. And the sympathy which he wished from his friends made him know what to give them in times of need. Could any letter of consolation be more delicate and sensitive than his to Calvus on the death of his wife?

"If any comfort can go to the mute dead from our sorrow, Calvus, from the longing with which we renew old loves and weep for friendships once lost, surely Quintilia is feeling not so much sorrow over her early death as joy in your love."

Catullus had one source of comfort when friends were absent, love proved false and death brought separation. That was the beauty of the outdoor world. It surely meant something that his villas were in two of the most beautiful spots in Italy, near Tibur, whose rushing river and falling waters Horace has celebrated and on Lake Benacus, whose mountains and water have been the theme of Vergil, Dante and Carducci. Never did poems of home-coming show finer ardor than Catullus'. When spring comes upon him in Bithynia, his mind fairly shivers in its eagerness to be travelling; his happy feet thrill with desire. Back at Sirmio, he dedicates a little model of the yacht that bore him home

(or could it have been the vessel itself?) with praise for its safe convoy from the remote Pontus even to this limpid lake. Then, at rest, with what love and ecstasy he salutes his Sirmio :

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
quam te libenter quamque laetus inviso,
vix mi ipse credens Thyniam atque Bithynos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o, quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto!
hoc est, quod unumst pro laboribus tantis.
salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque ero gaude:
gaudete vosque, o liquidae lacus undae;
ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

“Half-islet Sirmio, the gem of all
The isles, which god of sea or god of mere
Upholds in glossy lake or ocean drear,
On thee with heart and soul my glances fall.

“Scarce can I think me safe when I recall
Bithynia’s plains afar and see thee near:
Ah, what more joyous than the mind to clear
Of care, and burdens lay aside that gall?

“By distant travail worn we win our hearth
And on the long-wished couch siesta take:
This is the one reward for those who roam.
Hail, Sirmio, the fair! Greet me with mirth;

“Be mirthful, Lydian waters of the lake!
Laugh out, ye realms of merriment at home!”¹

¹ Translated by J. W. Duff.

Re-Reading Catullus at Sirmio 159

Life is not over for a poet who can so rejoice in the beauty of his own place.

As Catullus had his disillusionments about Lesbia, so we have our disappointments about him when after all this he diverts himself with the boy, Juventius, and writes verses of unspeakable openness against the vices of his enemies, but it is hard for one age to tolerate the different standards of another and Catullus alive might defend his frankness and lampoon much refined hypocrisy in the twentieth century. Probably he would be willing to see the men of today at their best as well as their worst, and in his own Italy he would still find poet-friends who would understand all his ardor, all his passion, all his pain. Just across the lake at Gardone, D'Annunzio even now is writing new lyrics.

One day and another as out on the point of Sirmio I lifted my eyes from Catullus' poetry to the mountains and the lake, I thought of the great Italians who had been here: Vergil, listening to Benacus rising with the surf and the roar of the sea, and naming her in the most magnificent praise of his native land that ever poet wrote, Dante on the Gothic tower, seeing his vision of Italy's future, Garibaldi, halted at Salò's curving bay across the lake and allowed no share in the battle of Solferino but biding his time of service for his country, Carducci meditating here on Catullus and Vergil and Dante and so carrying on the great literary tradition of his race, then D'Annunzio over at Gardone recuperating from the passion for the Great War with which he had fired Italy and written his finest poems. Sirmio took me near the heart of her greatest sons.

And re-reading Catullus here under the olives near the anti-aeroplane gun foundations made me understand better the Young Italy that died in the Great War

to the number of five hundred thousand and the Young Italy that is trying to help reconstruct the country to-day. For the young Italian intellectual, like Catullus, has in him something of the boy and something of the poet, something of old-world disillusion and something of southern ardor, a delicate sense of subtle shades of feeling, a revolt against brutal vulgarity, a fondness for children, a belief in the meaning of home, a passionate devotion to the beauty of his country, and the power of rising from personal loss and disillusion to new creative work and to a carrying-on of great literary or national traditions. It was verily the eternal spirit of Italian youth that I felt on re-reading Catullus at Sirmio.

XIII

THE ROME THAT HORACE KNEW

THERE is a certain haunting quality in a place that comes from association with a person. Some particular name rushes into memory and a vast throng of ideas and feelings whirl after the name until for us that special individual becomes in a very real sense the genius of the place, *genius loci*, the immanent spirit to whom the Romans used to erect their altars. For me in Rome and in the country near Rome, the thought of Quintus Horatius Flaccus has been so constantly with me that my altar of the *genius loci* here I raise to him and burn on it the incense of these memories. I do not wish to try to give a complete picture of the Augustan Rome that Horace knew, but rather to run over the definite allusions to special parts of Rome in Horace's poems, to picture the life of the city as he saw it, and finally to show something of his days in the country near Rome.

Of the seven hills which Horace says found favor in the eyes of the gods (C. S. 7) he mentions Palatine, Capitol, Esquiline, Aventine, the hill of Quirinus and the Mons Vaticanus. The Palatine is in Horace the precinct of Palatine Apollo and in an ode (C. 1, 31) he alludes to the dedication of the great marble temple which Augustus erected to his patron god, asking: "What does the bard demand of Apollo now that he is enshrined? For what does he pray as he pours forth new wine from the patera?" (C. 1, 31, 1-3), and after

that poet's prayer, he refers again and again to the Palatine Apollo who with just eyes regards his altars on the hill, and to the library connected with the temple in which Roman poets longed to have a place. The temple site on the southwestern part of the Palatine is now regarded by many scholars as not the Temple of Jupiter Victor, but the foundation of the Augustan Temple of Apollo. However, the whole problem of the Palatine is now more than ever complicated because the remarkable discoveries made in recent years of Republican and Augustan buildings under the upper Imperial palaces are still unpublished.

The Capitol, where stood the Temple of Jupiter, is in Horace a symbol of Rome's power, so it should forever stand resplendent (C. 33, 42-3) and thither forever should ascend in religious procession the pontifex maximus and the silent Vestal (C. 3, 30, 7-9). To the Capitol it is that the Romans should send their gems and stones and useless gold (C. 3, 24, 45-8). It was for the Capitol that Cleopatra was preparing mad ruin (C. I. 37, 6) and it was thither that the triumphal processions wound up the hill to display to the god some general crowned with bay, because he had crushed the threats of haughty enemies. Here, too, proud boast of the Augustan Age, hung the Roman standards, once lost to the Parthians and displayed on their proud pillars, now restored to Jupiter through Augustus' power (C. 4, 15, 4-8). Though Rome still stands, the temple of Jupiter is gone today, all its past magnificence reduced to old foundations under the modern Palazzo Caffarelli that have very recently been uncovered, and one great fluted drum of a marble column from a rebuilding by Domitian long after Horace's time, but the hill as the Campidoglio is still the symbol of Rome's great-

ness and as I walked up its long flight of steps by the live wolf and the live eagle in the garden to the statues of the Dioscuri at the top and the great Republican hall of the Tabularium, I felt that Horace's Capitol still does stand gleaming with the spirit of Rome.

The Aventine too for Horace was the home of a god, for as Apollo presided over Palatine and Jupiter over Capitol so Diana held her sway on the Aventine and from there regarded the prayers of the quindecimviri and turned friendly ears to the petitions of the young (C. S. 69-72). The temple, rebuilt in the time of Augustus, may appear in a fragment of the marble plan of Rome, but we know little of it except its probable site west of Santa Prisca, the little church adjacent to the Castello dei Cesari where you will go for tea on the terrace to watch the sunset gild the Palatine ruins opposite.

The Esquiline had for Horace associations far more personal, for it was here that Maecenas' lofty palace towered to the stars (Ep. 9, 3-4). Here once there had been a burial ground of the poor and the humble and excavations have shown the sort of necropolis which Horace describes in Sat. 1, 8, whither slaves used to carry the bodies of their fellows in cheap boxes, where once, amid the bones of the dead, thieves made their haunts and witches gathered charms. Maecenas reclaimed all that ugliness so that Horace says now the hill is healthy, its sunny embankment is a favorite promenade and here Maecenas' palace is the happy resort of the literary men who enjoy his favor. Horace described to the envious Bore, who longed to be numbered in so choice a circle, how free the palace was from the petty rivalries and the jealousies of both intellectual and moneyed snobbishness (Sat. 1, 9, 48-52)

and in a letter to Maecenas himself (Ep. 1, 7) the poet proved how free Maecenas left the men he patronized, for Horace, in spite of his indebtedness to his great patron, most of all for his peerless Sabine farm, felt free to refuse his urgent invitation to hurry back to Rome and enliven the company on the Esquiline. It is because of Horace's varied and devoted pictures of his patron that one longs to identify something on the Esquiline with Maecenas' name and finds a certain satisfaction in the so-called Auditorium Maecenatis on the Via Merulana in the probable quarter of the old Necropolis, and of Maecenas' gardens. In this long hall of the early empire, the imagination is caught by the miniature theater at one end, a tiny semi-circle with seven rows of elevated seats and one would like to think that here perhaps Maecenas with Vergil, Varius and his other literary friends sat to listen to Horace's readings of his latest ode. But alas! the archaeologists will have it that the room is probably not an auditorium at all, but a walled garden and no evidence proves that it belonged to Maecenas.

Horace only refers to the hill of Quirinus as very inconveniently distant from the Aventine for those who had to make calls in both places (Ep. 2, 2, 68-9) and so too he barely mentions the Mons Vaticanus (C. 1, 20, 7-8), then a name synonymous with all the Janiculum ridge and only later bequeathed to the level district between ridge and river where St. Peter's now stands.

The river Tiber has its associations with Horace and here my eyes felt certain that they had rested on an inscription which he saw, for the Pons Fabricius to which he refers (Sat. 2, 3, 36) still bears over its arches the inscription that the bridge was built by L. Fabricius

who was *curator viarum* in 62 B. C. and that it was restored by M. Lollius and Q. Lepidus (of 21 B. C.). Horace pictures for us the tawny Tiber in flood, violently thrown back from the Etruscan shore and rising even to touch the sacred temple of Vesta. Here still in the yellow river, the youths of Rome swim as the old lawyer Trebatius advised Horace to do for sleeplessness (Sat. 2, 1, 8-9; C. 1, 8, 8; C. 3, 12, 7). Still stately villas tower up over the yellow stream (C. 2, 3, 18) and across the river the magnificent park of the Janiculum, where old ilexes frame enchanting vistas of Rome, reminds us of Horace's allusion to Caesar's gardens across the Tiber (Sat. 1, 9, 18).

The Campus Martius was to Horace the great public playground of Rome. The young athlete whom love for Lydia ruined used to be able to stand the dust and the sun of the bright Campus, Horace reflects (C. 1, 8, 3-4), but as for himself, the field is so sunny that he has to abandon the game of ball there at midday and seek the bath's shelter (Sat. 1, 6, 126). Today amid the congested business districts of the old Campus Martius one object will recall Horace's time, the inscription across the face of the Pantheon

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT,

the record that Augustus' great general built the original temple, and although the building standing is of Hadrian's time, this inscription may be the original one of Agrippa's building of 27 B. C., which Horace must have seen.

I never walk through the Roman forum without thinking of how Horace used to stroll about there at dusk (Sat. 1, 6, 114) and of his most famous walk

there when his literary meditations were rudely interrupted by the most notorious of Bores and he tried unsuccessfully to escape his distasteful companion as they halted a moment near Vesta's temple. Take Sat. 1, 9 with you and read it while you sit in sight of the round foundation of Vesta's shrine with your feet on the old paving stones of the Sacra Via, for there is no more vivid and humorous character-sketch left us from the old life of the forum and no satire more thoroughly Horatian.

Two other pictures of human life on the Sacra via Horace gives, one a tiny vignette of the *nouveau riche* who swaggering along in a toga far too ample aroused the indignant criticism of the passers-by (Ep. 4, 5-10); the other a hint of the great triumphal processions that once swept along the Sacra Via up to the Capitol (Ep. 7, 7-8). As I walk from the Temple of Vesta westward along the Sacra Via, I wish that the Puteal Libonis could be located since here somewhere near the Temple of Castor must have stood that sacred curb which we know from a marble relief in the Lateran and from Libo's coin (Carter-Hülsen, Rom. For. p. 160), but here I have only the amusing memory of Horace's declaration that he will give up the Forum and the Puteal of Libo (with all their legal business) to those who do not drink wine, but for his part as a bard he believes that no poems can give pleasure long or indeed live which are written by drinkers of water (Ep. 1, 19, 1-9). The Forum pleased Horace as a promenade, but he would have none of it as a place of labor and was only too thankful that he could go to sleep at night not anxious because the next morning he must be up betimes to call on Marsyas whose statue stood near the Praetor's tribunal where all law business

went on (Sat. 1, 6, 120). In front of the column of Phocas are traces of a praetor's inscription (L. NAEVIUS) which helps identify the location of the Tribunal, but today the only representation of Marsyas in the Forum is on those marble balustrades of Trajan's time where he stands under fig-tree, wine-skin on shoulder. Horace speaks too of the Rostra from which chill rumor starts (Sat. 2, 6, 50) and it is something to know that on the very site of the high long platform across the north end of the Forum stood the Augustan rostra, whatever portions of this present structure are to be dated in the Augustan epoch. In this part of the Forum near the Senate House and at the foot of the street called Argiletum stood the tiny temple of the two-faced god, Janus,—guardian of peace, Horace calls him (Ep. 2, 1, 155), whose doors were open in time of peace and closed in periods of war. Because the temple was of bronze and very small, all trace of it has disappeared.

We would know that Horace frequented the Circus Maximus even if he did not speak of wandering around the tricky Circus (Sat. 1, 6, 113) because his simile from the race-course is so vivid. For the avaricious man hastening on after wealth a richer man always stands in his way, just as, when the chariot starts in the race, the charioteer presses on after the horses that are passing his, despising the rival he has out-distanced as if he were coming in among the last (Sat. 1, 1, 113-6). The Circus Maximus that Horace knew, the huge oval rebuilt by Caesar and Octavianus, has vanished, for the valley of the Circus, between Aventine and Palatine, is now occupied by a Hebrew cemetery and a great factory, but the obelisk which Augustus placed on the central platform of the Circus now stands in the Piazza

del Popolo, a symbol of the building's past magnificence.

Other haunts of Horace where he sauntered in his walks were the porticoes of Rome and we can picture him strolling slowly under those arcades, philosophizing to himself about his own life, and saying: "This is the more excellent way. If I do so, I will live more nobly" (Sat. 1, 4, 133-4). The porticus of Agrippa to which he refers (Ep. 1, 6, 26), the one, I suppose, with the exploits of the Argonauts painted on the walls, is identified by some archaeologists with the Basilica Neptuni, restored by Hadrian, now a part of the Borsa of Rome. But many would make these beautiful Corinthian columns part of the temple to the deified Hadrian built by Antoninus Pius and if we wish to visualize an Augustan porticus, we will do better to see the fragment of the Porticus Octaviae which shows the main entrance though perhaps of a later time.

The streets of Rome Horace does not often name for us though he refers to the Carinae (Ep. 1, 7, 48), the Subura (Epode 5, 55), and to certain of the great roads going out from Rome, the Via Tiburs (Sat. 1, 6, 108), the Via Appia (Sat. 1, 5, Ep. 1, 6, 26, Ep. 1, 18, 20). But the life of the streets he describes vividly. His friend Aristius Fuscus may prefer to be down in the city, but Horace praises far more the country with its little streams, its moss-covered rocks, and its woods (Ep. 1, 10, 6-7). Why, when he is dragged off to Rome on business, no matter how bad the weather is, he has to go and struggle through the crowds on the street, elbowing the slow, and his only satisfaction is when some jealous fellow calls out: "What are you doing, madman? Would you push aside everybody in your way if you're bent on hurrying to Maecenas?"

Such envy pursues the great man's friend whether Maecenas is just giving Horace a lift in his carriage, and passing the time of day, or whether they are watching some celebration together or exercising together on the Campus Martius (Sat. 2, 6, 23-49), and Horace admits good-humoredly his own naïve satisfaction and how when a late dinner invitation to the Esquiline arrives, he bawls for his lantern and rushes off, neglecting his own callers (Sat. 2, 7, 32-37). But even for his pleasure and pride in Maecenas' society, the poet finds the city no place for writing. "You may say there are open squares so that nothing hinders thought. A hot-headed contractor rushes on with his mules and his porters; a derrick is raising now a stone, now a mighty beam; here runs a mad dog, there rushes a muddy sow. Go to now and think out your musical verses. No, the whole band of writers avoids the city and praises the woods" (Ep. 2, 2, 70-75).

Yet if you have a good deal of the Bohemian in you and can give yourself up to being entertained, the city streets are very diverting. Think of the delight the old lawyer Philippus received from his conversation with Vulteius Menas, that hawker of cheap wares! (Ep. 1, 7). Horace used to poke about often on foot alone (at least in his early days as a quaestor's clerk) inquire at the market the price of cabbages, visit the fortunetellers, then carry home from the delicatessen shops a little supper of leeks, beans and a cake to enjoy with his wine (Sat. 1, 6, 111-6). Probably during his strolls he would go to the book-shops to look at the latest notices of new books posted on the columns, though for his part he could not stand having his books so advertised and thumbed by the hot hands of the common crowd (Sat. 1, 4, 71-2). That is really as disgusting

to a writer of fine sensibilities as the thought of reading his own poems in the Forum or the public baths to the boredom of reluctant hearers, as certain writers have been known to do (Sat. 1, 4, 73-6). There are many chances of being bored in the city, but with some shrewdness you can avoid banquets given to make you listen to the host's second-rate writings (Ep. 1, 19, 38) and even if you are a great patron, you can slip out of your house by a side-door and be off to a dinner-party while your client waits for you in the atrium (Ep. 1, 5, 30-1).

Dinner-parties are very good fun, under almost any conditions if you have a sense of humor. Did you ever hear Fundanius tell about that affair Nasidienus Rufus gave to Maecenas? Why, he even put in a place near the guest of honor a buffoon who had a trick of swallowing cheese-cakes whole. All Nasidienus talked about was the food, and finally the tapestries on the ceiling fell down with a cloud of dust on the platter. You should have heard Balatro's wit in consoling the host! Fundanius said he never had a better time in his life (Sat. 2, 8).

So Horace turns the light of his satire on the diversions of the Romans, now picturing a banquet, then giving a glimpse of the races, or of a gladiatorial combat, or of the theater, and of the last he has a good deal to say, from his natural literary interest. Admiring the dramatic art so much that he considers the playwright a magician who can transport him now to Thebes, now to Athens, and can always move his feelings, he is disheartened by the over-emphasis on spectacular production,—that playing to the galleries which brings on the stage squadrons of cavalry and infantry, war-chariots, ships, captives, magnificent cos-

tumes, until the applause over a beautiful violet robe drowns the actor's words (Ep. 2, 187-213).

Horace, the bachelor, gives us scant idea of home life in the city. A reference to marriage suggests that his point of view was thoroughly Roman: "One seeks a blessed wife to have children" (Ep. 1, 2, 44-5). And his picture of one great lady, Maecenas' wife, Terentia (C. 2, 12), portrays her beauty and accomplishments, but above all her coquetry so that she resembles in her attitude those lights-of-love who flit so charmingly across the odes. With country wives we shall find that he does better and his snapshots of children are delightful. You can see a group of them playing their games and counting out, chanting: "You'll be king if you act nobly" (Ep. 1, 1, 59-60), and you can see the little slowpoke in school, struggling with mental arithmetic. "Let the son of Albius recite. Subtract one-twelfth from five-twelfths, what remains? You ought to have replied at once.' 'A third.' 'Good. You can manage your property. Add one-twelfth. What is the result?' 'A half.' "

The growing boy too he understands even when love ruins his athletics (C. 1, 8), and most delightful is the picture of himself when his father took him, only a lad, to Rome to have the education which any knight or senator would give his son, furnished him with proper clothing and escort of slaves, then went himself with him to school, to keep him chaste amid city temptations (Sat. 1, 6, 76-84).

It was from so wise a father that Horace first learned to observe the people they passed and to form his own standards of life from the successes and the mistakes of others (Sat. 1, 4). But the tolerant humor with which he viewed the idiosyncrasies of mankind must have been

the result of long experience with many types of men. Satires and epistles are full of miniature portraits painted with master art.

There is the literal minded old lawyer, Trebatius, who takes Horace so seriously when he declares that he has to write satire because he can't sleep and advises him so concisely to swim the Tiber three times and drink well before retiring (Sat. 2, 1). As much in character is the grandiloquent general with his eloquent exhortation to his soldier to storm a fort, and the matter-of-fact country boy's reply (so in the tone of Shaw's "O'Flaherty, V.C."). Before when he had been robbed in the night, he had become a wild wolf and had taken a fortified position that seemed impregnable so that he was already a hero, but having been well rewarded, he replied now to the praetor: "The man who'll be afther goin' where ye wishe is I'm thinkin' the one who's jist lost his money-belt" (Ep. 2, 2, 26-40).

There are little flings at other professional men, the doctor, Antonius Musa, with his hobby for the cold-bath cure (Ep. 1, 15, 2-9) and at the lecturers to ladies' clubs (or to musical circles!), Demetrius and Tigellius who went droning on in the midst of the arm-chairs of their female hearers (Sat. 1, 10, 90-92). Lucullus' wealth is done up in a neat little tale. "When he was asked, the story goes, if he could lend a hundred robes for a dramatic performance, he replied: 'How can I furnish so many? Still I'll make inquiries and send as many as I have.' A little after, he wrote that he had five thousand robes at home; his friend could take part or all" (Ep. 1, 6, 40-1).

Immediately after that satire on the folly of wealth with its motto of *nil admirari* follows the frank letter

to Maecenas on self-dependence with its emphatic climax, "It is right that each man measure himself with his own foot-rule," and in this Horace gives a sketch of a Contented Poor Man, Vulteius Menas, who managed his little life in the city so satisfactorily until Philippus for his own amusement tried the unsuccessful experiment of turning him into a farmer. Vulteius' description of himself is *multum in parvo*: "an auctioneer of small means, but out of debt, with a reputation for working and loafing, for getting and spending, happy in a few friends, a home of my own, enjoying public fêtes, and the Campus after the day's work is over" (Ep. 1, 7, 55-9).

Other men are painted with fewer strokes. Gargilius who covets the reputation of a great hunter has his slaves early in the morning cross the crowded forum with the nets and all the paraphernalia of the chase in order that, with all the people watching, one mule may carry in the boar—which he had bought! (Ep. 1, 6, 58-61). That old sport, Volanerius, was so confirmed a gambler that when the gout he deserved crippled his hands, he hired for regular wages a person to pick up the dice for him and drop them into the box (Sat. 2, 7, 15-18). Avidienus was so stingy that not only would he use poor oil for his salad, but even on birthdays and other celebrations he would mix his salad-dressing, using more vinegar than oil (Sat. 2, 2, 55-62). Tillius was in equally bad form from his stinginess, for when he was praetor instead of keeping up some style, when he went out to Tibur, he'd have his slaves carry along a picnic-lunch for him (Sat. 1, 6, 107-9). Of course, these men were at least consistent in their point of view and vacillation has its disadvantages. Think of Priscus! Sometimes he wore three rings, sometimes

his left hand was unadorned. He lived so fitfully that he would change his tunic every hour, and he'd rush suddenly from a palace to a hovel from which a freed-man of the better sort would hardly issue without being disgraced. Now he preferred to live as an adulterer at Rome, now as a philosopher at Athens (Sat. 2, 7, 8-14).

The artistic temperament is just as whimsical and Horace's picture of one, though a miniature, rivals Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." "This is a fault common to all singers that they never induce their souls to sing on request for their friends, but if they are not urged, they never leave off. The famous Sardinian Tigellius had that fault. Caesar, who could compel him, if he begged in the name of his father's friendship and his own, would gain no favor. . . . There was nothing consistent about the fellow. Often he ran like a man fleeing an enemy; often he walked with as stately a tread as one carrying the mystic symbols of Juno. Often he had two hundred slaves, often ten. Now his talk was all grandiloquent, of kings and tetrarchs. Now he'd say 'May I have only a three-legged table and a shell of pure salt and a toga, no matter how coarse, to ward off the cold.' If you gave to this humble person, contented with little, 100,000 sesterces, in five days there was nothing in his purse. He'd sit up all night and snore all day. Never was anyone so inconsistent" (Sat. 1, 3, 1-19).

With so keen and amused an eye did Horace observe his fellow-citizens and so well did he know his Rome that we are fain to point the finger at an inconsistency equal to Tigellius' when he writes to his friend Aristius Fuscus: "I, lover of the country, send greetings to Fuscus, lover of the city, for we twain are to be sure

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very different in this one particular but in all else almost twins with but one thought . . . nodding in time like old familiar doves. You guard the nest, I praise the beloved country's rivulets and moss-grown rocks and wood." But Horace always slyly disarms criticism by anticipating it and already has let his slave Davus with the freedom of the Saturnalia declare: "At Rome you desire the country, rusticated you fickly extol the absent city to the stars" (Sat. 2, 7, 28-29). And again the poet himself admits: "I veer like a wind, at Rome loving Tibur, at Tibur, Rome" (Ep. 1, 8, 12). So his vivid reactions to nature and to country people give us opportunity to see through his eyes not only the city, but the country near. Just as Horace packed up Plato and Menander to carry with him when he was off to the country, I found that I always wanted my small blue Horace when I went off on day-trips about Rome.

I was never fortunate enough to see Soracte standing white with deep snow, but many a time as I looked across the plain north of Rome, Horace's line

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte

came to mind with Byron's more aptly descriptive phrase

"A long low wave about to break."

For Soracte rises, wave or island, from the sea of the Campagna, a ridge with three crests, isolated, majestic, and its beauty as well as its famous name calls.

At Gabii too, I thought of Horace and it was strange to find as we walked across the Campagna from Pantano towards Castiglione that Gabii is more deserted than Horace dubbed it (Ep. 1, 11, 7), no slaves to sell

now (Ep. 2, 2, 3), no possibility of treaties with knights (Ep. 2, 1, 25) or refuge for treacherous Sextus Tarquinius, only the empty basin of a lake, puzzling fragments of city walls, traces of a long, winding street with cart-ruts and bases of monuments, the open and broken cella of a great temple. But the color of the temple-walls is a rich golden-brown and we saw it in radiant sunshine, standing above the bright green of young grain with the Sabine hills and Soracte looming blue in the distance. Not altogether deserted was Gabii, for as we sat eating our lunch, in the lea of the wall of Juno's temple, a flock of sheep strayed by with great white dog and shepherd.

The Campagna for Horace too must have held much the same aspect, the wide level stretches, the background of violet mountains with Monte Cavo's wooded crest. He too watched winter paint the snow upon the Albans (Ep. 1, 7, 10), watched the victim growing up in Alban pastures (C. 3, 23, 11) and near the exquisite Alban lakes saw fitting place for shrine to the goddess of one's devotion (C. 4, 1, 19-20). When we went out to the lakes from great Rome, Ariccia with its modest inn received us too as it did Horace (Sat. 1, 5, 1-2). The Ariccia of today centers in the Piazza with Bernini's Palace and church high above the site of the old town and the ravine which the long aqueduct crosses with its three rows of arches. We followed the road down past groups of contadini and hunting for Roman ruins found in a giardino remains of great arches and a piece of wall which a boy told us was the famous temple. Here too we came upon a piece of the pavement of the old road, perhaps the very stones over which Horace jogged slowly on his journey to Brundisium. Somewhere near here was discovered the co-

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lossal statue of a goddess, which is now in the National Museum at Rome. I have seen her magnificent beauty but may not describe it until the Italian archaeologists have published their priceless treasure.

Tusculum takes another day though its modern descendant, Frascati, looks very near from Rome, a white city on a blue mountain shining just as Horace says the old villas shone in lofty Tusculum (Ep. 1, 29-30). Frascati with all its renaissance villas has its own charm, but more exquisite in its beautiful loneliness is ancient Tusculum above,—the old road, lined with scattered tombs, winding up to the green glade of the forum, through which are seen the white marble seats of the perfect little theater on the hillside.

To another hill town near Rome Horace went, cool Praeneste (C. 3, 4, 22-3) and there he read over his Homer (Ep. 1, 2, 2) who taught him more clearly than the philosophers lessons of life,—what is beautiful, what is base, what is wise. One could now read peacefully both Homer and Horace on the top of the old Acropolis hill above the town, for its wind-swept pastures are cool and uninhabited, and the view is magnificent between Alban and Volscian mountains straight to the sea. Such a commanding control of a roadway gave Praeneste her commercial and military power and the fame of her oracle of Fortune drew many visitors. So great was the temple of Fortune that most of the modern town of Palestrina is built in its ruins and one sees still strangely incorporate in the Villa Barberini apse of temple, fine old mosaic floors, rooms where oracles were received and delivered.

Horace must have seen the great prehistoric wall of Praeneste still outlined magnificently down the hill. He does not speak of consulting the famous oracle, but

he wrote an ode to the Goddess of Fortune worshipped at Antium (C. 1, 35) and we thought of him no less than of Cicero when we went out for a day at Anzio by the sea. Perhaps Horace saw near Anzio at Astura Cicero's villa whose foundations now lie clearly visible under the water by the shore. I wonder if his eyes rested on the Maid of Anzio, that beautiful statue found in niche of wall one day uncovered here by the sea, now one of the treasures of the National Museum in Rome. If, as Parabeni, the Director of the Museum, thinks, she was a humble girl serving as priestess in the temple, her beauty has at least some stray connection with Horace's ode to the goddess who reigns at Antium.

I thought of Horace at Soracte, Veii, Gabii, Praeneste, Antium and by the Alban hills and lakes, but no part of the country near Rome is so peculiarly his as the valley of the Anio in the Sabine hills, and his friends inevitably go out the Via Tiburtina in quest of that farm to which he fled as to a citadel far from the

fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

The road crosses the rushing Anio and looks to the Sabine mountains: so much is clear, but the puzzle of the site of Horace's villa are many. In fact we query: did the poet have one villa or two in these hills? We know from his own words how he loved care-free, well-watered Tibur (Tivoli) on the hillside, the rushing Anio, the grove of Tiburnus, the orchards watered by fast-flowing streams; how he gathered thyme for the honey of his poetry near the groves and the banks of well-watered Tibur, for the waters which flow by fertile Tibur and the thick-leaved groves make a man famous

for Aeolian song; how finally he prayed that Tibur founded by an Argive colonist might be the home of his old age. All this suggests that at times he lived and wrote near Tibur. Moreover Suetonius' life of the poet seems to confirm this inference: "He lived often in the retreat of his farm, Sabine or Tiburtine, and his house is shown near the grove of Tiburnus." This grove of Tiburnus, familiar to both Horace and Vergil (*Aen.* 7, 81-3), may have been across the Anio from Tivoli on the hillside where have been found ruins of several Roman villas, some facing the city and the falls, like that attributed to Catullus, and others looking across the campagna to Rome like the one of Quintilius Varus which stood on that wide artificial terrace eight hundred feet above the sea where now gnarled olive-trees frame wonderful views. The ruins now believed by Mr. Hallam and Mr. Thomas Ashby to belong to a villa of Horace are in the grounds under the Franciscan monastery and church of Sant' Antonio, on a terraced hill looking across the ravine to the great white waterfall. At the upper level in the monastery itself there are remains of the villa, walls of opus reticulatum, mosaic pavement and at a lower level there is a group of three rooms, the central one a large nymphaeum, once adorned on the sides with rows of columns. Still lower on the hill are substructures with arched and triangular niches apparently built to support a terrace for a garden. All these remains are not later than the Augustan age; the location is within hearing distance of the Anio's waters; the beauty is more endearing than that of hardy Lacedaemon and if Horace did have a villa at Tibur where he wished to write and to spend his old age, as I now am inclined to think he did, this traditional site is a very probable one.

But tradition claims also another locality for an Horatian farm, Sabine as well as Tiburtine, and we must go on from Tibur along the Via Valeria to the second villa site, noting Horace's own landmarks by the way. Six and three-quarters miles beyond is the little town of Vicovaro, the Varia whither Horace says his five peasant farmers used to go (Ep. 1, 14, 1-3). Of old Varia there remains only a part of the town wall and a portico of ancient columns in a little church, but these add their charm to the town which has a greater treasure in its tiny octagonal church of the fifteenth century.

Beyond Vicovaro we turn up the valley of the tiny river Licenza, Horace's Digesta, and presently see on a ridge across Horace's Mandala stretching out long and picturesque with its towers (Ep. 1, 18, 104-5). A little further on a road turns to the left where there are two stone bridges over a little stream and zigzags up to Rocca Giovane, a tiny town with the gray and red castle of the Marchese crowning precipitous crags. I ascended for the sake of Horace's tenth epistle of Book One, the line in which he tells Fuscus he is writing behind the crumbling shrine of Vacuna. For here embedded in the great wall of the Castello is an inscription which tells how Vespasian restored a shrine of Victoria which was falling apart from its antiquity and since the Sabines identified Victoria with their goddess Vacuna, this inscription may very well refer to the shrine near which Horace wrote. Also near the inscription in the wall is set a little relief of limestone about a foot square representing a goddess in chiton and himation, her right hand clasping the forelegs of a deer. Possibly this relief came from the same source as the inscription, as Dr. Van Buren has suggested, and represents Victoria

or Vacuna in the guise of Diana. If so, perhaps near this tiny goddess Horace wrote his whimsical and delightful letter to Aristius Fuscus.

About a quarter of a mile from Rocca Giovane, in the plateau below, traces of a Roman villa were discovered years ago, mosaic pavement that seems to be covered up again, as last summer our guide could not find them, and this site was acclaimed by scholars like Pietro Rosa and Gaston Boissier as the most suitable for Horace's Sabine farm. More popular, however, has been the location further up the valley near three branching streams of the Licenza. Certainly the lay of the land suits perfectly Horace's enchanting description of the dark valley with mountains all around except where the rising sun looks in on the right and the setting sun casts its gleam across. Mount Lucretialis towers up in the west, olive-covered, and there is a spring too, worthy to give its name to the little stream (Ep. 1, 16, 1-16). Here the whole plan of a small Roman villa has been excavated. You will be guided to it by a footpath's confident signpost: "Villa d'Orazio Flacco."

Disregard the later ruins of the baths of the time of Vespasian and of the Antonines, and walk around the low foundation walls which outline garden, halls and rooms. A crypto-porticus surrounded the garden in front and there was a fish-pond in the center. From the garden you could ascend to the house by one of three little flights of steps. Across the whole width of the villa extended a front hall out of which a central atrium opened with three rooms on either side and in some of these the old floor is still there, lovely mosaic patterns in black and white stars and rays. Such modest rooms they seem that I am surprised to find critics denying such

elegance to the modest poet who would have his motto
parvum parva decent.

The objects found in the villa are arranged in a room at the very top of the steep hill on which the tiny town of Licenza lies and it is worth the climb to see them, for here are coins, wine-jars, marble fragments, a faun's head from a fountain, lamps, pottery, pieces of mosaics, dice, keys, rings. All these little things, so many from homely everyday use, are interesting, but they did not give me any such sense of Horace's habitation as did the olive-trees and the spring in the retired valley, begirt by wooded mountains.

It is for such country that Horace sighed in the midst of the fret of Rome, and we get an idea of the sort of life he led on his Sabine farm when he exclaims: "O country, when shall I behold you? When may I quaff delightful Lethe for the cares of life, now from the books of the ancients, now from sleep and lazy hours. O the nights and the banquets fit for gods which I and mine enjoy before my hearth while I feed my slaves' saucy children bits of the banquet. . . . Each man drinks as he will. . . . Then talk begins, not about the villas and houses of other men or whether Lepos dances well or ill, . . . but whether men are happy because of wealth or virtue; what makes friendship, advantage or character; what is good and what is the greatest good" (Sat. 2, 6, 60-75). Then in one exquisite ode he pictures the tall pine towering up over his villa which he wishes to dedicate to Diana, goddess of woods and groves (C. 3, 22), and in another he describes his villa in festive array to celebrate Maecenas' birthday,—all the silver shining, the altar decked with fresh boughs ready for the sacrifice, the jar full of



THE OLD WALL AT VICOVARO



"THE VILLA OF QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS"



Alban wine, the slave-boys and girls running excitedly hither and thither (C. 4, 11, 1-12).

Horace knew how different his life in the country and the life of Maecenas or Quintilius Varus was from the work and rest of the simple peasant farmer, and perhaps that is the reason why in Epode 2 after so serious and beautiful a picture of a peasant's cares and joys, the poet at the end attributes the whole account of country life to a usurer who, just on the point of becoming a farmer, called in all his money on the Ides, but loaned it out again on the Kalends. And this surprising satire-ending to so idyllic an epode, reminds us again of Vulteius Menas who encouraged by Philippus bought a farm in the Sabine hills, only to find, after sheep were stolen, goats died, crops disappointed hopes and the ox was broken plowing, that the country was not for him and that every man should measure himself with his own foot-rule (Ep. 1, 7).

For the real peasant Horace has ready understanding and sympathy,—Sabine mother or sunburned wife of an industrious Apulian who when her husband comes home weary from work at night has the flock milked in the stalls, the fire on the hearth, sweet wine in clean flagon and on the table a dinner that costs nothing (Ep. 2, 41-48), or the youth gathering and cutting firewood at the bidding of stern mother, or some peasant father like Horace's own. How affectionately and proudly he relates that from his small possessions his father had the courage to give his son the best education that any knight or senator could give his boy, and then himself escorted him to and from school to keep him chaste in the midst of city dangers, and as they walked, taught him many a lesson from comments on the people they passed (Sat. 1, 6, 71-84; Sat. 1, 4, 105-126).

We wonder if Horace had his own father in mind when he wrote the satire about the countryman, Ofellus, that philosopher apart from the schools with a powerful mother-wit (*Sat.* 2, 2). Very noble is his philosophy of the simple life; very simple his standard of wealth,—that a man can possess only what he can use; very cheerful his spirit when, dispossessed from his farm, he encourages his sons as they work as hirelings in the fields which once they owned, bidding them: "Live valiantly and present valiant breasts to Fortune's stings." Certainly that most Horatian satire seems to embody much of the good sense and sturdy spirit which Horace inherited from his wise freedman father.

In the Collegio Romano in Rome today on the wall in the lower court there hangs a tablet to the students of the college who perished in the Great War. The marble relief pictures a group of young Italian soldiers sweeping over the top, bayonets sternly set. Below is a pile of books which seem to signify the education that had enabled them to do their terrible and uncompromising duty when the hour struck; and for the Italian students those books were Horace, Dante, Carducci. I think Horace's name was inscribed there not only because he lauded great civic virtues and chanted

dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

but because in the larger Rome of city and environs he had acquired that catholic knowledge of city life and of country life, of city people and of country people, which enabled him to scale values correctly, to appraise true virtue, and to know what counts for life and death. I commend to you the poet who with a smile on his lips saw life steadily and saw it whole, then dared knock at the stars with his exalted head.

XIV

SLABSIDES AND THE SABINE FARM

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

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(Scene: The living-room of a camp cottage. Doors open opposite each other on the long sides, and a staircase goes up at the back. At the north there is a great fireplace made of rough field stones, in which a bright log fire is burning. At the left of the fireplace are bookshelves, and beside them a window-seat with a red Indian rug over it. In this corner of the room stands a large, pine-wood table with rustic legs, on which are books and papers. A photograph of Walt Whitman is on the wall near. On the other side of the fireplace is a cupboard with dishes and a kitchen table. At the south of the room in a deep alcove stands a rustic bed. Near the foot of the staircase stands a long pine table—evidently the dining-table. Two rocking-chairs are drawn up in front of the fireplace and in one sits a man over seventy, dressed in gray, with white hair and beard, blue eyes, and vigorous frame. As the October rain falls more heavily outside, he stirs the fire. When he looks up, a guest is sitting in the other chair. He is of medium stature; his gray hair waves over a low forehead; his face is smooth; he wears a voluminous white robe of soft wool. The man in gray, who is John Burroughs, speaks.)

“WELCOME, stranger, to Slabsides. It is a bad night on the road, and I know that white garb must need drying at my fire.”

“My robe is not wet, for I have come through kinship to you, not by traveling, so I did not need to be girded high. Bonds of congeniality break down bar-

riers, and Quintus Horatius Flaccus, longing for an atmosphere like his Sabine farm's, has escaped for a little while from the shades."

"I have often wanted to talk with you, Horatius, and my desire must have helped bring you. I have wondered whether you would like this little place of mine and the independence of my life here."

"Your fire is very welcome to me. I believe in shutting out the cold and heaping high the logs with lavish hand. In its cheer you must tell me more of your house."

"This is not my real roof-tree. That is a stone house down by the river, built of the native rock. But this one-room shack with the bark of the trees on the outside, dropped like a bird's nest in the wood, is the study where I live alone for days and write."

"I had but one house, but it was in the quiet of the Sabine hills, far from the smoke and wealth and noise of Rome. It was larger than this, but quiet enough to give me peace for writing."

"I have been reading that the Italian archaeologists claim to have found the site of your house, Horatius, and that the place is so elaborate that learned men say either it cannot be your villa or else all your talk about the simple life was mere pretense."

"You would not have me end their discussion by assertion, would you? No! Let every Tigellius drone on his lore to his female pupils from his arm-chair, and all who wish discuss how far distant was Codrus from ancient Inachus. You know from my writing that my house had no columns of African marble supporting architraves from Hymettus, and that inside I cared most about the hearth-fire. The house itself did not mean so much to me as my piece of land and its sur-

roundings. Mountains all around it had, John Burroughs, but broken, so that the morning and the evening sun warmed the valley. Then there was a piece of woodland, a spring of pure water, berry bushes, oak trees, a great pine over the house, a river below."

"You had in one place what I have in several. I will take you down presently to my spring here and you will find its water, too, clearer than glass and useful for head and stomach. But for your encircling mountains I have to go back to my birthplace in the heart of the southern Catskills. There the green hills rise on all sides and the little trout stream makes music over the rocks."

"I should miss that sound of the water here at your Slabsides in summer, for I confess to liking to steal a part of the solid day to lie under the greenwood tree or beside the sacred source of some gently flowing stream. The river near my house was one of those little brooks in whose murmur I delight."

"Tell me, Horatius, were you only a play-farmer, or did you really cultivate your ground and eat food that you did not have to buy?"

"My own hands did not do much work, for when I took a pick and turned the glebes, the neighbors all laughed at my awkwardness. The slaves did the farm work. But my wine was made at home and my fare was simple—olives and mallows, leaks, peas, and cakes. Even Maecenas had to be content with my country produce when he came out from his palace towering to the stars."

"I too have vineyards on the hill sloping to the Hudson, the great river near my real house, and here in this little valley at Slabsides a farmer who rents the ground of me raises celery in the rich, black soil. But

I have to buy my olives. I envy you that tree of Italy."

"Still, by Bacchus, you have the vine and, as I told Varus, there is no tree that one would rather set out than that. And then, after all, who would change his own country for tree or aught else of another's? When you came back from October abroad, you said you 'experienced the delight that only the returned traveler can feel—the instant preference of one's own country and countrymen over all the rest of the world.' I, even fresh from Greece, let others praise Apollo's Delphi and Pallas' Athens. Nor did hardy Lacedaemon move me as much as the rushing Anio and the groves of Tibur."

"You must have lived a happy life in your Sabine valley, even though you never married and never had sturdy sons and little grandchildren to lisp your name. 'A childless life is a tree without branches, a house without windows.' I could not get along without my grandson, little John Burroughs. I believe *he* is going to be a poet, for when he was in his cradle, 'I saw his eye in a fine frenzy rolling'!"

"Ah! But no thought of heir kept me from enjoying my little fortune, and women came with laughter and lyre and song—Lalage, Cinara, Tyndaris. As many men, as many tastes. And while I am in my right senses, I would never compare anything with a pleasant friend."

"There are women now such as you never conceived, Horatius, even with your praise of the sunburned Apulian wife and your admiration of Cleopatra's courage. They come to see me from a great college near, strong of body, quick of mind, real comrades, and they quote your poem about your Bandusian spring at my spring."

"I always dreaded the fate of being studied by school children in remote country districts, but I never thought that such a lot awaited me in a school for Chloës and Leuconoës!"

"Well, you knew the worth of friendship with men, and you knew all sorts and enjoyed all, great and small. I've often thought of your going about with Maecenas in his *raeda* as I do with Mr. Ford in his automobile. The emperor Augustus you were never as closely associated with as I was with Colonel Roosevelt when we went camping and tramping in the Rockies, yet rumor said that he wished to make you his secretary in his household once."

"True, he did, but one period of service as a *scriba*, even for a quaestor, was enough to give me a distaste for such routine work."

"I know. I held a governmental position once and kept accounts, sitting on a high stool, while it was spring in Washington, and Walt Whitman was out on the open road. I could not stand it long."

"Walt Whitman! I have only seen his great and vital shade. Tell me more of the man."

"'Vital' is indeed the word for him. He had in the flesh the wonderful personality that fills his poems. He was as strong as a man and as tender as a woman. He gave up his life to nurse the wounded soldiers in the war, for that work broke down his magnificent physique and his old age was spent in a paralytic's chair, by the window, as you see him there in the picture. His poetry is as great as he was great."

"I remember about Whitman now. He was the new poet you helped make known to the world in that splendid defense 'The Flight of the Eagle.' The generations are alike, and still it is hard for the critics to real-

ize that any writing is good which does not bear the stamp of antiquity. Every old poem is sacred to them, and they forget that if the Greeks had hated the new as we do, we should now have no classics! I tried to make the Romans of my time appreciate Vergil and Varius as well as Ennius and Accius, but it was hard work."

"Your satires and epistles, though poems, are much like my essays, for they let you comment on men and books, on life and literature. Their style is conversational and not learned, and their appeal directly to the reader."

"I never called my *sermones* poems, for they were the work of a pedestrian muse and lacked the grand style and the genius of true poesy. No, I had a right to knock at the stars only because of my odes."

"Such poetry as that I have never written. My verses are simple strains of bird and bough. Some said, 'John, print them,' others said, 'Not so,' but I printed them, for they meant to me the song of the thrush and the call of the bluebird."

"I have no real nature poems unless you would so call the one on the Bandusian spring. But I loved the country: the sound of running water, the shade of trees, the flowers of the rose and the myrtle, the rocks painted with moss, the startled fawn in the wood. I had it all out with Aristius Fuscus, who was a lover of the city always. I told him that I lived and reigned when once I had left the things which he extolled to heaven."

"And one needs the country for writing."

"Yes, how could any man write poems in Rome in the midst of so many anxieties and labors? There were always calls to make, business to attend, the distracting noises of the street to interrupt tuneful verses. The

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whole band of poets rightly loves the woods and shuns the city."

"I do my writing here, often spend long days and nights here entirely by myself, or with perhaps my neighbor's dog for company."

"You read here, too, I see from these books by the wall."

"Yes, I do not own many, but I have read them all."

"It was ever a joy to me when I could pack up Plato and Menander and be off to the country with them. I went to the Greeks for my inspiration."

"Did you get your philosophy of life, too, from them?"

"I started out to, but I found that there a man cannot be sworn to follow the word of any master."

"Two American writers gave me a lift forward—Emerson and Whitman—but I too found that for a philosophy of life, as well as for writing, a man has to leave all models and get down to his real self and his real thought."

"And then how simple a thing the philosophy that one can use and live by becomes! To be contented with little and scorn great possessions, to make much of friendship and nothing of office, to live to the full one's own life, and yet somehow (perhaps by writing) to serve others, and then not to be afraid of death, nor become embittered by old age, but to grow happier and more mellow as the years pass!"

"That is my philosophy, too, at 'the summit of the years.' 'I have kept apart from the strife and fever of the world, and the maelstrom of business and political life, and have sought the paths by the still waters, and in the quiet fields, and life has been sweet and wholesome to me. . . . I say to myself, What is all this

rattling machinery of government for, but that men may all have just the sane and contented life that I am living, and on the same terms that I do? They can find it in the next field, beyond the next hill, in the town or in the country—a land of peace and plenty, if one has peace in his heart.' "

"How often I have said that! 'What you seek is here, is at Ulubrae, if you have a contented spirit.' "

"And then I have escaped the greed of wealth; the 'mania of owning things,' as Whitman called it."

"Man really owns only what he can use."

"I have escaped the disappointment of political ambition, of business ambition, of social ambition; I have never been a cog in anybody's wheel, or an attachment to the tail of anybody's kite. I have never lost myself in the procession of parties or trained with any sect or clique. I have been fortunate in being allowed to go my own way in the world.'

"It is right that each man should measure himself by his own footrule.'

"And the longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.' I am a great believer in letting Nature work and send her divine influence through the whole being. It was out of the truth that Nature and experience gave me that I wrote my best poem:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me."

"I read those *iambi* of yours and they helped bring me to you—like to like. I am glad that while the pursuit of wealth still torments the ambitious and a strenu-

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ous doing of nothing wears out the restless, at Slabsides you have found the secret of right living. I hope we shall talk again. At least we have had this day, and what once has passed, even Jupiter cannot undo or steal. John Burroughs, I know one more white soul. Live. Farewell."

Suddenly the second chair by the Slabsides' fire was empty.

XV

OVID IN SULMONA

A MAN'S life is bounded by the triangle of heredity, education and environment." So runs a famous saying which contains some truth for me. Yet I have often wondered how much of the line of environment should be assigned to birth-place. We know something of the effects of topography and climate on racial and national characteristics, but who has made a careful investigation of the possible results of early surroundings on individual character? Walter Pater has essayed an exquisite imaginative study in his "Child in the House" of those many gossamer filaments attached to our first home that over and over again in after-life brush across the face so delicately. For myself, I surmise that the peculiar restfulness for me of small azure lakes surrounded by gently curving hills and a glimpse of blue water through stirring leaves goes back to the fact that all my childhood picnics were on the shore of one of the Finger Lakes of Central New York. And if place associations have such hold as they surely do for animals and for ordinary people, how much more must it be significant that Mantua rejoices in Vergil, Verona in Catullus and that Ovid is called the glory of the Paesian race? For poets, surely the sights and sounds of which eyes and ears first become aware must be a creative force in future personality.

Partly for this, partly because I love the Very Young,

I am more interested in beginnings than in endings and I defy old Solon's sententious maxim: "Count no man happy until he dies." For that reckoning, waiting is too dangerous and I would rather rush out with my basket to cull the flowers of childhood. So when I read of "Ovid among the Goths" by that Naturalist of Souls, Gamaliel Bradford, my mind reverted at once from old Ovid beside the Black Sea to young Ovid in the Abruzzi.

Some time I am going to spend a few weeks between Pescara and Sulmona, walking in the mountains and reading the poetry of Publius Ovidius Naso and Gabriele D'Annunzio to see if I can find out why those snow-capped ranges produced two such romantic and hybrid poets. Meanwhile I have journeyed to Sulmona for these snapshot impressions. The way of approach which I happened to select was peculiarly preparative for beauty, as I came up from Brindisi along the eastern coast of Italy to Castellammare-Adriatico and then turned across country towards Rome and the long day had given me first the sea, then the mountains. My mind carries many pictures: the great, fertile, Apulian plain stretching level and unbounded like the Roman Campagna; the surprisingly small and quiet Aufidus which Horace from his child-memories had led me to suppose would be a roaring flood; Horace's Monte Gargano, stretching out into the sea, not a great jutting crag as I had pictured it, but a long level ridge with one crater-like crest slightly elevated; and all the way north here and there olive groves and over their tops (except as we rounded Gargano) glimpses of the divine blue of the Adriatic and flitting across the sea, bright, pointed sails of white and crimson and gold. Then when we turned sharply away from the coast at Castellammare, there were at once the magnificent mountains.

And it was here between Pescara and Sulmona that I thought of D'Annunzio's dedication of "La figlia di Iorio,"—"To the land of the Abruzzi . . . to all my people between the mountains and the sea" and I remembered that here was laid not only the scene of that tragedy but also of another, "La fiaccola sotto il moggio," which I had seen given in Rome, so full of the immemorial traditions of these hills,—the snake-charmer and his witch-daughter going back even to Vergil's epic. From this country too came those strange stories of his birth-place "Le novelle della Pescara," at once so vigorous and so haunting. All these seemed the legitimate children of these rugged and barren rocks—but D'Annunzio's other writings, many of them, and the man! How could this hard and barren district, fit for the dens of lions and for the huts of hardy, simple peasants, have suckled so febrile, complex, sensuous and sensitive a highly-strung twentieth century organism as the author of "Il Fuoco"?

And the other poet-son of the Abruzzi, Ovid, had a career no less romantic and spectacular than D'Annunzio's. Towards the end of the day as the train jogged on through the dim landscape of the twilight, I brooded over these strange anomalies, wondering what Sulmona could have thought of the meteor-like apparition of her son in Rome. Ovid tells us in a poetic letter his own story or at least he tells us all except the Great Mystery at which he vaguely hints, "If I were king," as the saying runs, in my benevolent despotism I should decree that all my subjects should be educated enough to write truthful autobiographies, and I should have these constitute the state archives. This would remove all need of a secret service department, would enhance the value of the work of librarians, at least for cataloguing

and reference, would check the careers of professional psycho-analysts, would increase power as each person would have to evaluate his own life while setting it down on paper, and would develop a clear English style from practice in writing on a familiar subject. I am sure that at least Socrates with his dictum "Know thyself" would approve of my fundamental, national regulation.

Now Ovid, I think, knew himself and he knew how to tell a story, witness the *Metamorphoses*, in fact that was, I believe, his greatest literary power, but he chose deliberately to be obscure or mysterious about the crucial point of his life. It is as though a drama rose to its *dénouement* and subsided from it, but never explained what the *dénouement* was.

Ovid lived in a post-war period when, after one hundred years of civil struggle had culminated in the death of Julius Caesar, a golden age of peace was achieved, a time of reconstruction, of great building activity, large literary output, growing luxury. Ovid was the child of this age of peace and plenty, a product of a society in which the younger generation, knowing nothing of political struggle, and little of military service, revelled in amusement, coquetry, and all the joys of the light of heart.

The autobiography of course begins with his birth-place: "Sulmo is my native place, a district very fertile from its cool streams, and ninety miles distant from Rome." Then very proudly though with feigned indifference he shows that he belonged to an important family in the little town, was a knight as a whole line of ancestors had been. The affection of his childhood centered in the brother one year older than himself whose birthday came on the same day, and there is a

good deal about their education,—how when very young they were sent by their careful father to the most distinguished teachers in Rome, and how the older boy seemed born to be a lawyer, but young Naso was his father's despair for he would write poetry instead of studying oratory. · "Why," demanded his practical parent, "Why do you pursue a useless calling? Homer himself left no wealth!" So Naso tried valiantly to reform, but in the midst of efforts to write rhetorical speeches, like Pope, he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. Perhaps he endeavored still more conscientiously to please his father after his brother's death at twenty, the shock that stole from him part of himself, for he did hold some minor political offices. But the sight of the senate ahead and a long and honorable career made him certain that neither his body nor his mind could stand so strenuous and ambitious a life, and once for all he made his great decision for dear leisure under the Muse's sway. Now he was one of the company of poets of the day, and soon his own light verses about a certain Corinna set all Rome agog to find out the identity of his fair *innamorata*. One can imagine what rumors reached Sulmo of his affairs, as his light and elegant poems became the joy of Rome's gayest and most fashionable circles. For thirty years he was the poet-laureate of pleasure for the Roman world.

Meanwhile, unlike Catullus, Vergil, Horace, he married, or experimented in marriage, let us say, as he did in office-holding, for he seems to have taken his marital relations as lightly as he did his public career. Three wives he had: the first a woman not worthy of him (he says) and barren, hence divorced; the second, above reproach, but not destined to be with him long (no reason assigned); the third a member of the dis-

tinguished Fabian family, and always loyal and devoted to him if we can judge from his letters to her, for as Bradford wittily points out, we have none of her letters or diaries for the other side of the story. His one daughter, Perilla, he seems to have loved.

In poetry, at first, as in education, career and marriage, Ovid followed his own bent and in the first period of his literary output produced *juvenilia* which in various forms all treated the theme of love: the light and graceful *Amores* which celebrated Corinna, the *Heroines* or love-letters of ancient heroines, the absurd skit on the care of the face with directions fit for a beauty-parlor, and the two didactic poems on the Art of Love and the Remedy of Love which are so brilliantly unmoral and seductive. If Ovid had stopped writing here, he would have been notorious, but not great, but he did not stop, for either growing up or perhaps receiving a hint of the Emperor's disapproval (and there is abundant evidence of Augustus' indirect yet coercive influence on the poets of the day), Ovid now turned to narrative poetry and wrote the *Metamorphoses*, those sparkling stories which retell the old Greek mythology, and the *Fasti*, a religious calendar with accounts by months of the Roman festivals to the gods. This, his most serious work, was his occupation when the Great Blow fell upon him.

There are no remarkable events in Ovid's life from 43 B. C. to 8 A. D. It is simply the story of a Roman gentleman in comfortable circumstances who had been completely weaned from his simple birthplace in the cold mountains, who had made a stir in the Roman literary world, was a friend of all the writers of the day, and who, moreover, because of the gaiety of his temperament and the brilliant immorality of his poetry was

a social lion in the fashionable fast young set in the capital. Then suddenly he was sent into exile.

The blow fell without warning. Ovid was in Elba, when an imperial edict ordered him to Tomi, a small town in a barbarian country on the western coast of the Black Sea, a twelve month journey from Rome. The sentence was technically one of *relegatio* not *exsilium* so that he did not lose his property, nor his rights as a Roman citizen, but these were slight compensations for the separation from the gaiety of Rome. The sentence changed the dashing poet to a dejected valitudinarian, transformed his trifling love verses and his brilliant narratives into gloomy elegiacs with but three themes, apology for his fault, pictures of his dreary lot, prayers for his restoration.

Although in his writings Ovid alludes to his banishment time and again, he never drops the slightest cue as to the certain reason for it. Once he declares that the reasons for his unhappiness are a poem and a mistake, and there can hardly be a doubt that his poem was "The Art of Love" although it had been published six years before, but its seductive and immoral instructions in coquetry, directed to both men and women, were against all the principles of Augustus' moral reforms, and the Emperor must have looked long with suspicion upon a poet who could so completely disregard even the conventional morality of the age. To fathom what 'the mistake' was is difficult enough to demand the talents of a Sherlock Holmes or Scotland Yard. Although all manner of conjectures have been made, the most probable theory is that Ovid was involved in some way in the affair of Augustus' grand-daughter, Julia, who was exiled for adultery the very year that Ovid was banished. An Emperor whose sternness spared

neither his own daughter, nor his grand-daughter would hardly have forgiven a poet whose lax moral tone had already offended him in case the poet was found guilty of connivance with the lovers.

Whatever the cause, the sentence of exile fell and after a dreary year of travelling, Ovid reached the desolate land of his banishment. He was a prey not only to the loneliness of separation from family and friends but also according to his letters to the depression of a severe and exhausting climate. Yet the distinguished Scotch geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, says he finds it difficult to repress a smile when "the poet writes of Tomi as if it lay in the Arctic regions, and speaks of hard Fate ordering him to die under the icy pole. It is true that the temperature in the coldest part of winter falls there below the freezing-point, but so it does in the uplands of the poet's Abruzzi. On the other hand, the summers at Tomi are as warm as in the centre of France." So some of the miseries of exile were perhaps a poet's pose, but still I believe that Ovid never wanted to go back to Sulmo just because of that cold air which he often decries. And here in Tomi the language too was strange, a rugged Getic which repelled him as he learned it, so he had no audience who could listen to his poems, worst of fates for a literary egoist. As long as Augustus lived, Ovid hoped for a mitigation of his sentence but with the succession of the harsh, uncompromising Tiberius he gave up hope and in three years died of a broken heart.

What did Sulmo think of Ovid's exile? It was very human and right that when the blow fell, Ovid thought first of all of his parents and rejoiced that both had died before the pain of this news came to their ears. Then with a sudden fear, he exclaims:

"Yet if aught but names remains to the dead, and if the delicate spirit escapes the funeral pyre, if my story has reached you, O shades of my parents, and the charges against me are noised abroad in the forum by the Styx, know, I pray, that the cause of my enforced exile—it is right that you should know—is a mistake, not a crime." So solemnly he swears to the dead. But how in the forum of Sulmo must the country gossips have discussed what could have been "the mistake." I can imagine how at the end of their conjectures some genial old greybeard would say: "Well, Ovid belongs to us. I knew his father and mother and they were very nice people. Too bad the older son, who was such a promising young lawyer, died. Ovid was always a little wild and only a poet, but they say he has made a great stir in Rome. And he always spoke well of Sulmo. I think the Emperor is a trifle severe."

And little by little, as the years went on, the feeling would grow that the son of the Paelignian country had been made a martyr and the aroused sense of injustice would canonize Ovid in his birthplace. So saints are often made. Hereupon, I took out my Ovid and looked over the echoes of Sulmo in his poetry. Its cool air and its many streams, he sings, and the fertility of well-watered earth for grain and grape and olive and the deep lush grass by the rivers, but in this youthful poem (*Amores 2, 16*) which purports to have been written in Sulmo and contains his longest description of his birthplace, he has naught good to say of the two magnificent mountain-ranges on either side of the valley, only upbraids them as barriers between himself and his absent Lady. When he begs her to mount her pony-carriage and hasten to him, he adds:

"But you, ye towering mountains, when she shall

come, subside and be easy roadways in the sloping vales."

Some pride in his town Ovid shows, for he boasts that Sulmo is a third part of the whole Paelignian district and he would give it, as well as Rome and Tibur and Tusculum, a Trojan founder,—“*Solymus, Aeneas' one companion from Phrygian Ida, from whom the walls of Sulmo take their name, cool Sulmo, my country. Woe is me! How far is Sulmo from this Scythian land!*”

One touch of homesickness for the little town! Usually in his exile it is great Rome, the City for which he longs, and even on his sad birthday-anniversary in Tomi, he thinks of his first birthday in Sulmo only to wish, from his misery, that it might have been his last. But for Ovid's temperament people had more hold than places and with father, mother and brother dead, and wife and daughter in Rome, his thoughts fly to that second home as well as to all his more general satisfactions in the life of the great city, and sincere and simple at last, he writes a letter to Perilla (we believe she is his daughter) that is most touching.

I had in my mind both Ovid's feeling for his daughter and her youth, and his own boyish affection for his brother, and for his Sweetheart across the mountains, as in the light of a full moon the train stopped in the tiny station of Sulmona. I had not gathered from Ovid or from anything I had read that the beauty of the spot would be its own reward, but as I drove up the long road from station to town, I drew an enraptured breath over the two snow-capped ranges and the two poplar-bordered rivers between which the long narrow town stretched out before me in the radiant, white moonlight. My delight was prosaically com-

plete when I found that the modest hotel *Italia* had steam-heat to ward off 'Paelignian chills.'

It was *molto caratteristico* of Ovid's birthplace that it seemed full of courteous young Italian men who were ready to act as my guides and answer my inquiries, and I saw the country that first evening in a glorious walk under the kind escort of a Tenente of twenty-three on his way to Aquila, where he had been transferred for the sake of his health, I conjectured, as on the train I watched his worn face and listened to his story of fighting at Monte Grappa, the Corso, the Piave, and of his five wounds. Then the next morning a stunning lad in a black cape hunted up for me the house of the Professor who held the keys of the little Museum and when he saw my disappointment on learning that the Museum could not be opened because the Professor was very ill, he invited me by way of compensation to walk twenty miles over the mountains with him to Scanno. I could hardly bear to postpone that pleasure.

The town of Sulmona even by daylight is as picturesque as its setting is romantic, a city of beautiful doors, I dub it, as I look over my photographs of the Gothic portal of the Cathedral of San Panfilo where two Roman-Ionic columns standing on beasties support bishops, and the Gothic-Renaissance door of the Palazzo S. Maria Annunziata, or the lovely rounded arch of the chiesa of S. Francesco which is only a door now, all the church destroyed except this beautiful portal opening into the meat-market, and the door in the Palazzo Tabassi which bears so proudly the maker's name:

"Mastro Pietro da Como fece questa porta 1448."

And as interesting as the doorways and more mag-



SULMONA



OVID IN SULMONA

nificent is the great Piazza Garibaldi with its aqueduct of the pointed arches across one end, at the other, outlined against snow-capped mountains, the exquisite little church of S. Agostino, and in the center the great Renaissance fountain. The Piazza was full of color for on the steps going up to the Aqueduct the market is held and country women in picturesque costumes were selling oranges from piles of brilliant fruit massed on long stands. Yet all the beauty of mountains, rivers and picturesque buildings had not so much charm for me as a rather dilapidated school house with an inscription above the door that read "Collegio Ovidio." I went into the courtyard and there to my joy found Ovid himself, a fifteenth century Ovid in long straight robe, very prim, virtuous and saintly, clasping to his breast the city's emblem, a tablet with the letters S. M. P. E. for his own words,

Sulmo mihi patria est.

I photographed him above a group of vigorous little smiling school-boys, potential Ovids, who might some day go to Rome to make of life success or failure. Would they, I wonder, plunge from the cold, bracing Paelignian air and the hardy life of the Abruzzi into luxury and frivolity and dissipation which would enervate them to less than their best? What can Italy, what can America do to protect in city life the vigor and the virtue of her country sons?

Even in that reflective moment, I seemed to belittle the right that Sulmona has to be proud of her brilliant *alumnus* who in his greatest work re-vivified the Graeco-Roman myths and through the *Metamorphoses* was preeminently the Latin poet who influenced the art and literature of the Renaissance. I will confess that I

love best of all in Ovid the traces of the country that remain,—the picture of the river in flood that kept him from his Love, the prayer of the shepherd to the Italian goddess Pales, and the account of the pious old couple who unaware entertained a god. To me none of Ovid's other works has the charm of the Baucis and Philemon story and I think that picture of the simple home, the life-long devotion, and the religious faith of two old peasants was created out of the heart of the Abruzzi mountains. Re-reading that, I am more than willing to fulfill Ovid's wish to confer glory on Sulmona by his fame and to quote his words:

“May some stranger looking at the walls of well-watered Sulmo which enclose few acres of land exclaim: ‘O walls which could produce so great a poet, however little you are, I call you great.’ ”

XVI

VERGIL AS A GUIDE IN ITALY

IN my year in Italy as I found time to read with leisure and to select among my old literary friends the companionship of those who had most to give me, the one who was oftenest by my side was Vergil. As I lingered by the Italian lakes, walked through olive-groves and vineyards, climbed to ancient walls encircling hilltops, looked at prehistoric weapons in museums, stood on the Campidoglio in Rome, the lines of Vergil constantly running through my mind finally made me recognize that for me as for Dante, the poet had become the guide who bearing the golden branch to singing men allowed was leading me to the heart of old and new Italy. Let me show you by rambling jottings, light reminiscences, and pictures of the country where I read Vergil, how the Augustan poet is a better guide than Baedeker to the spirit of Italy.

On August ninth I started from Mantua in search of Vergil's birth-place. The road to Pietole was intolerably hot and dusty so that there was little poetry about the train ride and alighting at Pietole I could not see or hear the water of the great Mincius which slowly winds and wanders, fringing his banks with delicate reeds. Yet there in a tiny green enclosure towered a statue of the poet and while a midget of a girl ran to hunt the key to the park's iron gate, I was made welcome in the kitchen of the *Albergo Virgilio* at the roadside. Never

before had I been part of such a genre picture. In a great niche-hearth over live coals a huge black pot hung simmering. The wall cupboard was full of bright wine-bottles. My hostess, the cook, a jolly, fat, swarthy woman was preparing dinner at a long table littered with meat and vegetables and as she threw bits of food to the dog and cat at her feet, she addressed gay fragments of Italian to me. All I could think of was Vergil's *Copa* if indeed we may now believe that this and other minor poems are Vergil's early work. Certainly the *Copa* seemed written there in Andes.

"Syrisca, the inn-keeper, wearing on her head a Greek kerchief, taught to move her swaying body with the click of her castanets, half-drunk and wholly wanton, dances in the smoky tavern, beating her loud-voiced bits of wood against her elbow and crying: 'What's the joy of staying outside in summer's dust when you are tired? Why not rather lie on this soft grassy bed?'"

I did not stay inside to eat her cheeses, waxen plums, chestnuts and sweetly blushing apples, but soon stood alone in the green park before the noble statue of Vergil that towers up between two slim poplars. There on the base I read how Pietole had erected this monument in 1884 and the inscriptions they had carved on it:

Primus idumeas referam tibi Mantua palmas,
"First I will bring back to thee, Mantua, the palm of Idumæa."

Et nunc servat honos sedem tuum,
"And now your own honor guards your home."

Then, too, I read the magnificent address which Carducci delivered here for the unveiling of the statue and

heard the Italian poet interpret to the people of the country Vergil's old-new message.

"I will take the poet," said he, "away from the schools of the learned, from the academies of the scholars, from the halls of the powerful, and I will restore him to you, O people of farms and of laborers, O true people of Italy. He is always yours, your spirit: he is a brother of old, a countryman, a farmer, an Italian workman who from the banks of the Mincio ascended to the Campidoglio and from the Campidoglio to Olympus." Then, to those fellow-countrymen of the poet's he poured out Vergil's glorification of labor on the land and of the staunch support for Italy, the great mother, that the countryman can give.

"Here once," he ended, "here once among the songs of children, among the peaceful lowing of oxen, in scenes of beauty, of strength, of tranquillity, I felt in my heart the spirit of Vergil and I kept saying: 'O Italians, elevate and free agriculture. Bring peace to the country side. Chase famine from the furrows, disease from the bodies, ignorance from the spirit. Bring peace to the countryside and the laborers. And the Roman eagle again shall spread its wings and guide over the mountains and over the seas our power and the victorious arms of Italy.' "

One cannot find any site for Vergil's farm that satisfies the imagination as does the valley of the Licenza for Horace's Sabine refuge. Perhaps the configuration of the Mantuan country has changed and indeed Vergil gives but a slight sketch of the spot—"where the hills begin to rise, then lower their ridge in a gentle slope even to the water and the aged beeches, points now shattered."

But the eclogues which describe the heart-broken mis-

cry of the dispossessed peasant are records not only of Vergil's love for his birthplace, but an expression for all time of the devotion of the contadino to the land and the tragedy of war that wrests him from the soil. The first eclogue had a new poignancy read during the Great War when exiles from the Trentino and Friulia were pouring down towards Rome: Meliboeus' lament was so tragically true.

"Ah! Shall I ever again in time far distant marvel at my country's bounds, at the turf-covered roof of my poor hut, seeing my realm,—a few harvests? Shall a godless soldier possess these acres, so carefully tended? Shall a barbarian possess these crops?"

In these recent years as in Vergil's time, the mitigating circumstances of the horrors of war have been the Italian's faith in Rome—"rearing her head as high among other cities as the cypress towers above the low bushes" (Ec. 1, 24-5), and the friendly hospitality of brother to brother. In Italy Tityrus still says to Meliboeus:

"This night at least you could rest with me on bed of green leaves. I have ripe apples, mealy chestnuts, pressed cheeses in abundance; and now the smoke rises from the highest roofs of the houses near, and the longer shadows fall from the high mountains" (Ec. 1, 79-83).

The city of Mantua at first seemed to me to have naught to do with our poet. The Mincius spreads out about it in flat, shallow lakes, mud-edged. The buildings display the magnificence of the d'Estes and Gonzagas. Yet I knew that a yearly fête in honor of Vergil showed that the city did not forget the ancient associations of its name, and at last in my walking I came upon Vergil himself in the little Piazza del Broletto, a



VERGIL IN MANTUA

thirteenth century niche-monument in the wall of a palace, the quaintest and happiest figure, lifting from his reading a smile to all Mantua.

I had expected to find Vergil in Mantua. I had not realized that all through Italy his words would be the perfect expression of the country life that I saw in my walks. Yet he was ever with me. When I climbed Soracte on the rocky path under the strong old olives I remembered:

"Hard lands and unfriendly hills where there is thin clay and a pebbly soil, in fields of low bushes, take delight in Pallas' grove of long-lived olive-trees." Cumae with its vineyards reminded me of how Bacchus loves the open hills (*Georg.* 2, 112-3) and as I ate the sweetest of golden grapes on the curving slope below the town of Nemi above Diana's mirror-water, I read:

"A rich soil, fortunate in sweet moisture, abounding in verdure, a level richly fertile (such as we often look down on in a mountain nook) where from the rocks above the streams run down, bringing fertile earth, such a soil will make strong vines flowing with the wealth of the grape" (*Georg.* 2, 184-190). In the irrigated grain-fields of the Lombard plain, I saw the peasant who "after scattering the seed joins in combat with the soil and levels the hillocks of unfertile sand, then brings to his crops the obedient rivulets." And when, near every little Tuscan town, I saw the gardens that Italian thrift works out of a tiny plot of land, I thought of the one where Simylus, the rustic worker of a small farm, gathered the various herbs which he pounded into his famous dish of *moretum*. I had seen all his store behind many a sheltering fence of osiers and slender reeds, the cabbage and the beets, the lettuce and the pointed radish, the swelling gourds, the red onion and

the garlic, and I had seen how such a garden, small in extent but rich in various herbs, made its master lack nothing that a poor man's need demands. Then the flowers! How many times near some bright patch of color I thought of the old Corycian gardener in the Georgics (4, 125-146), who in his few acres, not rich enough for plough, or flocks, or vines, made white lilies blossom and the slender poppy, roses and soft hyacinths, and who with his flowers, his fruit-trees and his honey-bees felt himself as rich as princes.

The bees! It is not only Hymettus that still yields his honied wealth! In Italy today where sugar is still scarce and costly, the honey is especially a gift from heaven—

aerii mellis caelestia dona
(Georg. 4, 1).

But always with the olive and the grape-vine, the honey-bee has been part of Italy's wealth. And it was Vergil who once for all the world, centuries before Maeterlinck, wrote the Epic of the Bees. Who can forget his heroic strains of the little folk, their home-making, their communal life, their industry, their illnesses, their valiant fighting, their loyal devotion to their sovereign? Vergil's life of the bees is an epyllion within an epic, immortalizing the glory of the honey-makers.

This gift of throwing a golden aureole about the commonplace Vergil used also for the animals. Not that he canonized them, but his vignettes portray them with a sympathy that strikes an answering chord and makes the lines reecho in Italy as we see "the ox groaning over the deep-driven plough" (Georg. 1, 45-6), the pitiful mother goat, who, driven into exile with her master, in hard travail had lost twins on bare rocks

(Ec. 1, 14-5), the sheep and the goats called by zephyr's breezes in joyous summer to the glades and meadows and cool streams (Georg. 3, 322-3), the slow little donkey, his sides overladen with oil or cheap fruits (Georg. 1, 273-4), who sweats so wearily and should be spared, for he is Vesta's darling (Copa 25-6). There is incorporate the tenderness of the Biblical treatment of the sparrow,—“Not one of them falls to the ground without His knowledge.”

These flashes of sympathy are turned not only on the beasts, but on their master. Take, for example, the part the winds play in a peasant's life. I never thought much about the effect of weather on fortune until in Dalmatia I saw granite mountain sides that had been stripped of vegetation by the terrible Bora and in Fiume witnessed that northern blast suddenly smite the water in the quiet harbor to cause turmoil of wave and air. The Sirocco, too, has its lesser, but nerve-racking horrors. I see now why Vergil wrote of how he himself had seen all the battling of the winds and why he bade the farmer watch the weather-signs. As old Hesiod knew, works in the country now and always must be governed by days and he is a poor farmer who does not protect his crops from the blight and his beasts from the disease that bad weather may bring in its train.

Vergil makes us see all the difficulties, all the hard labor of the Italian peasant's life, but he shows us more than that in it. “Fortunate,” he says, “is he who knows the rural gods, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs. Superbly content with his lot, the farmer does not pity the poor man or envy the rich. . . . He breaks the earth with crooked plough. With this is the year's work, with this he supports his country

and his little grand-children, with this his herds of cattle and his noble bullocks. Always the year yields wealth of apples, younglings of the flock and sheaves of Ceres' grains, loading the furrows with increase and bursting the granaries. Winter comes: the olive is crushed in the stones, the happy swine come in from their acorns, the woods give arbutus-berries, autumn drops varied fruits and high on sunny rocks ripens the luscious grape. Meanwhile dear children come thronging for his kisses. His pure home guards its honor. His cows yield rich milk. The fat kids in happy pastures playfully contend with butting horns. The farmer himself makes holiday and full length on the grass in a group about a fire where his friends crown the bowl, with a libation he calls on thee, god of the wine-press" (Georg. 2, 493-4, 499, 513-29).

The worst charge that Vergil has against war is that it destroys such joys as these: "the plow receives no fitting honor, the lands bereft of cultivators lie waste, and the curved pruning-knives are beaten into stiff swords" (Georg. 1, 506-8). This same call to the plow has been coupled with the call of the sea by the great poet of Italy's last war, D'Annunzio:

"Italia, Italia
sacra alla nuova aurora
con l'aratro e la prora."

In Italy one reads Vergil not only for his picture of the Italian peasant's daily life in which the poet's slogan 'back to the land' aided Augustus' great work of reconstruction. As the traveller in Italy gives himself up little by little to the spell of the divine and ageless beauty which no scars of conflict have marred, no industrial struggles have defaced, he remembers that to

Vergil perhaps beyond all other poets the Muses vouchsafed a perfect song of the glories of his native land, and those unforgettable lines from the second Georgic return:

"This land . . . heavy crops and Bacchus' Massic wine enrich; this land is the home of the olive-tree and the happy herds. . . . Here is eternal spring and summer in months not her own. Twice a year the sheep give birth to their young, twice a year the apple-tree yields its fruit." I gathered pink cyclamen and strawberries by Lake Nemi in November, saw baby lambs gamboling in the Campagna in December, and found roses blossoming outdoors for Christmas.

"Then reflect, too, on the famous cities, the towns piled high by human hands on lofty crags, the rivers flowing under ancient walls." We climbed to the magnificent site of Norba, never rebuilt since Sulla's time, to cool Praeneste, to lofty Tusculum, but your minds outstrip my words as you think of all the hill-towns in Italy and the rivers flowing by.

"Then the seas," Vergil continues. "Shall I sing of the twain that wash the upper and the lower shore?" His words start my mind off on a boat with a golden sail, on which I coasted along the eastern shore from Nero's palace at Anzio to Cicero's villa at Astura. Then my kaleidoscope shifts and I am crossing the Adriatic from the lovely curving harbor of Ancona to Italian Zara with her jewelled islands and her white mountains. Then Vergil rushes me on to other memories,—the great lakes "thee Larius, greatest of all, and thee, Benacus, rising with the waves and the roar of the ocean," and I dream of a day on Como and a week at Lago di Garda where the Lydian laughter of the turquoise water made me glad under the olives that all

Benacus is now Italian. Again my guide shifts my memory to the Lucrine and the Avernus, wrought for Julius Caesar into one great harbor. But this wealth of earth's products and this glory of her beauty is not all of Italy's treasure: the strength of Italy then as always is in her people and Vergil ends proudly with her vigorous tribes and her great heroes, greeting his country at last as the eternal mother of earth's blessings and of mortal men:

"Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
magna virum."

(Georg. 2, 136-174 in part.)

A poet is naturally a guide to beauty, but not so often an antiquarian. Yet to Vergil as often as to Livy I turned for the early history of Rome and it was he who led my feet to many a site. It would be a wonderful thing if one could land in Italy at Cumae where the Greeks first came and where Aeneas first glided upon the Hesperian shore. That being impossible I went out from Naples and walked up the narrow foot-path through the terraced vineyards to the height over which Apollo in his lofty seat presided. Little remains of Cumae's historic past: a Roman road, broken pieces of statues and carved marble, a temple platform, but the place has its awe and there is a cave where many steps ascend to a sacred seat and secret passage cut in the dark heart of the mountain. In its atmosphere one thinks only of the frenzied Sibyl, the expectant Trojan, the immanent god.

We could not follow Aeneas to Avernus, but we saw Misenum and Gaeta to which the death of nurse Caieta gave eternal fame and we went for Aeneas' sake to the shore of Circe's land. Monte Circeo is a day's trip

from Terracina. One jogs slowly in carriage over rough country roads, crossing marshes and little rivers, passing the capanne villages where the prehistoric life of Italy is reproduced in the straw huts of today and finally one alights at the tiny walled village of Sant' Oreste, part way up the hill. The walk from there up the mountain was magical though we heard not the ceaseless singing of the daughter of the Sun nor the angry roaring of the lions and the howling of the wolves and the snorting of the swine, her transformed victims. We gathered sprigs of pink heather for amulets in lieu of Odysseus' moly and safely reaching the top of the narrow ridge enjoyed its double view of the sea.

Another height, too, we scaled from Terracina for Vergil's sake, Monte Angelo, where "Jupiter of Anxur watched over the fields" and from that magnificent temple precinct looked down on the green grove where Feronia may have presided and Satura's low-lying black marsh and the chill river Ufens winding its way through the valley to the sea (*Aen.* 7, 799-802).

All the last six books of the *Aeneid* lure to such epic wanderings, for Vergil has illumined by the great white reflector of epic poetry the facts and traditions of Rome's early history. In this first war waged for the founding of Rome, the first struggle towards Italian Unity, Vergil draws his pictures of allies and foes alike with the same vividness and comprehension, playing the light of his imagination over the early history so that we see the ranks go forth to battle with their curious weapons and insignia, we know something of the gods they worship, the towns from which they come, the legends which their families cherish.

In *Aeneid* VII, a "magnificent pageant" of war

passes before the reader, Mr. Warde Fowler says in his illuminating volume, "The Gathering of the Clans," and he goes on to show that the object of the seventh Aeneid is more than "the obvious motive . . . to move the feeling of his Italian reader as he sees the stately procession of Italian warriors pressing before him, or perchance to fill his mind with pride and pleasure at finding among them the ancient representatives of his own city or district" (p. 27). Vergil "set himself to support with all his gifts the definite Italian policy of Augustus, at a time when Italy's need for national satisfaction and hope were greater than they had ever yet been." In the execution of this motive "he was confronted by serious difficulties which made his task a complex one. We have to remember that all the peoples of the procession were the *enemies* of the Trojans and summoned to resist the establishment in Italy of Aeneas and his host, and therein also to resist the decrees of Fate which were to make Rome eventually the mistress of Italy. Here was a difficulty calling for an artist of consummate skill who could find no help in his Iliad. Vergil had to hold firmly together the sympathies of Romans and Italians. Some one may ask, where was the difficulty? Surely they were by this time united in feeling. No, if that had really been so, Augustus' policy would have been superfluous. Italy is not a country that lends itself easily to unification as Italians know well at the present day; and only twenty years before Vergil was born, the peoples of central Italy had been engaged in deadly strife with Rome, and had forced her to treat them as equals. The Italian policy of Augustus was in truth a new one, and I have no doubt whatever that in this episode Vergil believed himself to be aiding it.



PLOWING IN THE SABINE COUNTRY



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER ANXUR ABOVE TERRACINA

"Vergil meets the difficulties of his plan by emphasizing the religious destiny of Aeneas and Rome, by showing that the war against him is a *bad war*, stirred up by the unscrupulous Juno and a reckless leader and by safeguarding the Italian spirit by the proud honors given to local traditions. Cities, rivers, local deities, and many local touches and legends combine to delight the Italian *municipalis* who will be reminded of the Homeric catalogue he read in his youth and feel that here 'nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade.' The poet does all he can to secure variety, to make this city or that with its surrounding region stand out clearly in the picture, and take the right coloring for the delectation of its descendants. Then how splendid and martial is the tone throughout, how perfect the consummation in the figures of Turnus and Camilla, the hero and heroine of these last books! It is with the perfection of his artistic resources that Vergil solves his greatest difficulty" (pp. 28-31).

Such living interpretation of the seventh book made me take my tiny blue pocket Aeneid to many a site which Vergil had made memorable for me and perhaps you will indulgently follow my whims of selection as I travel among the Latins, Etruscans, Volscians and Rutulians. Vergil himself in his catalogue followed no geographical order, and we follow him for the spirit, not for topography.

And what spirit he brings out of some small town by his vignette of a few lines! At Tibur he makes us recall not only Horace's *praeeeps Anio* and the well-watered orchards in the Sabine hills, but those twin-brothers, Catillus and Coras, who left Tibur's walls, sweeping down in the front ranks amid the dense spears

like two cloud-born centaurs, galloping down from some high mountain peak, while great forest trees make way for them and round their gallant heads circle all the stories of great twin brethren, Castor and Pollux, Romulus and Remus. Tivoli-Tibur today shows no prehistoric ruins, but besides the great beauty of the Anio valley the city now displays archaeological finds of Vergil's time,—two rooms with rich marble pavement, one with a newly discovered seated statue of Augustus, its beautiful marble head perfect.

A different reward is offered by Praeneste's steep heights,—Cyclopean walls and a magnificent acropolis site which shows the power of the city that was a proud rival of Rome in spite of the fact that her legions are stamped by Vergil as rustic, and her founder, King Caeculus, son of Vulcan, was born (legend avers) among the country-herds and found on a hearth (*Aen.* VII, 678-82). Other similar Roman slurs on the countrymen of provincial Praeneste are explained by a visit to the site and the chance to see how from her superb citadel Praeneste could command the trade route down the valley between the Alban and Volselian mountains. Thus does topography shape jealousies.

Vergil writes more poetry for Egeria's grove and no one who visits Diana's mirror-lake at Nemi can fail to think of his happy ending to the tragedy of Hippolytus: how after he perished by his step-mother's guile and satisfied a father's vengeance, mangled by terror-stricken steeds, he came again to the starlight and heaven's upper air, recalled by the Healer's herbs and Diana's love. In a secret grove the devoted goddess has hidden her beloved that there alone in Italian woods he may live on unknown under the new name of Virbius (*Aen.* VII, 761-77). Diana's munificent be-

stowal of healing and immortality on her love, is a happy contrast at Nemi for the terrible religious rite of

"The priest who slew the slayer
And must himself be slain."

Such stories of the Tiburtine twins, Praeneste's Fire-Son, Diana's votary, are slight compared to the tremendous pictures of Etruscans, Volscians and Rutuliens. Mr. Warde Fowler is inclined to wonder why in the pageant of Aeneid VII, Vergil begins the war with Mezentius, but this arrangement for me has significance. The Etruscans were the greatest rival of Rome. The amalgamation of Etruscan and Roman civilization had to be explained. Livy's account of Tanaquil and Tarquinius coming to the royal power is one method. Vergil uses another, picturing one impious and sacrilegious Etruscan chieftain as a powerful enemy of the Romans, but the people in revolt against him joining under Tarchon in alliance with Aeneas, for his future kingdom. The power of the race for evil and for good is thus exhibited. As I visited the great Etruscan sites, Veii, Caere, Orvieto, Faleri, Corneto and as I studied the Etruscan collections in the Museo Archeologico of Florence and the Gregoriano and Papa Giulia in Rome, I found that a new humanity was infused for me into massive city walls, dark graves, bronze armor, heavy statues by Vergil's living Etruscan characters. All that I had found fearful, mysterious, domineering, repellent in the faces of human beings and gods as the Etruscans represented them in their sculpture is reproduced in the Mezentius who had no reverence for gods or men so that finally even his subjects revolted against his barbarities, slew his fol-

lowers, fired his palace. But the magnificence of his type! Lucifer in Milton's hell is not more splendid than this sublime outcast whom Vergil with a wealth of imagery likens to a cliff which endures all the violence of the sky and sea, to a wild boar keeping all enemies at bay, to a hungry lion stalking his victim, to vast Orion walking through mid-ocean but towering above the waves. It is this superman who is broken by one simple human loss so that he cries to Aeneas: "Why do you try to terrify me now that my son is taken from me? That was the only way in which you could destroy me." After that father's lament, he receives the sword in his throat.

Tarchon, the leader of the opposition in Agylla, Mezentius' city, is almost as powerful,—he is the lightning flash across the plain, the eagle soaring high in heaven with its victim,—and he has the courage to upbraid his own men with taunts of their pusillanimity and defection and dissipation until he rallies them by his personal courage. How many a tomb fresco in Corneto illustrates Tarchon's description of the Etruscan days!

"Why do we carry in our hands the sword and these vain weapons? You are not so languorous in love or his nocturnal battles or when the curved pipe calls to Bacchus' dance. Wait then for feasts and goblets on bounteous boards, for this is your love, your passion" (*Aen.* XI, 735-9). As I thought of these epic stories in Corneto and Cerveteri, the feasts and the dances painted on the tomb-walls became those of living persons, and the mighty bronze weapons in the collections were the armor of epic heroes. Vergil had a line even for mortuary musings in the Museums:

"Yes, and a time shall come when in these lands the

farmer cultivating the earth with his crooked plough shall come upon spears corroded with rust and with his heavy hoe shall strike empty helmets and shall wonder at great bones in opened sepulchres" (*Georg.* 1, 493-7).

It would be too long a tale to tell how in the Rutulian country I followed with Vergil the vicissitudes of great Turnus as with crimson crest upborne by chimera and with polished shield whereon horned Io shone he flew forward on his Thracian steed in advance of his columns, or in forced retreat like savage lion kept his foes at bay, or in high council before Latinus' throne proudly rejected the old king's prudence and Drances' pacifism, or in the conflict accepted on equal terms and with princely welcome the maiden-warrior Camilla, or called to his final struggle, his friend the spear that had never failed him, or at last, before his fate, as one who in a dream makes mighty effort but cannot move or speak one word, he sensed his doom under Aeneas' weapon. Ardea becomes more than a name from such a son and 'twere no wonder that a goddess sister left heaven to fly to his aid.

In the Forum Romanum in the precinct of Juturna, the goddess who watches over pools and singing streams, I turned from her bubbling spring to the little chapel where on fragment of marble entablature one reads IVTVRNAI and where on marble altar in the figures of warrior and of woman side by side imagination pictures Turnus and his devoted sister, Juturna. In such comradeship she stood by him as his charioteer, guiding his steeds through the midst of the enemy until the raucous cries and whirring wings of the ominous Fury in the air destroyed her hopes and forced from her lips bitter lament because Jupiter would grant no further

recompense for her lost virginity than an immortality forever sorrowful without her brother.

A word about another woman whose fate was interwoven with Turnus' fortunes and whose fame makes the Volscians live for us. I thought of Camilla as I stood on Norba's superb height within the massive city walls that show the early Volscian power. But this was not her birthplace. It was from Priverno back in the valley of the Amasenus that her father fled into exile, carrying his baby girl, and it was across this river that he launched his spear with the babe bound to it, dedicating her forever to Diana if the goddess saved her life. But in these mountains the father reared his tiny Amazon and here in dress of tiger skin she hurled her little darts and with her sling struck down the birds. No wonder, after such an open-air childhood, she was fit to lead the squadron of Volscian horsemen to Turnus' side, a warrior-maid whose fingers had never twirled the distaff or held the needle, a maid strong to endure battles and yet so light of foot that she could have flown over a field of ungarnered grain without bending it and skimmed the wave's crest without sinking. Easily she whirled the battle-axe over her head or sped the arrows from her golden bow. Alas! The pity that the gleam of a foe's golden armor and a woman's love of such booty could lure her to the death that sent an uproar to the golden stars, destroyed Volscians and routed Rutulians.

Such are some of the varied and proud pictures in Vergil's war pageant by which he made appeal to the imagination of various peoples and supported Augustus' work for Italian unity. He had a difficult task when, with enemies made so valiant, he essayed description of Aeneas' allies and the early builders of Rome,

but his picture of father and son in Palatium has a poignant charm. The place to read the story is on the southwestern part of the Palatine, the Cermalus, where lie the oldest ruins found on the hill, in the very district to which tradition assigned them. This network of old gray-green walls, drains, cisterns, graves, stone circles that perhaps once were foundations for thatched huts cannot be identified, much less labelled today, yet fancy would see in them traces of the site where an Evander ruled and in the ancient roadway up the hill-slope would find the stairs of Cacus, that robber fire-god whose encounter with Hercules the old king Evander narrated to his guest. To us too here Evander may tell the story and point out the traditional spot of the great grove where Romulus made his *Asylum*, the Lupercal, the precinct dedicated to Lycaean Pan, the cattle grazing in the Forum, and across the valley the Capitol, a place full of religious awe, not then a temple topped with gold, yet a god's home (*Aen.* VIII, 343-350). It is with thoughts of Evander too that on the Palatine of today we approach the *capanna italica*, the little thatched hut which Commendatore Boni has had erected as a model of early Italic life and as we look at its foundation ring of stones, its straw roof, its low door, we hear Evander's words to Aeneas, the eternal expression of Italian rustic hospitality:

"Dare, my guest, to scorn riches, shape yourself also to be worthy of deity and come graciously to my poor fortune."

(*Aen.* VIII, 364-5.)

It was such a host who sent his adored son, Pallas, to share Aeneas' fortunes in battle and when the brave young warrior fell, it was the thought of that devoted father's loss that dealt the most poignant blow of the

war to Aeneas' soul and armed his merciless hand against Turnus, his slayer, in the closing conflict of the Epic. The story of Evander and Pallas stands out in all time—never more clearly than in our last terrible years—as a perfect expression of the glory and the pity of death in war for the Young, the tragedy and the fortitude of the sorrowful Old at home.

On the Palatine Hill today, it is not only of little Palatium, Evander's fine hospitality and heroic fortitude that Vergil makes us think. Among the magnificent ruins of the lately uncovered Augustan palace, the thought of the growth of Rome down to Augustus' time is brought before us by the poet who so sincerely and staunchly celebrated the work of his Emperor for the Roman world. Archaeologists cannot certify for us on which of these temple sites Augustus erected the great shrine of solid marble to his patron god Apollo, but perhaps it was here on the south, overlooking that stretch of land where Carducci has pictured Rome herself,—

"la dea

Roma qui dorme.

Poggiata il capo al Palatino augusto,
tra'l Celio aperte e l'Aventin le braccia,
per la Capena i forti omeri stende
a l'Appia via."

At any rate, before this temple Vergil pictures, on the shield of Aeneas, Augustus at the beginning of his reign of peace. "Caesar, riding through the walls of Rome in triple triumph, to the gods of Italy offered his immortal votive gift, three hundred great shrines throughout the city. With happiness, with games and with applause the roads reechoed. In all the temples were bands of matrons, in all were altars, and before

the altars slain victims strewed the ground. He himself seated on the white threshold of shining Phoebus received the gifts of the nations and hung them on proud doors. In long pageant advanced the conquered peoples of many tongues, of many garbs and weapons" (Aen. VIII, 714-23). From south and east and west they stand before the victor of Actium in the center of the great picture—shield of Rome's history and here, with the close association of Apollo and Augustus at the shrine, Vergil seems to be elaborating the idea which he stated so simply in the first eclogue:

Deus nobis haec otia fecit,
"It is a god that brought us this peace."

Augustus had erected a temple of marble to commemorate Apollo's aid in establishing that end of all wars which Vergil makes the god predict to Ascanius under the rule of his house (Aen. IX, 642-3). Vergil has built here in the Aeneid that temple of poetry which in the third Georgic he had designed, and in the center he has placed his Caesar and he possesses the shrine. The worship offered to him is to the Sovereign, almost to the god, who has established peace for the Roman world. This is what Jupiter prophesies as his fame in the first Aeneid (286-94) :

"Trojan Aeneas shall be born of this fair line and he shall bound his Empire by the Ocean, his fame by the stars. . . . Then wars shall cease and the terrible years shall be softened . . . with close-fitting bolts of iron the dread portals of war shall be barred." It is this reign of peace that again is foretold by Anchises in Aeneid six (791-4) : "This is the man, this is he . . . Augustus Caesar, scion of a god, who shall restore the

golden age to Latium in the lands where Saturn once reigned."

We know from the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, the Emperor's own account of his reign, how anxious he was to be considered an emperor of reconstruction, emphasizing the fact that he had waged only righteous wars (C. 26), that he had closed the Temple of Janus three times (C. 13), and that the Senate had decreed in his honor the erection of the Altar of Peace (C. 12), and Cassius Dio assures us that of all the honor the Senate bestowed upon him, he was pleased most by the fact that the senators closed the gates of Janus, implying that all their wars had ceased (51, 19-20). To my mind this is further evidence of what I have tried to show in another place ("An Inspired Message in the Augustan Poets" A. J. P. 1918), that Vergil as a loyal supporter of the new régime consciously sought to embody in his poetry the ideals of the Emperor and as a great and patriotic poet-laureate was no less an asset to Augustus than the warrior Agrippa. The epics of Vergil are a more enduring and magnificent monument to the peace of Augustus than that *Ara Pacis Augustae* before whose beautiful fragments in the Terme Museo in Rome we stand with such awe.

For poetry is the monument more lasting than bronze or marble and it is not without significance to my mind that one word in the Latin language, *vates*, carried the meaning of bard and seer. The true poet who sees into the heart of his nation's life writes with a vision that makes his work prophetic and vital for all time. For Italy today Vergil is deeply true in his songs of an after-war time when the people must go back to the land and make it yield its fruits for the nation, the race must increase, Italian unity must be attained by con-

scious effort, and peace, hardly won, must be preserved. In the Piazza Venezia in Rome on November 4, 1920, the anniversary of Vittorio Veneto, Italy's final victory in the World War, I saw the regiments of the army and navy sweep up the white steps of the monument of Vittorio Emmanuele to present their banners to the King before the Altar of the Country that he for Italy might decorate the victorious tricolor, and as the aeroplanes circled overhead and the mothers of combatants placed a golden wreath upon the altar in memory of the fallen, I felt with the great crowd in the Piazza that the strength of Italy which Vergil pictured before the Emperor Augustus on the Palatine was here born anew, consecrated by the blood of her dead, and assured by the devotion of her sons. We Americans in our young nation often fail in understanding Italy because we have no conception of the tremendous and steadyng power that great traditions of thousands of years of history have upon the descendants of Romulus.

If I may be pardoned one last vagary, a postscript on the delights of pursuing the idea of the continuity of literary experience, I would hint to you the joys I had with Vergil-lovers of other times. In the Laurentian Library in Florence I was allowed to enjoy the priceless treasure of their fourth century manuscript of Vergil, to read its clear black letters and brood over the painstaking devotion that made so fair a copy. In the Vatican Library in Rome I hung over the case where pages from the fourth and fifth century manuscripts are exhibited, delighting in their clear capitals and quaint illustrations.

Then in an antiquarian's shop in Rome I found my own Vergil. About the size of a Webster's unabridged dictionary, it contains the major works of Vergil and

26 minor poems, some wholly new to me, and the commentators, Servius, Donatus, and Ascensius, all listed under a dedication to the Muses. More than the delight it affords me by its beautiful paging and black print, is the joy of its illustrations, the quaint wood-cuts which attest the delight inspired in some artist of the early fifteenth century by the poems that I too have loved. My ending shall be these links of affection between reader and poet which join generation to generation in the common bond of culture.

